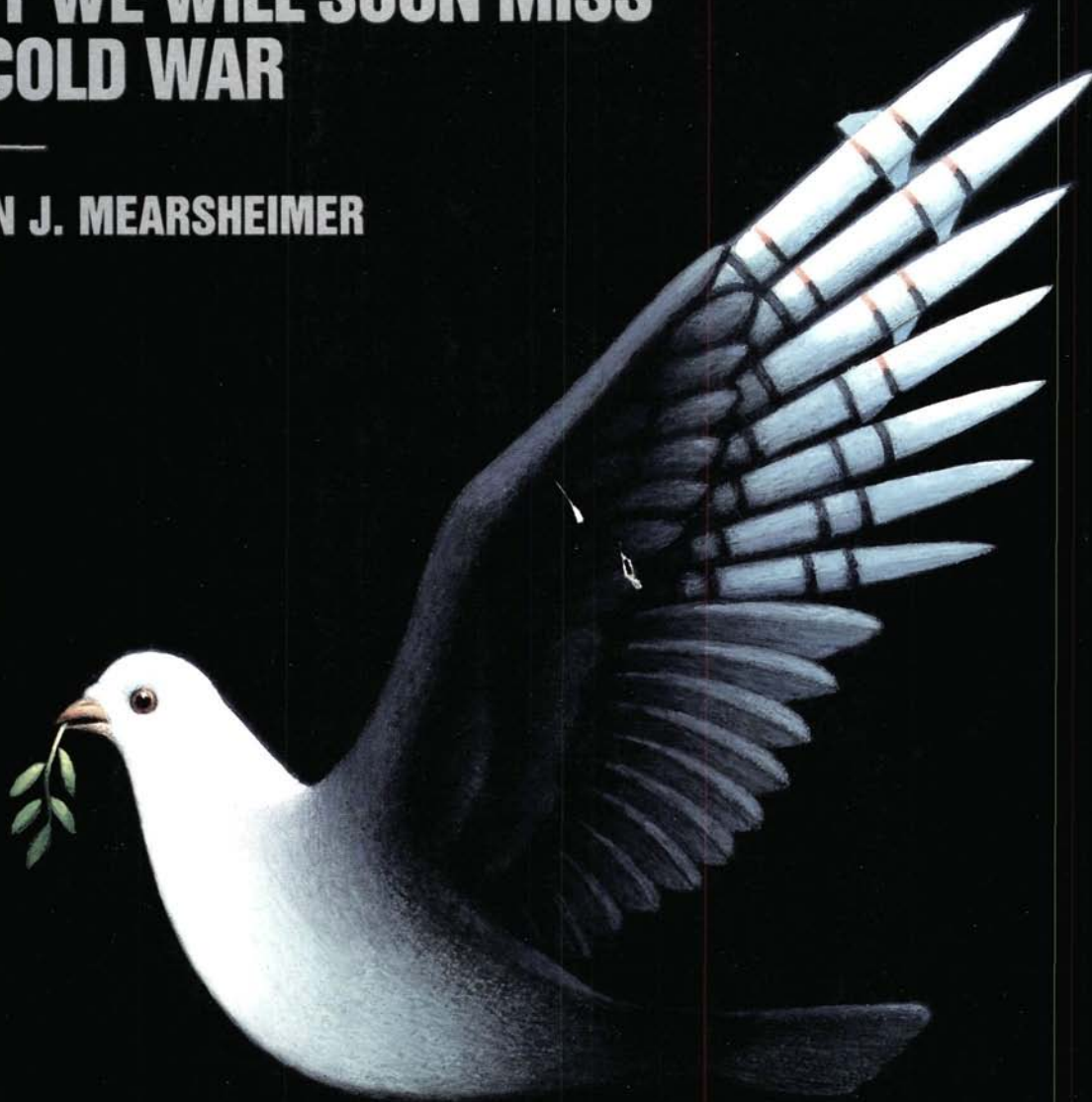


WHY WE WILL SOON MISS THE COLD WAR

BY JOHN J. MEARSHEIMER



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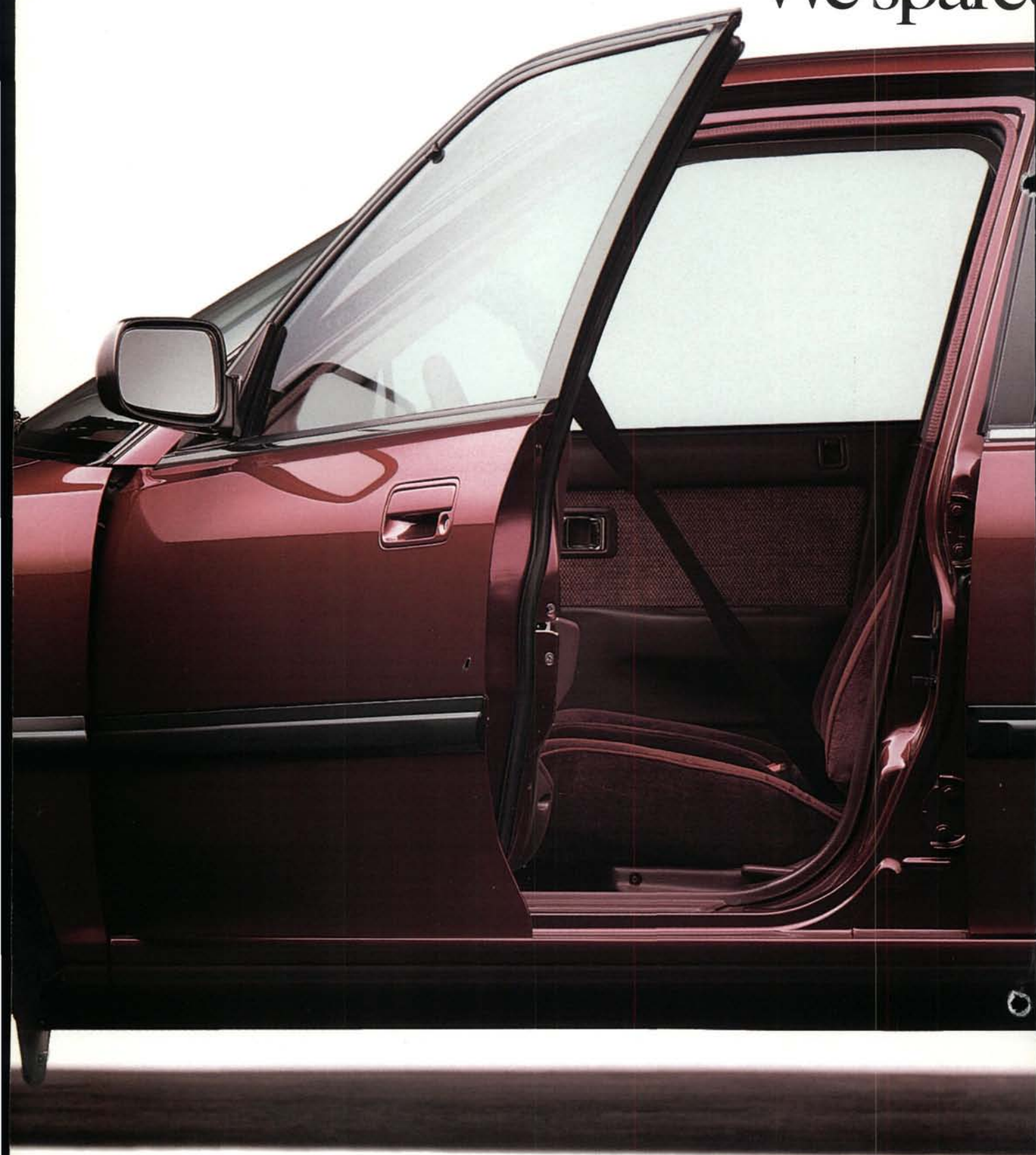


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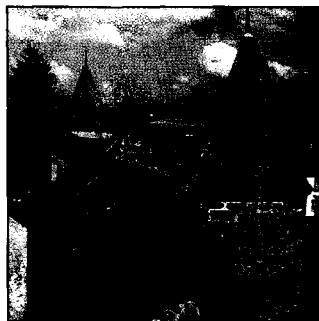
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Those who believe that armed conflicts among the European nations are now out of the question—that the two world wars burned all the war out of Europe—are, a strategic-studies specialist argues, unjustifiably optimistic. "The theories of peace that implicitly undergird this optimism are notably shallow constructs," he writes. "They stand up to neither logical nor historical analysis."

by JOHN J. MEARSHEIMER

52 SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT A GENE FOR ALCOHOLISM

Recent claims about the role of genes in determining how people drink are misleading, a psychologist argues, and they ignore the crucial role that we and our social groups play in regulating our behavior.

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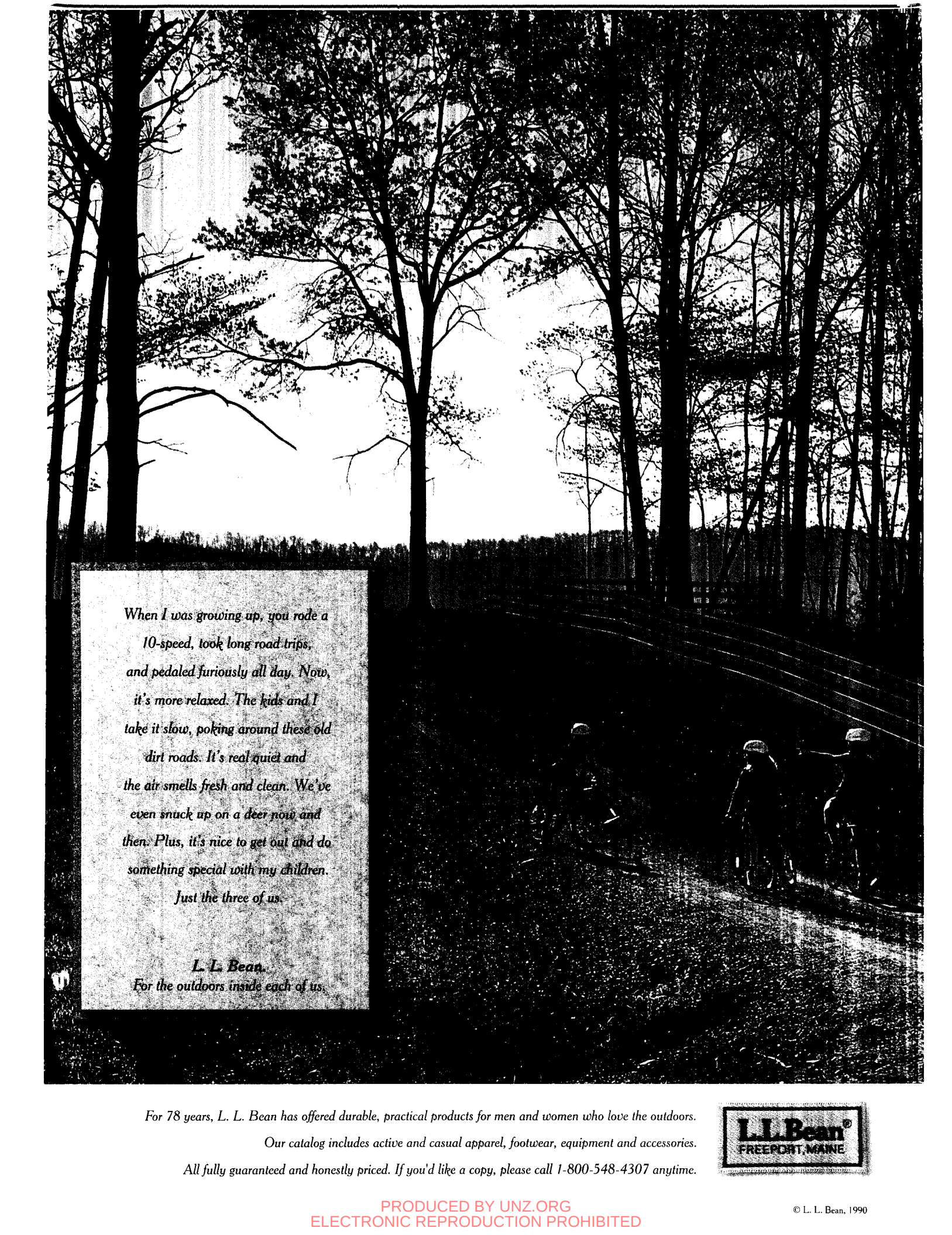
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M. Christopher Zacharow



*When I was growing up, you rode a
10-speed, took long road trips,
and pedaled furiously all day. Now,
it's more relaxed. The kids and I
take it slow, poking around these old
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even snuck up on a deer now and
then. Plus, it's nice to get out and do
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745 BOY STREET

“WHAT IS IT ABOUT?” this magazine asked in an award-winning cover article, by Thomas Powers, in January of 1984. “It” was the Cold War, and after talking with policy makers and analysts from Washington to Moscow, Powers concluded that it was no longer about land or the balance of power or the clash of ideas; it was “about itself.” The Cold War was the reason for the Cold War.

Three years later, in an article in these pages titled “How the Cold War Might End,” John Lewis Gaddis outlined an “agenda for ending the Cold War” that essentially demarcated the issues that preoccupied Presidents Bush and Gorbachev in their recent summit and that will continue to dominate superpower diplomacy for years to come. Last year, in an article titled “What Should We Do in the World?,” Stanley Hoffmann took a pioneering conceptual look at what U.S. foreign policy should be now that anti-Sovietism can no longer serve as its main motive.

Given all this, the current cover story, “Why We Will Soon Miss the Cold War,” by John J. Mearsheimer, might at first seem to belong in a different magazine. And yet in its non-ideological realism it flows from the same impulse that led Thomas Powers, within months of Ronald Reagan’s characterization of the Soviet Union as “an evil empire,” to de-

pict the Cold War as a sterile, wasting obsession. Amid triumphal rhetoric about the bright new world inaugurated by the collapse of Soviet power in Eastern Europe, Mearsheimer sounds a note of caution. He reminds us that the “new Europe” looks ominously like the old Europe—a continent freed from the bipolar standoff of the Cold War, yes, but one also haunted by the instabilities and nationalist passions of old. “Europe,” he writes, “is reverting to a [multi-polar] state system that created powerful incentives for aggression in the past.” Mearsheimer’s article—an essay in analytical prophecy—may or may not be proved right by events. But it transcends the voguish, media-generated terms on which the current debate is generally conducted.

In a not quite unrelated matter we are proud to report that *The Atlantic Monthly* was the winner of a prestigious Olive Branch Award, sponsored by the Center for War, Peace, and the News Media, at New York University, for its coverage of international-security issues in 1989. The award was given for *The Atlantic’s* special issue on national defense, a cluster of articles that appeared in June under the general title “Indefensible.” According to the citation, “*The Atlantic* reached beyond the normal boundaries of debate to look at the inter-relationships between military policy and foreign policy in the new era.”

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

GUY BILLOUT (“Decoration”) has received numerous awards for his magazine and advertising work, and has written and illustrated five children’s books.

ANTHONY BURGESS (“Who Really Killed Jesus?”) is the author of some fifty works of fiction and nonfiction, including *A Clockwork Orange* (1962), the Enderby series, and *Little Wilson and Big God* (1987). His most recent book is the novel *Any Old Iron*, which appeared last year.

MICHAEL COLLIER (“Robert Wilson”) teaches creative writing and literature at the University of Maryland, College Park. He is the author of *The Clasp and Other Poems* (1986) and *The Folded Heart* (1989).

FRANCIS DAVIS (“The Real Stuff in Life”) writes frequently about music for *The Atlantic*. His book *Outcats: Jazz Composers, Instrumentalists, and Singers* appeared in June.

DAVID LAWDAY (“Europe: Better Green Than Red?”) is a correspondent for *U.S. News & World Report*. He lives in Paris.

JONATHAN MASLOW (“Mississippi: Literate at Last”) is working on a book about the Gulf states, titled *Torrid Zone*.

JOHN J. MEARSHEIMER (“Why We Will Soon Miss the Cold War”) is the chairman of the political-science department at the University of Chicago. He is the author of *Conventional Deterrence* (1983) and *Liddell Hart and the Weight of History* (1988). An expanded version of Mearsheimer’s essay for *The Atlantic* will appear in the summer issue of the journal *International Security*.

CHARLES MOSKOS (“Army Women”) is a professor of sociology at Northwestern University. His most recent books are *The Military* and *A Call to Civic Service*, both published in 1988, and *Greek Americans* (1989). He is completing an international study of conscientious objection to military service.

STANTON PEELE (“Second Thoughts About a Gene for Alcoholism”) is a psychologist and health-care researcher in Morris Plains, New Jersey. He is a co-author of *Love and Addiction* (1975) and the author of *Diseasing of America: Addiction Treatment Out of Control* (1989).

STANLEY PLUMLY (“In Answer to Amy’s Question What’s a Pickerel”) is the author of *Boy on the Steps* (1989) and other volumes of poetry.

CASKIE STINNETT (“Zum Wohl! Santé!”) is the author of many books on travel, including *One Man’s Island* (1984).

MARLY SWICK (“Moscow Nights”) teaches creative writing at the University of Nebraska. A collection of her short stories, *A Hole in the Language*, will be published this fall.

MICHAEL J. WEISS (“At Last Count: Japanese and American Cars”) is the author of *The Clustering of America* (1988).

M. CHRISTOPHER ZACHAROW (cover artist) is a painter and illustrator whose work has been exhibited widely. He received a silver medal from the Society of Illustrators in 1986.

The August Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, on behalf of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ted Moncreiff; Barbara Luke, of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine; the Federal Highway Administration; and the American Academy of Pediatrics.

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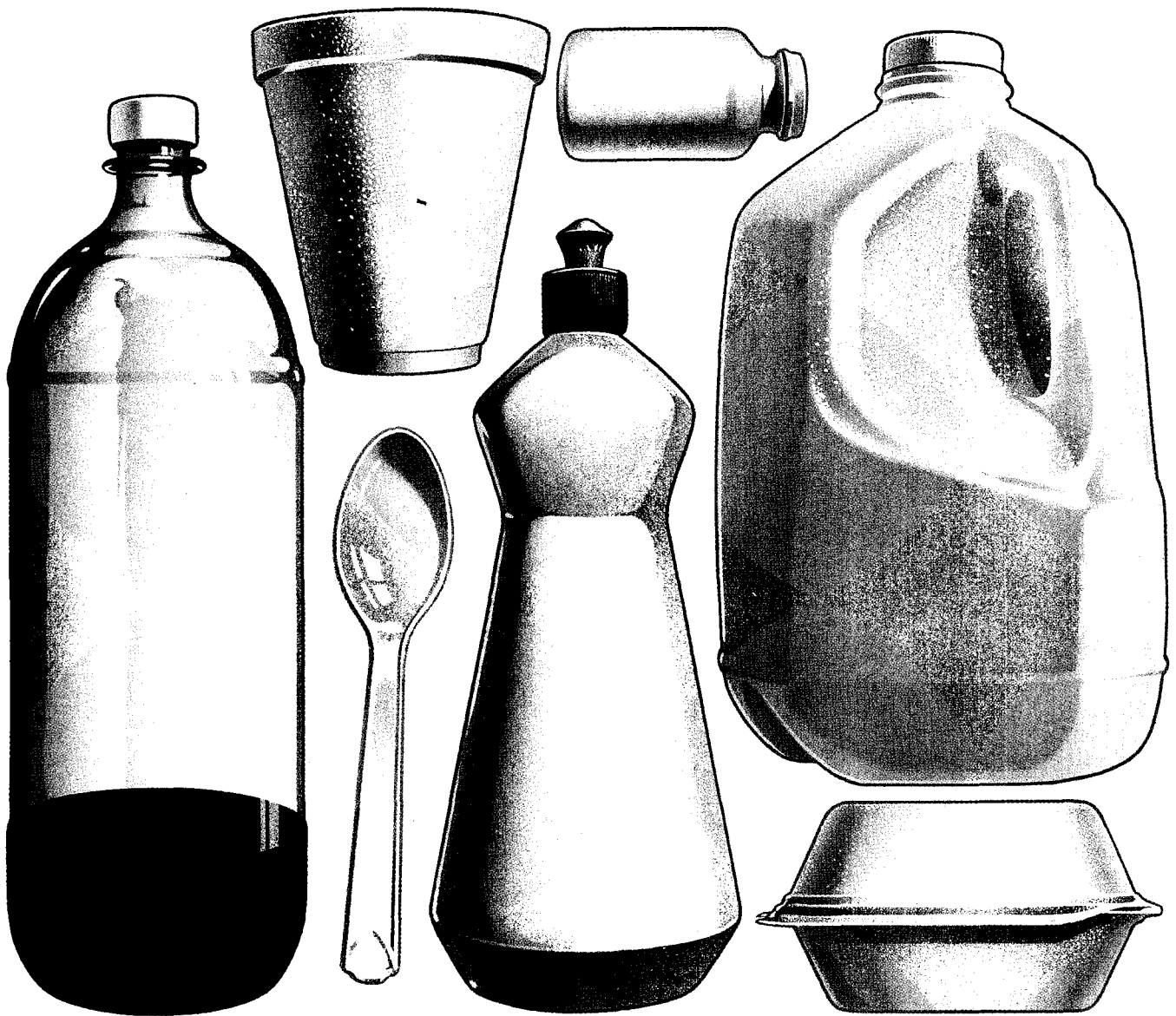
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After.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



FICTION QUARTET

Thank you for publishing in the May issue not one but four short stories! What a delight. And thank you for new, not old, writers. I'm especially grateful for Lynna Williams and her story "Things Not Seen." It is beautifully crafted and profound.

COLLEEN RAE
Santa Fe, N.M.

Today I sent off my check for a year's subscription to *The Atlantic*. This represents an act of faith inspired by the four short stories published in the May issue, and your statement that this offering "reasserts this magazine's commitment to expressive writing in the arts."

DORI APPEL
Ashland, Oreg.

"Two More Days," by Diana West, was the most polished and readable of the four.

ANTHONY WALKER
Washington, D.C.

Bravo! The four new writers featured in your "Quartet" were all superb! It's astonishing that two of the stories were their authors' first published works. I haven't read such wonderful stories in any magazine for a long time.

PAM JACKSON
New York, N.Y.

All the stories were good, but of particular interest was "What Means Switch," by Gish Jen.

ELINOR SLATTERY
Needville, Texas

Thank you for the four wonderfully mundane stories in the May issue. How unusual they are in their usuality, all written as if in the same voice, by the same author! I admire the way these authors can so skillfully be similar to each other. I am sure they will

someday become Great and widely known in the literary world, where people will doubtless learn to give banality the honor it deserves.

JUNIPER C. REMMENDE
Bailey, Colo.

Having just read the biographies of the four fiction writers you published in the May issue, I was saddened to see that two of them are M.F.A.s, one is a journalist, and one is a lawyer. In other words, they are all professionally certified wordsmiths. My discomfort does not stem from the fact that any of the stories was particularly bad—all four were fine efforts. Rather, I see this as another unwelcome example of the growing tendency to insist upon credentials and licenses in all facets of American life, a trend sharply criticized by your own James Fallows. How nice it would have been to read in your "Contributors" section, "Ms. Smith is a shipping clerk in Pocatello" or "Mr. Jones is a salesman in Miami."

EDWIN T. CALLAHAN
Chicago, Ill.

Your May issue, with the "Four New Voices in American Fiction," returned this periodical to its literary foundations, established by William Dean Howells about a century ago.

Although Richard Zabel's "The Swan" was entirely foreign to my personal experience and background, his story brought a tear to my eye.

JOHN A. KING
Webberville, Mich.

NOTHING IN MODERATION

I wish to correct the false impression Fred Siegel has created about the ACLU's position regarding metal detectors at airports ("Nothing in Moderation," May *Atlantic*). Siegel says that we believe that "requiring a person to pass through a metal detector consti-



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tutes an unreasonable search and seizure." This is not accurate.

ACLU Policy #270, which is the only policy we have on airport searches, does not even mention metal detectors. Adopted in 1973, it opposed airport searches at a time when such searches were often highly discriminatory. Those searches singled out blacks, young people, and men with long hair for intrusive bodily searches. We object today to the use of drug-courier profiles on the same grounds.

But we do not consider the use of today's airport metal detectors to be an unreasonable search. Because these searches are only minimally intrusive, and because they are not conducted in a discriminatory manner, we have not challenged their use anywhere in the United States and have not spoken out against them in more than thirteen years.

I also take issue with Siegel's general conclusion that the so-called rights industry has run amok and taken the democratic system as its prey. Siegel fears a world in which democracy is held hostage by constitutional rights. I

much more fear the opposite: a world in which the majority may vote to deny minorities equal rights and jobs; in which 51 percent of the people may ban "Little Red Riding Hood" because it allegedly condones the use of alcohol; in which a popularly elected government may randomly search citizens who are suspected of criminal activity merely by dint of living in poor neighborhoods; and in which a popular President may imprison people for not waving the flag strongly enough.

Constitutional rights *do* often get in the way of democracy, or at least of democracy's excesses. The framers intended to prevent tyranny of the majority. That is not just a libertarian principle. It is an American principle. And it ought to be a conservative one.

IRA GLASSER

*Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, N.Y.*

Fred Siegel's arrogant reference to the National Rifle Association's defense of "a person's right to own automatic weapons" sharply illustrates me-

dia ignorance of both firearms and the U.S. Constitution.

"Automatic" weapons have been almost totally restricted since the Firearms Act of 1934. "Semi-automatic" rifles and shotguns, however, have been used by millions of sportsmen since before the turn of the century. Some 30 million are in lawful gun cabinets today.

As for the citizen's right to bear these weapons, "at the very least, the arguments on behalf of a 'strong' Second Amendment are stronger than many of us might wish were the case" (*Yale Law Journal*, 1989). In fact, only weapons having "some reasonable relationship . . . to ordinary military equipment" are protected by that amendment (*United States v. Miller*, 1939).

ROBERT C. SAYRE

*Long Lake Fish & Game Club
Long Lake, N.Y.*

I was distressed to read in Fred Siegel's article that my statement at the National Conference of the State Judiciary on Bioethical Issues was evidence of

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with a leading American writer, I presume that Alan Ainsworth chose his title and subject in order to lampoon *Frank*.

Ainsworth's send-up is a familiar one: his piece implies that editors of literary journals are hopelessly preoccupied with nouveau, trendy art that is wholly lacking in substance or significance. (Hugh Frank, the "artist" in Ainsworth's ingenious satire, is interviewed because he attempted to shave a square mile of women's legs.)

I don't generally object to being nudged or even criticized about *Frank*, because Ainsworth is in one sense correct. Literary and art journals can become insular, and sometimes they do take themselves too seriously. Still, Ainsworth's belittling of *Frank* seems to have little or no relationship to the magazine's contents or philosophy.

DAVID APPLEFIELD

Editor and Publisher

Frank: An International Journal of
Contemporary Writing & Art
Paris, France

Alan Ainsworth replies:

Only after my piece was a *fait accompli* did I hear of *Frank*. No library in Houston has it; only recently have I found it, in an obscure bookstore.

As for the implication that Hugh Frank's art is "wholly lacking in substance," I contend that his art takes a traditional subject, a woman at her toilette (Degas, *et al.*), and modifies it and enlarges it for today's media circus. In the manner of Christo (*Surrounded Islands*), Frank changes the environment in order to make us see what we fail to see normally. If, to quote the poet Alan Shapiro, art proposes to "step outside even the deepest assumptions so as to turn what we know best into something strange and puzzling," then Frank does art. And socially, that art asks us to consider why American women spend billions of dollars and countless hours shaving their legs. The only analysis of this strange ritual I've come across has been in Susan Brownmiller's book *Femininity*.

NOWHERESVILLE

Cullen Murphy's search for Nowheresville in "The 40th Parallel" (May *Atlantic*) provides an entertaining glimpse of cross-sectional America's

brushes with fame and infamy. But Murphy has, I'm afraid, been ill served by some of his informants. Those who briefed him on Lincoln, Illinois, neglected not only the town's greatest citizen but our country's greatest President. Abraham Lincoln laid out the town in 1853 and practiced law there during much of the 1850s. The town fathers named Lincoln after him in what is perhaps the most extraordinary act of prescience in all history.

Murphy also fails to mention Lincoln's extant claim to fame—the novelist and retired *New Yorker* editor William Maxwell. He was born and raised in Lincoln, and his novels are mythical re-creations of the town, which he calls Logan.

What is more, by stretching the 40th parallel a few degrees north and south, we find, within a fairly small radius of Lincoln, the town of Galesburg, the home of Carl Sandburg; Lewiston and the nearby Spoon River that inspired Edgar Lee Masters; Springfield, the home of Vachel Lindsay (the Vagabond Poet); Pekin, which gave birth to Sol Bloom (the theatrical impresario and later a U.S. congressman from New York) and Everett Dirksen (the Wizard of Ooze); Peoria, the home of Robert Ingersoll (the Great Agnostic); Morton, the bequeather of David Lilienthal (the first chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority); and, not least, El Paso, one of whose native sons was the Reverend Fulton J. Sheen (the radio preacher).

By this reckoning, Lincoln, far from being on the road to Nowheresville, is the focal point of Somewheresville.

DAVID DEMPSEY

Rye, N.Y.

Cullen Murphy's "The 40th Parallel" is marvelous. It is a delightful commentary on the American psyche and the need to be known. What is striking is that so few communities claim famous women. Certainly another piece could be written examining this phenomenon. In addition to the most obvious explanations—a male-dominated society and the limitations of the past—perhaps it might be instructive to look at the structure, values, and self-image of those towns that do claim famous women.

GARY HOROWITZ

Alfred University

Alfred, N.Y.

COMPUTER SIMULATIONS

Thomas Levenson's article "At the Speed Limit" (March *Atlantic*) states, "Even with their Y-MP, Ames's scientists cannot accurately simulate the flow of air over a complete airplane. . . ."

This statement does not accurately reflect the state of the art in computational fluid dynamics (CFD). The Air Force's Flight Dynamics Laboratory at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base accomplished the first simulation of a complete aircraft, the X-24 hypersonic test vehicle, in 1985. In 1988 the same team successfully simulated the F-16 aircraft, including simulation of inlet and exhaust airflows. These simulations were as accurate as any available wind-tunnel results. They were performed utilizing the Cray computer of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center. Current research is extending the F-16 simulation to higher angles of attack, and has been used to validate aerodynamic changes to the F-16. It is worthy of note that CFD is playing a vital role in the development of the national aerospace plane.

RICHARD A. BOROWSKI

Colonel, USAF

Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio

Thomas Levenson replies:

Although Ames Research Center and Wright-Patterson programs have been quite successful to date, the ultimate goal of computer simulation of aircraft is to produce models that are *more* predictive than wind-tunnel testing. My point was that we haven't reached that goal yet and one of the major limitations currently is the lack of computer horsepower.

ADDENDA:

The title of Susan Rubin Suleiman's new book was omitted from her contributor's note in the June issue. It is *Subversive Intent: Gender, Politics, and the Avant-Garde*.

The biographical note for Stephen Van Evera that appeared in the July issue should have mentioned that his article "The Case Against Intervention" was based on research sponsored by the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies.

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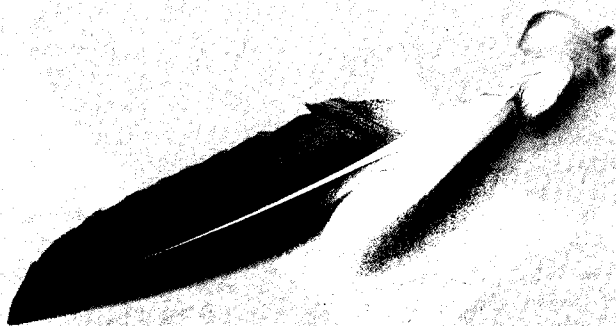
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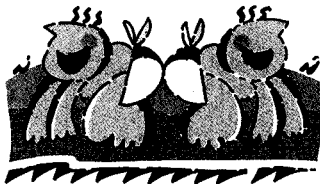
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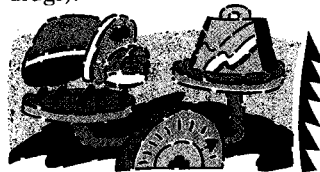
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THE AUGUST ALMANAC



DEMOGRAPHICS

August 4-5, the town of Twinsburg, Ohio, will welcome some 3,000 sets of twins to the 15th annual Twins Day festival. The proportion of the U.S. population eligible to take part in such a celebration is markedly on the increase. In 1977 live births of one or both twins accounted for 1.9 percent of all babies born (a total of 62,880); the percentage had risen to 2.1 a decade later (a total of 81,778 babies). The birth rate of twins is increasing twice as fast as that of "singletons." Why? One reason, according to Louis Keith, M.D., of the Center for the Study of Multiple Birth, in Chicago, is the growing use of fertility drugs. Another is the growing number of relatively older women who are having children; women age 35 or over are far more likely than women in the 19-34 category to produce fraternal twins (and also far more likely to take fertility drugs).



Q & A

Why do the weigh stations on interstates always seem to be closed? Economics may be partly responsible: some states can no longer afford adequate staffs for the stations, which are intended to enforce truckers' compliance with per-axle and overall weight restrictions. The restrictions are aimed at maximizing highway safety and minimizing damage to the road surface (overweight trucks cause cracking, rutting, and misalignment of concrete slabs). Many states are increasingly turning to portable scales

that can be set up anywhere along a highway. Like the proprietors of floating craps games, the patrolmen who deploy these scales are forced to shuttle their operations from place to place at frequent, unannounced intervals—the only way to stay ahead of the truckers' CB communications system. In 1988 some 700,000 trucks were found to be in violation of weight restrictions, and their operators had to adjust their loads, pay fines, or both.



ARTS & LETTERS

August 5-9, some 400 Scrabble enthusiasts from around the world will gather in Washington, D.C., for the annual National Scrabble Championship. According to Joseph Edley, the associate director of the National Scrabble Association, the highest-scoring word ever recorded in tournament or club play was *reequips*, which, by falling on "triple word score" and "double letter score" squares, garnered 301 points. The longest word ever seen in tournament or club play, Edley says, was created when a player added the formation *prevari* to *cation*. Because the tiles fell across a relatively infertile area of the board and included two blanks, *prevariation* earned its player a mere 63 points.

75 YEARS AGO Robert Frost, writing in the August, 1915, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*:

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,



THE SKIES

August 6, Full Moon, also known this month as the Corn or Grain Moon. A partial eclipse of the Moon will be visible in the Pacific Ocean and eastern Asia. 12, the Perseid meteor showers, the best ones of the year, peak tonight in the hours after midnight. August is among the finest months for stargazing. On moonless nights in the hours before midnight look for the neighboring galaxy Andromeda, which is visible to the naked eye as a fuzzy patch of light between the W-shaped constellation Cassiopeia and the great square of Pegasus.

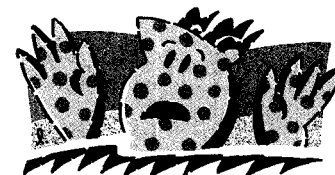
GOVERNMENT

August 2, Tennessee holds its primary elections. 6, Congress is scheduled to recess for its summer break. 7, primaries in Kansas, Michigan, and Missouri. 14, Colorado primary. 21, primaries in Alaska and Wyoming. 27, starting this week the tape-recorded messages on a federally maintained hotline for absentee voters (202-693-6500) will be revised to provide information about the 38 gubernatorial, 35 senatorial, and 435 congressional races to be decided in November. The hotline offers both information about voting from out of state and tape-re-

corded messages from candidates (touch-tone codes grant access to specific contenders). The hotline was first used experimentally during the 1988 elections. In that race George Bush changed his taped message weekly until the last week of the campaign, when he changed it daily; Michael Dukakis never changed his message. 28, Oklahoma primary.

HEALTH & SAFETY

Clinics and pediatricians' offices will be unusually busy this month as children report for a second (in some cases, a first) measles vaccination before school begins. Youngsters typically receive measles vaccination at 15 months, but the Centers for Disease Control and the American Academy of Pediatrics, worried by outbreaks of measles nationwide (there were 40 percent more cases in the first 20 weeks of this year than in the same period last year), have recommended that all children receive a second vaccination.



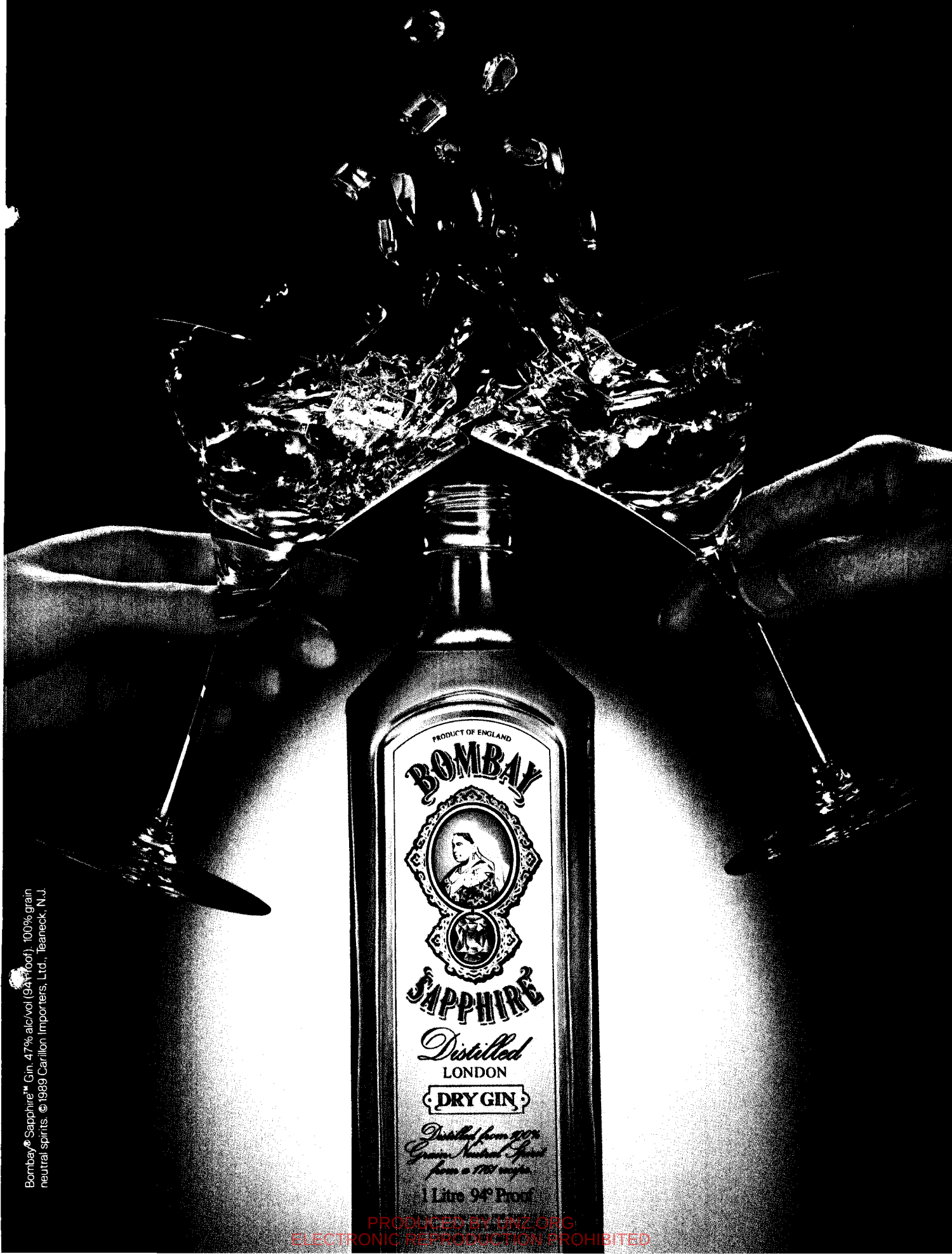
The recrudescence of measles in the United States is occurring for several reasons, including the relatively low rates of initial vaccination among poor children and the failure of some vaccinations to take hold.



And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Rudolph Redux

After many years, the full story

YOU KNOW THE song, written in 1949, by Johnny Marks, and originally sung by Gene Autry. But chances are you don't know the book, which was written a decade earlier, by Robert L. May. The original edition of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, with illustrations by Denver Gillen, was never published commercially and has been unavailable in bookstores. *Rudolph* was commissioned, printed, and bound by the Montgomery Ward department-store chain, which gave it away at Christmastime in 1939 and again in 1946 to a total of about six million holiday shoppers. The book won immediate popularity, and Rudolph's image and story, along with (eventually) the tinny and cloying song, became Christmas fixtures all over the world. The image and song remain inescapable, but the text itself seems to have largely receded from America's collective memory. In the most recent edition of *Books in Print*, between the entries for *Rudolph J. Nunnemacher Collection of Projectile Arms* (vol. 9) and *Rudolph Virchow: Doctor, Statesman, Anthropologist*, there are, to be sure, several books listed about a red-nosed reindeer named Rudolph, but all of them are derivative stories. None is *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* by Robert L. May.

That is about to change. Later this month, a half century after its creation,

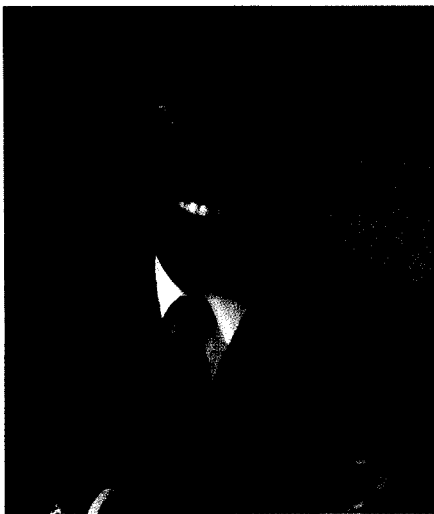
the original *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* will be published for the first time, in facsimile, by a trade publisher, Applewood Books, and it will be sold in bookstores. And I can report, having been vouchsafed a look, that the book almost makes up for the song.

THE SONG, OF COURSE, is an unwelcome piece of work, not least because its tune, after one or two hearings, takes on the quality of an advertising jingle. Worse still is the way it tells a story. The sociologist James Barnett has observed that the character Rudolph is the twentieth-century Christmas symbol "most likely to become a lasting addition" to Christmas celebrations. So much more the pity, then, that the version of his life as related in the 113 words of Johnny Marks's minimalist lyrics—the only version most people now know—is marred by its jaunty moral vacuity. In the song Rudolph can easily be taken for one of Santa's reindeer

(this is never stated, but it's what most people assume), and his life is made miserable by a physical anomaly. The other reindeer, who are not the sort you'd think Santa would hire, "laugh and call him names." Santa himself, inexplicably, makes no attempt to intervene; the one time he talks to Rudolph directly he pointedly calls attention to his "nose so bright." Rudolph achieves a kind of vindication only when Santa, in desperation, realizes that Rudolph's nose can be profitably exploited. The other reindeer experience a sudden cynical and superficial transformation in attitude—"Then how the reindeer loved him"—and they shout with glee, happy, like the members of any mob, to bask for a mad spell in a winner's glory. But does anyone harbor illusions about the likely nature of Rudolph's life once Christmas is over? Is he now going to be allowed to participate in reindeer games? Will he really become an A-list reindeer? Or will he, rather, despite those glib, high words



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Victor Simon
Senior Petroleum Engineer
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Victor Simon is a Texaco Senior Petroleum Engineer. He is committed to making certain that Texaco's oil and gas operations in the Eastern U.S. are conducted in a manner consistent with environmental safeguards.

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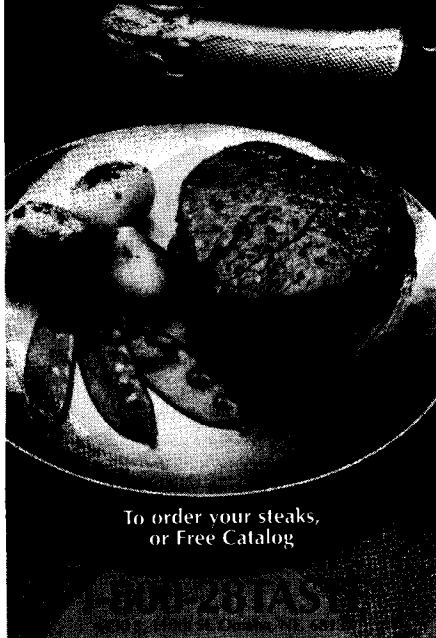
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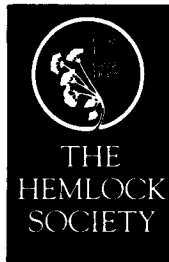
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about his place in history, remain an oddity to be pitied and shunned by his fellows—and hauled out for service (and hollow huzzahs) whenever the fog gets a little thick?

Robert L. May's original story, in contrast, is full and rich and written in clunky homespun couplets. Rudolph is still a reindeer, of course, but he's not one of Santa's and he doesn't live at the North Pole. His peers do make fun of his nose, but we learn that Rudolph is a responsible and well-brought-up animal who has a sense of his intrinsic worth and enjoys the support of loving parents. When Santa discovers Rudolph, it is completely by chance—he sees a glow emanating from Rudolph's room when delivering presents to his house. By then it is deep in the night on Christmas Eve, and Santa has begun to worry that the worsening fog, which has already caused accidents and delays, will prevent him from completing his rounds before dawn. Rudolph is eager to help. Once in harness, Rudolph is no passive point of light. He takes command of Santa's team—proud, mature reindeer he has met for the first time—and skillfully navigates from house to house. As Santa observes publicly upon their return, "By *YOU* last night's journey was *actually* bossed./Without you, I'm certain we'd all have been lost!" The young reindeer (not Santa's) who had been so cruel to Rudolph express genuine sorrow for their behavior, and Santa (who always refers to Rudolph's nose tactfully as his "forehead") announces that Rudolph henceforward will be a regular member of his team. There is no doubt in one's mind, by the end of May's book, that Rudolph, despite his nose, will weather adolescence with ease and enjoy a happy and secure future.

THE STORY OF Rudolph, I learned, is very much the story of Robert L. May. He was by all accounts a humble and soft-spoken fellow—odd qualities in a Dartmouth man—who nursed painful memories of childhood bashfulness. In 1939 he was a thirty-five-year-old advertising copywriter in Montgomery Ward's catalogue department. He had a young

child and a wife who was gravely ill and about to die. Medical bills had put the family heavily in debt. Such were May's preoccupations when his department head called him in one day and said, in effect, "Robert with your pen so light,/Won't you write a tale to-night?" Actually, what the department head said, May later recalled, was, "Bob, I've got an idea. For years our stores have been buying those little Christmas giveaway coloring books from local peddlers. I think we can save a lot of money if we create one ourselves." May thought back to the

circumstances of his childhood and settled on an ugly-duckling theme for his story; the name

Rudolph (at one point, Rol-lo) was chosen for alliterative reasons. During the 1939 Christmas season Montgomery Ward printed up and gave away 2.4 million copies of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, making Robert May briefly famous. He continued toiling over catalogue copy at Montgomery Ward for most of his work-

ing life, even as he oversaw the licensing of Rudolph's story, name, and image, the rights to which Montgomery Ward had bestowed on him. May granted one of those licenses to his friend Johnny Marks; the song "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" became the second-best-selling song of all time (after "White Christmas"). Ultimately Rudolph gave May financial independence. He remarried, raised six children in all, and lived quietly and happily ever after, until 1976. "Apart from Rudolph," he modestly told an interviewer a few years before his retirement, "my life is not outstanding."

Perhaps not. But, like Rudolph's, it turned out a lot better than one might have expected. May's story—and the one he wrote—provide a certain solace, suggesting as they do that the unlikely sometimes turns out to be the ordained. It is in the hope of the improbable that I ask the children of Johnny Marks, who control the rights to the song "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer": declare a temporary moratorium on the granting of licenses to play it, and let this be the year of the book. You'll go down in history.

—Cullen Murphy





BRUNO BARREY / MAGNUM

High tide, 1968: Renault's Billancourt plant—symbol of French communism—is crippled by strikes

EUROPE

Better Green Than Red?

In some ways the collapse of communism is even harder on the Party faithful in the West than it is on their comrades in Eastern Europe

HOW DO YOU react as a true believer when the temple caves in, the elders abscond, and word comes through the rubble that everything you have been taught to believe is wrong? Curiously, this is now less the plight of Eastern Europeans than of a large band of Westerners. In Western Europe the Communist faithful are thoroughly disoriented by history's reversal in Eastern Europe. They cannot cut and run and profess, like most Eastern Europeans, that communism was harshly imposed

upon them. Their free embrace of the creed makes it much harder to give up.

Communism is not the negligible force in Western Europe that it is in America. Close to 20 million Western Europeans still vote Communist; they outnumber the entire electorates of Hungary and Czechoslovakia combined. All now face the same problem, though their responses vary.

There are many ways to dress a corpse.

ANCHORED IN the Seine, not far west of the Eiffel Tower, lies a monster battleship. On its five decks paint is peeling, iron is rusting, portholes are glued by grime. It has a certain grandeur, like any industrial leviathan of the 1920s. Work your way closer to it, down to the river's edge on Stalingrad Quay, in the inner Paris suburb of Billancourt, and you see that it is not a ship at all but a hull-shaped island; the decks are the five floors of the Renault car company's Paris assembly plant, a birthplace of mass car production in France. Renault is closing it down. It is too old and in the wrong

place, the company says. How can you keep a plant grinding out cars a waft of smoke away from the Louvre?

Renault announced the shutdown, which is taking place this year and next, just as communism in Eastern Europe was collapsing. There is more in the coincidence than meets the eye. It isn't just that the Seine plant and communism as a system of government are about the same age. Renault's dilapidated flagship has long been a symbol of Communist influence in France, because the Communist-led labor union, the Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT), has always commanded its workers' loyalties. More than that, Renault is owned by the French state. It was nationalized by Charles de Gaulle in 1945 by way of punishing its owner, Louis Renault, who had acted too friendly toward the Nazi occupiers. The Communists, who took a leading role in the Resistance, feel that the plant is part of their spiritual domain. So the shutdown of Billancourt is a historic loss for French communism, as dire a psychological blow as the collapse in the East.

IF PORTUGAL'S Communist Party could have the Berlin Wall rebuilt, it would do so. That is the position of the Party leader, Alvaro Cunh  l, a survivor from the zealous Comintern era of the 1930s, when Communists were organizing themselves worldwide. Almost thirty years ago East Germany rationalized the construction of the wall by presenting it as a bulwark against fascism. The Portuguese Party's watchword remains the fight against fascism, despite the fact that ordinary Portuguese have not had to contend with that blight for sixteen years, since their popular revolution ended the Salazar dictatorship. However, war against fascism is in the blood of Cunh  l, who spent many years in Salazar's prisons. Not all local Communists side with their seventy-six-year-old chief in seeing fascism everywhere beyond Lisbon's industrial belt. Still, it is unwise for them to say so. Zita Seabra, an outspoken champion of *perestroika*, has just been expelled from the Party for talking too loudly about the changes in Eastern Europe. Among the Cunh  l leadership's formal charges against Seabra, who joined the Communist underground as a teenager during the dictatorship, were that she owned her own apartment, employed domestic help, and belonged to a health club. She says that the Party can see Portugal in only two ways: on the road to communism or on the road to fascism.

This attitude may seem out of date in the stable democratic era of the European Community. Yet Western European communism is deeply rooted in anti-fascism. The strongest Communist parties survive in Italy, Portugal, France, Greece, and Spain—where Mussolini, Salazar, P  tain, and their like ruled. In the most recent nationwide elections in these countries the Communists garnered 24 percent of the vote in Italy, 13 percent in Portugal, 11 percent in France, 10 percent in Greece, and 8.9 percent (in alliance with smaller leftist groups) in Spain. At various times since the Second World War the figure has been up around 25 percent in most of these countries—and close to 35 percent in Italy. In Northern Europe communism generally counts for no more than it does in the United States; it is a club for grouse as much as a political movement.

DOUBLES / GAMMA-LIAISON



Italy's Achille Occhetto: embalmer, not cosmetician

PROLETARIAT n . . . 1: the lowest social or economic class of a community. . . 2: the laboring class, especially the class of wage earners who lack their own means of production and hence sell their labor to live.

Webster would have a harder time finding the blue-collar masses in Western Europe these days than defining them. They, too, like the fight against fascism, are an essential part of Communist lore ("proletarian dictatorship," "class struggle," and so forth). It was fundamental to Karl Marx's thinking that the growth of the industrial proletariat was irreversible. He seemed right about this until the end of the Second World War. Since the 1950s the industrial working class has declined worldwide as a proportion of the work force. The substitution of new technology and services for the kind of industry Marx knew has confounded his philosophy predicting the death of capitalism. It has also confounded Western Communist parties, most of which ran up their best voting tallies when the "working class" could still be reliably counted on to keep growing. Prosperity has much diminished this class. In continental Europe today many of those who most closely resemble the working class that Marx described are non-European immigrants from North Africa, Turkey, and Asia—and they are not allowed to vote.

ITALIAN COMMUNISTS, apart from being the largest Party in the West, have always been the most innovative. Now they are innovating themselves out of existence. Their response to events in Eastern Europe is to bury the corpse, not to apply creative make-up. The splendid sobs of emotion that Achille Occhetto, the Party leader, released from the podium at the close of a fateful congress in Bologna this past spring might have registered regret—or relief. At any rate, the black-browed Occhetto was glad to have overcome most of the opposition to the extraordinary conjuring trick the Party had decided to perform: dropping its name, hammer-and-sickle emblem, and like Communist trappings, and turning itself into a regular social-democratic party of the kind familiar in France, Britain, and West Germany.

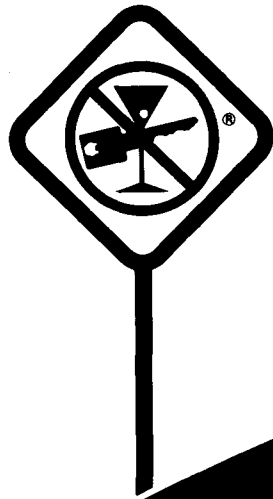
All this demands so much ingenuity that Occhetto and his friends seem too drained to think up a new name for themselves. For the moment they are calling their creation La Cosa (The Thing). Still, there is no doubt that the Italians are swapping political families. Unlike other sizable Western European Communist parties, the Italian Party has not shared in national government since the period immediately following the Second World War. It plans to be in the new guise by early next year, and hopes that power will finally come its way.

Western communism's first break with Moscow was made by the Italians in the 1970s, under Enrico Berlinguer, who invented Eurocommunism—a liberal, free-flying Marxism designed to dovetail with capitalism. Kremlin ideologists lost control of their Italian comrades. The breakaway much improved the Italian Party's popularity, embellishing its long-held reputation for running big cities more efficiently than anyone else. Now the Italians have decided that being Communist is behind the times. They have a poetic touch. Occhetto was determined that the Party would sign its own ideological death warrant with fine bravado, not anger. He opened the spring congress with lines from Tennyson in which Ulysses exhorts his crew to new deeds.

. . . Come my friends.

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PART IN ANY CAR IS A SOBER DRIVER.



When a driver is intoxicated, a car becomes more than a mode of transportation. It's a deadly weapon. Between now and Saturday, September 1, we're asking you call 1-800-444-8987 for information on where to sign this year's Drive For Life pledge and petition, promising not to drink and drive. And to remind others not to drink and drive, Mothers Against Drunk Driving asks you to turn on your headlights when you drive on Saturday, September 1. There are many other things you can do to help prevent traffic fatalities. Always be a courteous, safe driver. Remember to wear seatbelts. And if you have a friend or relative with a drinking problem, help them get help. Please join us on September 1. And shed some light on this sobering topic.

**DRIVE
FOR LIFE**
Saturday, September 1, 1990

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... for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, ...
... and tho'
We are not now that strength which
in old days
Moved heaven and earth, that
which we are, we are—
One heroic equal temper of heroic
hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but
strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield.

Do not expect such flights of fancy from a Communist chief in any other Western European country. The Italian Party is the only one to have abandoned its upbringing and career in response to what is happening to Soviet communism. Other Western parties are drifting. Others still, like the French and Portuguese parties, are hunkering down, wary of reformers in their ranks; their leaders complain about press hatred and plots against them. They increasingly look like those sects that isolate themselves in the Rockies for survival.

PIERRE JUQUIN tried to substitute a green spot for the hammer and sickle. That was fourteen years ago, in a parliamentary by-election in the pleasant French city of Tours, on the Loire. At that time, remember, Leonid Brezhnev was still running the Soviet Union, and there was not a whiff of change in Eastern Europe. Having received the blinking yellow light from the orthodox French Communist Party to risk a little renovation, Juquin, a university professor then in charge of Party communications, persuaded his skeptical leader, Georges Marchais, that a campaign emphasizing the environment would be in tune with the times in the West, and might work. It didn't. The Party won a modest 15 percent of the vote, well below its national average.

Juquin, now sixty, was expelled from the Party two years ago for being too much of a reformer. The Party's hard-line leadership turned its back on reform for good after President François Mitterand, a Socialist, diddled the Communists into taking a minor share

in the government of France in the early 1980s. The venture tied their hands, while bringing them little closer to power. Still demanding reform, Juquin pitted himself against Marchais's stand-in, André Lajoinie, in France's 1988 presidential race and was duly liquidated by his comrades.

"Marchais isn't entirely averse to new ideas if he thinks they will be good for the Party, or for himself," Juquin now says. "But once they go a little wrong, he returns to the womb of the working class for cover. He tries to stay faithful to the idea the shrinking working class has of itself—the idea of the exploited, excluded, brutalized, righteous poor of a hundred years ago. Marchais slips right back into all this—you know, a little racist, loud-mouthed, discontented." Perhaps the worst problem facing a leader like Marchais today, Juquin says, is the sense of isolation brought on by the disappearance of powerful colleagues in the East. "All the Western European parties find themselves cut off from help and privileges extended by the East."

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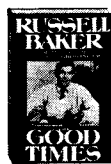
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Vladimir Nabokov



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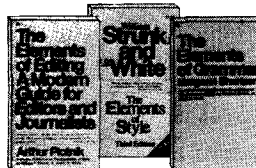
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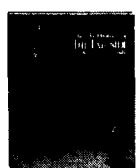
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It was not so much financial aid, Juquin explains, as the assurance that came from belonging to a system synonymous with privilege: summer vacations on the Black Sea, hunting parties in Brandenburg, relaxing "working" visits to Bucharest and Prague. All that is no more.

Yet Juquin finds his former soulmates less devastated by the radical turn of history than many would imagine. "They abstract themselves from reality," he says. "There's a strong religious side to it, a faith." Berlinguer saw that, and tried to stop it, recognizing that it stifled new thinking. Berlinguer's creed was "We must secularize communism." Juquin readily sees the French Party in Church terms. But a Church presupposes a large following, he says; it becomes a sect when the following shrinks to the front pew.

AT A LEFT-WING newspaper in Athens, Pavlos Tsimas, thirty-six, the Communist editor, says that his current news policy is to be as objective as possible. "We are letting

the facts speak for themselves. Eastern Europe is on top of us here in Greece. That's the best we can do."

Greek Communists are a proud party. They battled Hitler. But they must now ponder whether their subsequent defeat by the American-assisted right in Greece's merciless civil war was not contrived by a caring Zeus: it meant that among the Balkan nations only Greece did not join its neighbors in installing the communist system that has ruined them. The Greek Party is split between Stalinists and reformers, but the two contingents take part in elections together, and they came home with the 10 percent of the national vote that they had anticipated in recent elections, which brought the right back to power by a thread. The fidelity of Greek Communist voters is pure tradition, bolstered by popular reaction against neo-fascist interludes like the colonels' coup of 1967, which was followed by seven years of military rule. Tsimas says that the Party is nonetheless in a state of shock. Many of his colleagues think the Party can survive by

returning to pristine early models of Soviet communism. Tsimas disagrees. "Whatever a Communist Party does, it remains a Communist Party and won't succeed," he says. "I'm asking myself whether we aren't condemned to melt into other parties—Social Democrats, Greens, feminists, and so on."

In Spain the melting has happened. The dogged Party, formerly underground, which caused extreme anxiety in other Western nations when it tried positioning itself to take charge of Spain after Franco's death, now seems ready to disappear as conclusively as the Italian Communists, though with less brio. It has formed an alternative left with Greens and others, in the hope of occupying the ground that Felipe González vacates as his Socialist government moves right.

WHEN A FRENCH Communist went to London not long ago to meet Eric Hobsbawm, a leading British Communist intellectual, he was astonished to be taken to dinner at the elite Athenaeum Club.



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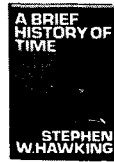
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Not that the Frenchman spends all his time back in Paris in the plastic canteen of the Party's bunkerlike headquarters, near the Gare du Nord. Communists like to feast as well as the next man in France. It was just that he was surprised to have his preconceptions about British communism so roundly confirmed. "A real club," he says in wonder. It should be noted that Hobsbawm, a historian, admits to being seized with anguish these days over the beliefs he has long promoted. Membership in the once predominantly working-class British Party that has sustained him politically has shrunk to a dazed 7,000.

ON NATIONAL television just before the evening news the French are accustomed to seeing an imperious frog impersonating President Mitterand. This is part of a puppet show satirizing top politicians. Jacques Chirac, the conservative leader, is a vulture, Georges Marchais a pig, and so on. The strange thing is that the Marchais pig comes over as the most amiable of these animals. Unlike the others, he is devoid of menace. This reflects his party's impotence. The puppet show makes the Communists objects of jolly popular sympathy, almost of pity. According to one liberal school of thought in France, the country would do well to hang on to these defanged Communists, because many of the low-income voters who are deserting them are going straight to Jean-Marie Le Pen's extreme right-wing National Front, which is a greater danger to political stability.

Yet the French Communists are a dogmatic bunch. They seem to have put themselves on automatic pilot for destruction. They are neither staging a grand exit, like the Italians, nor dissolving into an alternative left-of-center movement, like the Spaniards and possibly others. They cling to orthodoxies like "democratic centralism"—the everyone-must-agree-with-the-leadership rule, which even the Soviets can't hold to anymore. This stifles debate and bars new ideas, which are condemned as dissent, punishable by expulsion. With all those Communist hard-liners in the East gone, *Le Monde* says, Marchais is the last of the Mohicans. He dislikes the Stalinist label that is commonly attached to him, yet his treatment of dissenters recalls dark

B. BISSON / SYGMA



Billancourt workers, 1989: a historic putdown

Stalinist obsessions with plots and counterplots. Charles Fiterman, once his top aide, is the latest victim. Fiterman is the son of a Polish Jewish coal miner who emigrated to France but later died at Auschwitz. Dour and intelligent, never saying a word out of turn, he rose to be the Party's chief administrator. Whenever Marchais faced a tough decision, he would say, "Wait, I'll talk to Charles about it." But Fiterman, aged fifty-six, is now suspected of getting on rather too well with Mitterand's Socialists, and his support for *perestroika* and reform, at last openly expressed, makes him treacherous in Marchais's eyes. Fiterman awaits the political liquidation that several well-known Party figures, grown skeptical, have endured in recent years. In an age of heaving change, the Marchais Party survives on immutable certainties, a sect heading for some Gallic Rockies.

HOPING TO understand the emotions aroused by the mothballing of Renault's battleship at Billancourt, I went to meet the crew. I was not allowed inside, because the car company no longer authorizes visits—they're not good for Renault's modern image. Security men kept me away from its gangplanks—two steel bridges that workers must cross to reach the assembly lines. I took up a position at the general entrance, on the right bank of the Seine, an opening in a concrete

wall which resounds with industrial combat. Jean-Paul Sartre stood on a barrel here in 1968, when France was in revolt, barking encouragement to rebellious workers, with a passion recalling his famous line "*Il ne faut pas désespérer Billancourt*" ("Don't drive Billancourt to despair")—Sartre's donnish cry of solidarity with the working class. Most of the strikes that have paralyzed France—and brought it five weeks paid vacation for everyone—originated here. When Renault coughs, they say, France catches cold.

It is 2:00 P.M., time for the day's second shift. The incoming crowd is thin; only 4,000 workers make cars on the island now, as compared with 20,000 in the mid-1970s. I meet Joël Barbe, an organizer for Billancourt's dominant union, the Communist-led CGT. He argues against the closure. The CGT wants Renault's best-selling utility van to be manufactured here until 1998, the end of its production life. The company, Barbe says, prefers to cash in on soaring Paris real-estate prices. "You can see the property developers slaving."

Barbe, a Communist Party member, is unsure about events in Eastern Europe. "The fact that things change doesn't make them good." He glances across at the battleship. "But, look, I'm a trade unionist. My job is to protect workers. As long as there is poverty, social injustice, and a cause to defend, there's a place for the Communist Party."

MAYBE. BUT WESTERN European Communists can see for themselves that the place voters are prepared to give them is rapidly shrinking. Dwelling on his work, Karl Marx said, "All I know is I'm not a Marxist." The question facing Communists in Western Europe is whether they aren't like the contemplative Marx; whether, to go a step further, they are not simply obliged to become social democrats. The Italians have resolved that dilemma. The Frenchman Pierre Juquin, who may be more representative of Western Communists as a breed, has not. "I'm not a social democrat. I'm more revolutionary than that," he says. "I'd like to have something else in place of what the Communist Party was not able to be. Perhaps we should not call it communism."

—David Lawday

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Frances Taylor, student, Terry, Mississippi: "I always wanted to be a nurse. This is really my second chance, and I'm going to take advantage of it."

MISSISSIPPI

Literate at Last

A much-praised campaign to teach adults to read is showing other states new ways to attack illiteracy

IN THE LITTLE brick town hall in Bolton, Mississippi, a dignified elderly black man in wire-rim spectacles, denim overalls, and bright-red basketball sneakers sat curled in concentration over a booklet of fifth-grade math problems. While the sunset reddened the horizon and the town's ancient cotton gin clattered through the twilight, Bryant Mack, Jr., age sixty-two, was finally learning to read and write and do arithmetic.

"See, my daddy didn't have no learn-

ing," he said shyly. "He didn't think it was important. I was one of twelve children. We all had to work in the cotton fields. Only time we went to school was when it rained. There were no real schools for black kids back then, anyway. Truth is, I didn't have a childhood. I know I'm not alone in that."

Not by a long shot. By now the figures are familiar: there are said to be 20 million to 40 million adults nationwide who cannot read and write and add well enough to perform ordinary tasks like passing a driver's-license test, reading a warning label on a medicine bottle, and—Bryant Mack's goal—balancing a checkbook. What is not so well known is that a disproportionate number of America's functional illiterates, black and white, live in the South, where their economic situation is deteriorating rapidly. In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and the Carolinas the average earnings of male high school dropouts aged twenty to thirty-four plummeted 35.5 percent from 1973 to 1985.

Cotton hasn't been king for several generations, and the days when southern states could attract sweatshop industries with cheap wages, strong backs, and low taxes are over. Employment in the textile and apparel-manufacturing industries has dropped because of automation and competition from low-wage labor in Third World countries. The road to economic growth nowadays is paved with a high level of reading comprehension and sophisticated technical skills.

In the era of the information economy and flexible production, the old Dixie politics of exclusion—keeping blacks uneducated and poor whites ignorant—seem as irrelevant as Stalinist dogma must now seem in the Soviet Union. Mississippi's young governor, Ray Mabus, a Democrat who is believed to have been elected with 90 percent of Mississippi's black vote, has arrived at a difficult crossroads, where the utilitarian needs of industry for skilled labor intersect the legacy of segregation: illiteracy, poverty, and despair. How well Mabus and other politicians negotiate that intersection could determine whether the Democratic Party has a chance of winning back the once solidly Democratic South—or whether the Republicans can win the black votes they seek by recognizing a human issue that has a relatively small price tag and big potential in terms of its economic multiplier effect.

Mississippi under the Mabus administration has launched the most ambitious initiative in the nation to combat adult illiteracy. Having come through in 1988 on his campaign promise to give teachers their biggest pay raise in the state's history, Governor Mabus and his wife, Julie, a former high school math teacher who tirelessly preaches the new gospel of education for economic development, have vowed that nine out of ten Mississippians will be functionally literate by the year 2000, a monumental task that amounts to a holy war on illiteracy. Mabus has staked his political future on a comprehensive education-reform program, including a proposed \$13.5 million worth of new state funds to be earmarked for adult-literacy programs over the next three years.

When education fervor swept the United States after Russia's launching of *Sputnik*, the deep South was preoc-



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cupied with school desegregation and the civil-rights movement. The Mississippi legislature repealed legislation that made schooling compulsory, and encouraged white flight from the public schools by allowing the schools to deteriorate. By 1982, when Governor William Winter finally got an education-reform law through the Mississippi legislature, on his third try (the law made school attendance mandatory to age sixteen and established kindergartens statewide for the first time), the Mississippi school system was a wreck. Each year approximately 6,000 children didn't even start school. The state's high school students had among the lowest achievement-test scores and among the highest dropout rates in the country. But it wasn't only support for integrated education that was lacking. "The ideal of universal education was itself absent in Mississippi," Winter, now a lawyer in Jackson, the state capital, told me recently.

The anti-intellectualism of the rural South often attached more importance

to football and cheerleading than to learning to read local authors like Eudora Welty and William Faulkner. Some fathers quit their jobs, and sons left school, on the first day of hunting season; a vestigial frontier mentality held that "too much book learnin' ruins your shootin' eye." And it is often said in Bible Belt churches that "Satan can quote Scripture"—even if the deacons can't. In Mississippi 714,000 adults—46 percent of the state's adult population—lack high school diplomas. Roughly 400,000 adult Mississippians have less than nine years of schooling, a level that is often used as a definition of functional illiteracy.

Certainly this definition makes for a conservative estimate of illiteracy, given that Mississippi high schools share the national tendency to graduate anyone who occupies a desk long enough. "I went through twelve years of school and two years of community college without ever learning to read, and passed with flying colors," Treaise Williams, a twenty-five-year-old

woman in Jackson, told me. "I found out early that if I was always the teacher's pet, they wouldn't fail me. I always listened real good to what the teachers said. When you can't read, you figure out all kinds of ways round your handicap. A lot of times illiterates are intelligent, but they been made to feel dumb."

Williams was spunky enough to find her way to a program in "life coping skills," where she works one night a week developing the reading skills she will need to pass a cosmetology licensing exam, her hope for economic improvement. But such success stories are rare. For the vast majority of miseducated adults, made to "feel dumb" all their lives and to hide their shameful "handicap," adult-literacy programs up till now have also been failures.

IN THE SOUTH such programs reach only about one in thirty of the undereducated population. A recent study by the Sunbelt Institute, a think tank convened by southern congressmen and governors, concluded that the federal Adult Education Act of 1966, which makes block grants for state literacy endeavors, "has never been funded at a level sufficient to provide much more than a token response to the nation's literacy needs." New federal literacy legislation, introduced by Senator Paul Simon, of Illinois, and Representative Thomas Sawyer, of Ohio, has thus far failed to win support from the Bush Administration.

Once federal funding trickles through state bureaucracies to the local level, it usually disappears into programs that have never been made to develop standards or evaluate results. Few programs, for example, take account of what motivates illiterate adults to enroll in the first place, although countries like Brazil and Nicaragua have been most successful in cutting their illiteracy rates by relying on the educator Paulo Freire's method of teaching reading with what the nonreaders actually want to be able to understand—such as a tractor manual for a farmer. Even fewer American literacy programs address the shame, sense of failure, and everyday problems that most poor nonreaders must overcome before obtaining help. Eloris Cooper, the supervisor of adult reading programs for Mississippi's

James Brown, student, Raymond, Mississippi: "Now I can count from one to a hundred. I know my ABCs. I can write my name. And I can phone home."



Hinds Community College, says, "There's a whole constellation of things poor people face that make potential adult learners hard to reach, hard to recruit, and even harder to keep in programs, beginning with transportation to classes and child care for young mothers."

Nationwide more than half the adults who enter literacy-training programs simply abandon the effort after a few sessions of instruction, without having improved their reading skills. In Mississippi only 10 percent of adults stay with literacy classes long enough to complete two workbooks of the standard Laubach method of reading. This brings them, at best, to a fourth-grade reading level after a hundred hours of classes, at a typical cost of \$3,500 per student.

In rural areas the difficulty of reaching and keeping students is compounded by the problem of finding competent tutors. The much-publicized effort of Barbara Bush to enlist volunteer literacy teachers ignores the facts that the highest illiteracy rates often occur where the fewest volunteers are available, and that little national effort has been made either to mobilize young people in a literacy corps or to professionalize the teaching of adults to read. "In one community we service, only six percent of the population have graduated from high school," says Betty Jo Dulaney, the literacy coordinator in Tunica County. The county is Mississippi's poorest; more than half the population there lives below the poverty line. "There's no industry here, so anyone with job skills or gumption takes the first bus out. Now, where am I supposed to find reading tutors?"

Nonreaders are ineligible to enter most job-training programs. For many, then, succeeding in an adult-literacy class is the last chance to lead a productive life. Isiah Charleston is an electric-utility technician who has been active in literacy and community-development projects for the past fifteen years in the backwoods of Warren County, outside Vicksburg. Ride the dirt roads with him and you descend into a social maelstrom, where teenage pregnancies, incest, and alcoholism are common, and apathy has become a way of life. Charleston fights back tears when he assesses the lost generation of rural black youth which has fol-



Robert Jackson (center), tutor: "Yes, I see them struggle. And I see their satisfaction when they come to understand something new."

lowed formal desegregation. "After having dropped out of school in the eighth or ninth grade, our young people get into a pattern of quitting," he told me. "They quit school, they quit jobs, they quit literacy programs—finally they just quit trying to improve themselves altogether. They lack what my teachers used to call stick-to-itiveness. Only way Mississippi's going to get up off the bottom is if we give these kids something to stay in school for, something to work toward in their lives."

MISSISSIPPI'S LITERACY initiative focuses on the concept of context. "First, we are looking at the whole system of literacy programs and making fundamental structural changes," Julie Mabus told me in an interview at the governor's mansion. "The old way of teaching adults to read—in a vacuum, without taking into account their own immediate hopes and aims—is just no good."

To direct the program overhaul, the

Mabus administration created a new Office for Literacy and chose a nationally recognized literacy expert, Karl Haigler, the head of the Adult Literacy Initiative at the U.S. Department of Education, to run it. Haigler had worked under William Bennett to co-write the federal manual on designing effective work-force literacy programs whose curricula are based on specific job contexts and the real-life needs of workers. Haigler's arrival in Mississippi, in 1988, presaged a wholesale redirection of the state's effort. The state intends to concentrate on parents and adults needing job-related basic-skills training. It also intends to enlist the business community as the political backbone of a long-term, high-profile literacy campaign.

"We're getting rid of the 'grade-level' thinking that says a person is literate when he or she obtains a high-school-equivalency diploma," Haigler told me. "Literacy is better defined as a continuum of skills, ranging from simple decoding of written matter

to high levels of critical thinking and problem-solving. Programs need to be redesigned to meet a whole array of actual social needs, from the assembly-line worker who needs to read charts and manuals to the person whose greatest desire is to read her Bible."

Thus an innovative mobile unit, mounted on a tractor trailer donated by the Frito-Lay Company and outfitted with computers and educational software under various grants, was dispatched to Iuka, in the northeast corner of the state. The town had an unemployment rate of 23 percent. Construction started this spring on a NASA plant in Iuka that will manufacture rockets for the space shuttle. The idea is to provide on-site, job-specific, walk-in reading help to those applying for the 1,800 construction jobs. The state plans to have additional mobile units available for short-term spot literacy missions in a few years. Also, the Office for Literacy has been instrumental in making available to busi-

nesses and communities "literacy audits," to assess their particular reading needs, and suggesting local resources available to meet them, such as a nearby community college or military base.

In order for literacy programs to qualify for a portion of the \$2 million in federal funds that Governor Mabus set aside last year for adult literacy training, they must develop an individual education plan for every learner. The plans—an innovation in literacy work borrowed from the special-education field—are designed by students together with their tutors, and are meant to ensure a high level of student commitment by tailoring the curriculum to the student's goals. Now, for example, the teenage mother who hopes to break a generational cycle of ignorance by learning to read stories to her child won't find herself in a literacy class struggling through a ninth-grade social-studies textbook.

Such reforms make the state's literacy programs more effective and ac-

countable, Haigler argues, without bureaucratization. "We're looking for diversity and local initiative to drive this campaign forward," he told me. "We're not going to have the bureaucrats come in and dictate literacy policy."

Another area in which Mississippi is breaking ground is in the use of computer technology to teach reading. After an initial flurry of interest from software developers when the national literacy crisis hit the headlines, the industry turned hesitant in the face of a flat, small, and penniless market for literacy programming. Nevertheless, Julie Mabus looked at the small pool of volunteer tutors available in Mississippi and decided that one-on-one volunteer tutoring alone would not solve the problem.

The emphasis on technology has helped rally the Mississippi business community behind the Mabus initiative, and a variety of high-tech literacy-training programs have been launched. In a joint venture with Peavey Electronics, one of the state's largest manufacturers, Mississippi became one of the first states to use a civilian version of the Army's computer-based Job Skills Education Program, used to train military recruits.

Although the emphasis on high technology has drawn attention from foundations and industry, and brought new outside funding to Mississippi, it has some literacy activists worried. Liberals are worried that narrowly focused, business-oriented reading instruction will fail to achieve literacy's primary civic mission of preparing underprivileged citizens to participate in the democratic process. Other critics simply think that the pressure to be technologically innovative is warping priorities. "You can't bring down the thunder every time you write a funding proposal," says Ronnie Blackwell, who heads the Hattiesburg Education Literacy Project. "We don't need fantastic new software, we need okay software that illiterates can actually use. With all the talk about literacy technology and the funding for it, the grass-roots programs where people actually learn to read are really suffering. Our staff—the people who do the one-on-one teaching—haven't been paid in six weeks. We need long-term funding or we're all going to sink."

In the event, Mississippi's illiteracy

Classroom, Bolton, Mississippi: teaching adults how to read in a classroom for children where hand puppets are still the role models.



problem is likely to get worse in the short run. And literacy trainers admit that even with all the effort and funding the state is marshaling for its initiative they are barely scratching the surface of the problem. Children, they point out, are quitting school every day. If the state is to make progress against illiteracy, it must stem the tide of school dropouts and teenage pregnancies. Thirty percent of the babies born in the Delta are born to teenage mothers.

Perhaps the most significant initiative is Governor Mabus's attempt to prevent teenagers from dropping out. Mabus has proposed to cut the school-dropout rate in half by providing schools with funds to identify youths at risk of dropping out and to design alternative programs that will keep them in school. The governor has also called for a new "family literacy" program, modeled on the award-winning Kenan Family Literacy Project, in Kentucky, and others. In these programs young welfare mothers can obtain reading help together with their preschool offspring. Mississippi's new programs, however, are to be paid for by Governor Mabus's education-reform package, which has been threatened in the legislature for reasons related to funding, as the "read my lips, no new taxes" mentality takes hold at the state level.

The literacy initiative is bringing Mississippi unaccustomed positive national prominence. The program reforms and technological innovations will be studied as models and inspiration elsewhere. Yet the odds may be against the Mabuses in their war on illiteracy. Their commitment may not be sufficient to make up for years of purposeful educational neglect, and few states, let alone the poorest in the nation, have the resources to reverse the trends of illiteracy and underdevelopment. "There is a national interest involved here," William Winter, the former governor, told me. "We cannot just isolate sections of the country like the Mississippi Delta and leave them to their own devices. We don't live in separate enclaves. Unless we have a national commitment to sustain an adequate standard of education, health care, and child welfare, the level of performance of the country as a whole ultimately suffers."

—Jonathan Maslow



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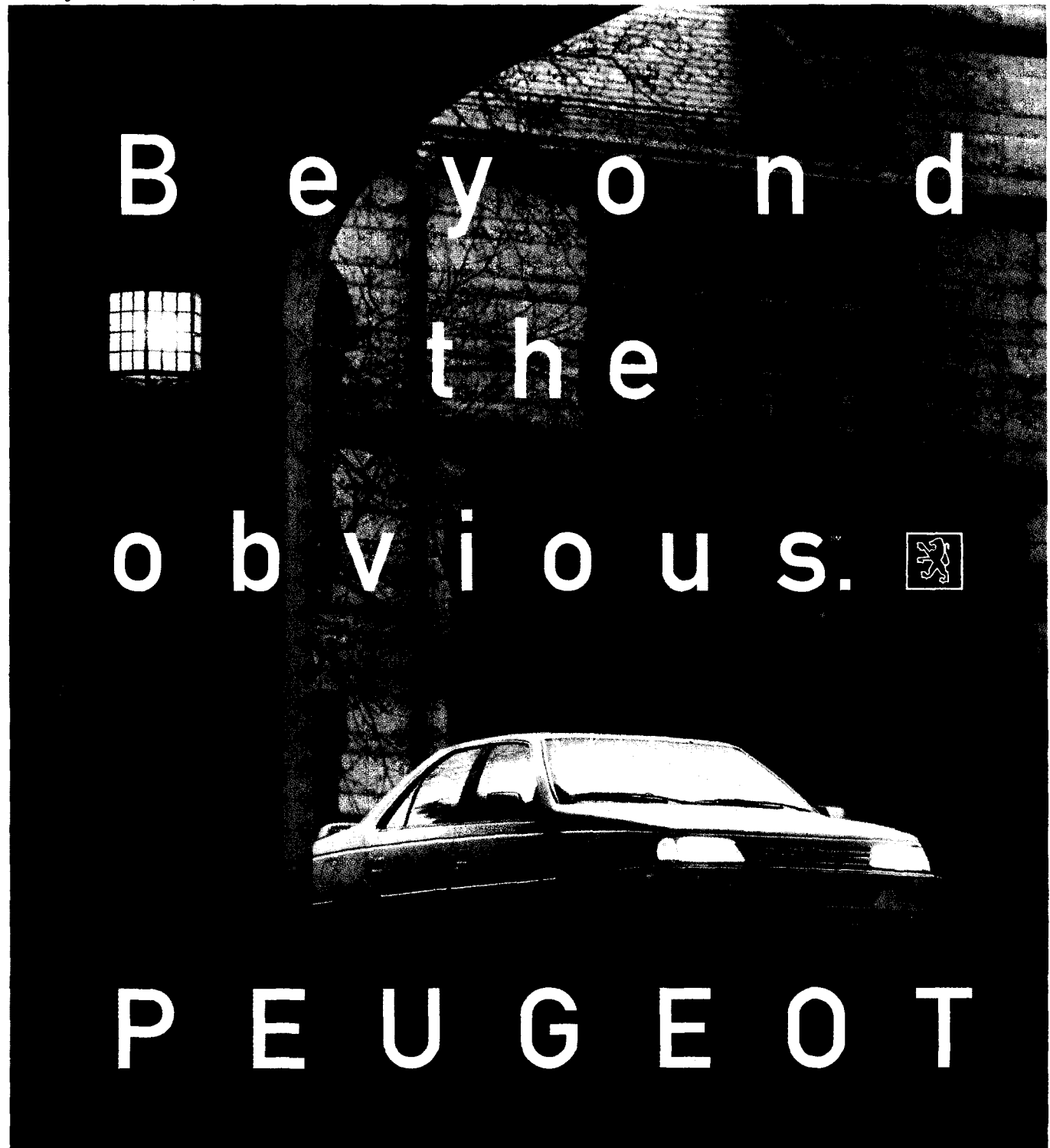
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The conditions that have made for decades of peace in the West are fast disappearing, as Europe prepares to return to the multipolar system that, between 1648 and 1945, bred one destructive conflict after another

WHY WE WILL SOON MISS THE COLD WAR

BY JOHN J. MEARSHEIMER

PEACE: IT'S WONDERFUL. I LIKE IT AS MUCH AS the next man, and have no wish to be willfully gloomy at a moment when optimism about the future shape of the world abounds. Nevertheless, my thesis in this essay is that we are likely soon to regret the passing of the Cold War.

To be sure, no one will miss such by-products of the Cold War as the Korean and Vietnam conflicts. No one will want to replay the U-2 affair, the Cuban missile crisis, or the building of the Berlin Wall. And no one will want to revisit the domestic Cold War, with its purges and loyalty oaths, its xenophobia and stifling of dissent. We will not wake up one day to discover fresh wisdom in the collected fulminations of John Foster Dulles.

We may, however, wake up one day lamenting the loss of the order that the Cold War gave to the anarchy of international relations. For untamed anarchy is what Europe knew in the forty-five years of this century before the Cold War, and untamed anarchy—Hobbes's war of all against all—is a prime cause of armed conflict. Those who think that armed conflicts among the European states are now out of the question, that the

two world wars burned all the war out of Europe, are projecting unwarranted optimism onto the future. The theories of peace that implicitly undergird this optimism are notably shallow constructs. They stand up to neither logical nor historical analysis. You would not want to bet the farm on their prophetic accuracy.

The world is about to conduct a vast test of the theories of war and peace put forward by social scientists, who

never dreamed that their ideas would be tested by the world-historic events announced almost daily in newspaper headlines. This social scientist is willing to put his theoretical cards on the table as he ventures predictions about the future of Europe. In the process, I hope to put alternative theories of war and peace under as much intellectual pressure as I can muster. My argument is that the prospect of major crises, even wars, in Europe is likely to increase dramatically now that the Cold War is receding into history. The next forty-five years in Europe are not likely to be so violent as the forty-five years before the Cold War, but they are likely to be substantially more violent than the past forty-five years, the era that we may someday look back





WITHOUT A COMMON SOVIET THREAT OR AN AMERICAN NIGHT WATCHMAN, WESTERN EUROPEAN STATES WILL DO WHAT THEY DID FOR CENTURIES—LOOK UPON ONE ANOTHER WITH SUSPICION.

upon not as the Cold War but as the Long Peace, in John Lewis Gaddis's phrase.

This pessimistic conclusion rests on the general argument that the distribution and character of military power among states are the root causes of war and peace. Specifically, the peace in Europe since 1945—precarious at first, but increasingly robust over time—has flowed from three factors: the bipolar distribution of military power on the Continent; the rough military equality between the polar powers, the United States and the Soviet Union; and the ritualistically deplored fact that each of these superpowers is armed with a large nuclear arsenal.

We don't yet know the entire shape of the new Europe. But we do know some things. We know, for example, that the new Europe will involve a return to the multipolar distribution of power that characterized the European state system from its founding, with the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, until 1945. We know that this multipolar European state system was plagued by war from first to last. We know that from 1900 to 1945 some 50 million Europeans were killed in wars that were caused in great part by the instability of this state system. We also know that since 1945 only some 15,000 Europeans have been killed in wars: roughly 10,000 Hungarians and Russians, in what we might call the Russo-Hungarian War of October and November, 1956, and somewhere between 1,500 and 5,000 Greeks and Turks, in the July and August, 1974, war on Cyprus.

The point is clear: Europe is reverting to a state system that created powerful incentives for aggression in the past. If you believe (as the Realist school of international-relations theory, to which I belong, believes) that the prospects for international peace are not markedly influenced by the domestic political character of states—that it is the character of the state system, not the character of the individual units composing it, that drives states toward war—then it is difficult to share in the widespread elation of the moment about the future of Europe. Last year was repeatedly compared to 1789, the year the French Revolution began, as the Year of Freedom, and so it was. Forgotten in the general exaltation was that the hope-filled events of 1789 signaled the start of an era of war and conquest.

A "Hard" Theory of Peace

WHAT CAUSED THE ERA OF VIOLENCE IN Europe before 1945, and why has the postwar era, the period of the Cold War, been so much more peaceful? The two world wars before 1945 had myriad particular and unrepeatable causes, but to the student of international relations seeking to establish generalizations about the behavior of states in the past which might illuminate their behavior in the future, two fundamental causes stand out. These are the multipolar distribution of power in Europe, and the imbalances of strength that often developed among the great powers as they jostled for supremacy or advantage.

There is something elementary about the geometry of power in international relations, and so its importance is easy to overlook. "Bipolarity" and "multipolarity" are ungainly but necessary coinages. The Cold War, with two superpowers serving to anchor rival alliances of clearly inferior powers, is our model of bipolarity. Europe in 1914, with France, Germany, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, and Russia positioned as great powers, is our model of multipolarity.

If the example of 1914 is convincing enough evidence that multipolar systems are the more dangerous geometry of power, then perhaps I should rest my case. Alas for theoretical elegance, there are no empirical studies providing conclusive support for this proposition. From its beginnings until 1945 the European state system was multipolar, so this history is barren of comparisons that would reveal the differing effects of the two systems. Earlier history, to be sure, does furnish scattered examples of bipolar systems, including some—Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage—that were warlike. But this history is inconclusive, because it is incomplete. Lacking a comprehensive survey of history, we can't do much more than offer examples—now on this, now on that side of the debate. As a result, the case made here rests chiefly on deduction.

Deductively, a bipolar system is more peaceful for the simple reason that under it only two major powers are in contention. Moreover, those great powers generally demand allegiance from minor powers in the system, which is likely to produce rigid alliance structures. The smaller

states are then secure from each other as well as from attack by the rival great power. Consequently (to make a Dick-and-Jane point with a well-worn social-science term), a bipolar system has only one dyad across which war might break out. A multipolar system is much more fluid and has many such dyads. Therefore, other things being equal, war is statistically more likely in a multipolar system than it is in a bipolar one. Admittedly, wars in a multipolar world that involve only minor powers or only one major power are not likely to be as devastating as a conflict between two major powers. But small wars always have the potential to widen into big wars.

Also, deterrence is difficult to maintain in a multipolar state system, because power imbalances are commonplace, and when power asymmetries develop, the strong become hard to deter. Two great powers can join together to attack a third state, as Germany and the Soviet Union did in 1939, when they ganged up on Poland. Furthermore, a major power might simply bully a weaker power in a one-on-one encounter, using its superior strength to coerce or defeat the minor state. Germany's actions against Czechoslovakia in the late 1930s provide a good example of this sort of behavior. Ganging up and bullying are largely unknown in a bipolar system, since with only two great powers dominating center stage, it is impossible to produce the power asymmetries that result in ganging up and bullying.

There is a second reason that deterrence is more problematic under multipolarity. The resolve of opposing states and also the size and strength of opposing coalitions are hard to calculate in this geometry of power, because the shape of the international order tends to remain in flux, owing to the tendency of coalitions to gain and lose partners. This can lead aggressors to conclude falsely that they can coerce others by bluffing war, or even achieve outright victory on the battlefield. For example, Germany was not certain before 1914 that Britain would oppose it if it reached for Continental hegemony, and Germany completely failed to foresee that the United States would eventually move to contain it. In 1939 Germany hoped that France and Britain would stand aside as it conquered Poland, and again failed to foresee the eventual American entry into the war. As a result, Germany exaggerated its prospects for success, which undermined deterrence by encouraging German adventurism.

THE PROSPECTS FOR PEACE, HOWEVER, ARE NOT simply a function of the number of great powers in the system. They are also affected by the relative military strength of those major states. Bipolar and multipolar systems both are likely to be more peaceful when power is distributed equally in them. Power inequalities invite war, because they increase an aggressor's prospects for victory on the battlefield. Most of the general wars that have tormented Europe over the past five

centuries have involved one particularly powerful state against the other major powers in the system. This pattern characterized the wars that grew from the attempts at hegemony by Charles V, Philip II, Louis XIV, Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, Wilhelmine Germany, and Nazi Germany. Hence the size of the gap in military power between the two leading states in the system is a key determinant of stability. Small gaps foster peace; larger gaps promote war.

Nuclear weapons seem to be in almost everybody's bad book, but the fact is that they are a powerful force for peace. Deterrence is most likely to hold when the costs and risks of going to war are unambiguously stark. The more horrible the prospect of war, the less likely war is. Deterrence is also more robust when conquest is more difficult. Potential aggressor states are given pause by the patent futility of attempts at expansion.

Nuclear weapons favor peace on both counts. They are weapons of mass destruction, and would produce horrendous devastation if used in any numbers. Moreover, they are more useful for self-defense than for aggression. If both sides' nuclear arsenals are secure from attack, creating an arrangement of mutual assured destruction, neither side can employ these weapons to gain a meaningful military advantage. International conflicts then become tests of pure will. Who would dare to use these weapons of unimaginable destructive power? Defenders have the advantage here, because defenders usually value their freedom more than aggressors value new conquests.

Nuclear weapons further bolster peace by moving power relations among states toward equality. States that possess nuclear deterrents can stand up to one another, even if their nuclear arsenals vary greatly in size, as long as both sides have an assured destruction capability. In addition, mutual assured destruction helps alleviate the vexed problem of miscalculation by leaving little doubt about the relative power of states.

NO DISCUSSION OF THE CAUSES OF PEACE IN THE twentieth century would be complete without a word on nationalism. With "nationalism" as a synonym for "love of country" I have no quarrel. But hypernationalism, the belief that other nations or nation-states are both inferior and threatening, is perhaps the single greatest domestic threat to peace, although it is still not a leading force in world politics. Hypernationalism arose in the past among European states because most of them were nation-states—states composed mainly of people from a single ethnic group—that existed in an anarchic world, under constant threat from other states. In such a system people who love their own nation can easily come to be contemptuous of the nationalities inhabiting opposing states. The problem is worsened when domestic elites demonize a rival nation to drum up support for national-security policy.



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Hypernationalism finds its most fertile soil under military systems relying on mass armies. These require sacrifices to sustain, and the state is tempted to appeal to nationalist sentiments to mobilize its citizens to make them. The quickening of hypernationalism is least likely when states can rely on small professional armies, or on complex high-technology military organizations that operate without vast manpower. For this reason, nuclear weapons work to dampen nationalism, because they shift the basis of military power away from mass armies and toward smaller, high-technology organizations.

Hypernationalism declined sharply in Europe after 1945, not only because of the nuclear revolution but also because the postwar occupation forces kept it down. Moreover, the European states, no longer providing their own security, lacked an incentive to whip up nationalism to bolster public support for national defense. But the decisive change came in the shift of the prime locus of European politics to the United States and the Soviet Union—two states made up of peoples of many different ethnic origins which had not exhibited nationalism of the virulent type found in Europe. This welcome absence of hypernationalism has been further helped by the greater stability of the postwar order. With less expectation of war, neither superpower felt compelled to mobilize its citizens for war.

Bipolarity, an equal balance of military power, and nuclear weapons—these, then, are the key elements of my explanation for the Long Peace.

Many thoughtful people have found the bipolar system in Europe odious and have sought to end it by dismantling the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe and diminishing Soviet military power. Many have also lamented the military equality obtaining between the superpowers; some have decried the indecisive stalemate it produced, recommending instead a search for military superiority; others have lamented the investment of hundreds of billions of dollars to deter a war that never happened, proving not that the investment, though expensive, paid off, but rather that it was wasted. As for nuclear weapons, well, they are a certifiable Bad Thing. The odium attached to these props of the postwar order has kept many in the West from recognizing a hard truth: they have kept the peace.

But so much for the past. What will keep the peace in the future? Specifically, what new order is likely to emerge if NATO and the Warsaw Pact dissolve, which they will do if the Cold War is really over, and the Soviets withdraw from Eastern Europe and the Americans quit Western Europe, taking their nuclear weapons with them—and should we welcome or fear it?

One dimension of the new European order is certain: it will be multipolar. Germany, France, Britain, and perhaps Italy will assume major-power status. The Soviet Union will decline from superpower status, not only because its military is sure to shrink in size but also because

moving forces out of Eastern Europe will make it more difficult for the Soviets to project power onto the Continent. They will, of course, remain a major European power. The resulting four- or five-power system will suffer the problems endemic to multipolar systems—and will therefore be prone to instability. The other two dimensions—the distribution of power among the major states and the distribution of nuclear weapons—are less certain. Indeed, who gets nuclear weapons is likely to be the most problematic question facing the new Europe. Three scenarios of the nuclear future in Europe are possible.

The “Europe Without Nuclear Weapons” Scenario

MANY EUROPEANS (AND SOME AMERICANS) SEEK to eliminate nuclear weapons from Europe altogether. Fashioning this nuclear-free Europe would require that Britain, France, and the Soviet Union rid themselves of these talismans of their sovereignty—an improbable eventuality, to say the least. Those who wish for it nevertheless believe that it would be the most peaceful arrangement possible. In fact a nuclear-free Europe has the distinction of being the most dangerous among the envisionable post-Cold War orders. The pacifying effects of nuclear weapons—the caution they generate, the security they provide, the rough equality they impose, and the clarity of the relative power they create—would be lost. Peace would then depend on the other dimensions of the new order—the number of poles and the distribution of power among them. The geometry of power in Europe would look much as it did between the world wars—a design for tension, crisis, and possibly even war.

The Soviet Union and a unified Germany would likely be the most powerful states in a nuclear-free Europe. A band of small independent states in Eastern Europe would lie between them. These minor Eastern European powers would be likely to fear the Soviets as much as the Germans, and thus would probably not be disposed to cooperate with the Soviets to deter possible German aggression. In fact, this very problem arose in the 1930s, and the past forty-five years of Soviet occupation have surely done little to mitigate Eastern European fears of a Soviet military presence. Thus scenarios in which Germany uses force against Poland, Czechoslovakia, or even Austria enter the realm of the possible in a nuclear-free Europe.

Then, too, the Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe hardly guarantees a permanent exit. Indeed, the Russian presence in Eastern Europe has surged and ebbed repeatedly over the past few centuries. In a grave warning, a member of President Mikhail Gorbachev’s negotiating team at the recent Washington summit said, “You have the same explosive mixture you had in Germany in the



THERE IS NO SYSTEMATIC EVIDENCE DEMONSTRATING THAT EUROPEANS BELIEVE WAR IS OBSOLETE. THE ROMANIANS AND THE HUNGARIANS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN THE MESSAGE.

1930s. The humiliation of a great power. Economic troubles. The rise of nationalism. You should not underestimate the danger."

Conflicts between Eastern European states might also threaten the stability of the new European order. Serious tensions already exist between Hungary and Romania over Romania's treatment of the Hungarian minority in Transylvania, a formerly Hungarian region that still contains roughly two million ethnic Hungarians. Absent the Soviet occupation of Eastern Europe, Romania and Hungary might have gone to war over this issue by now, and it might bring them to war in the future. This is not the only potential danger spot in Eastern Europe as the Soviet empire crumbles. The Polish-German border could be a source of trouble. Poland and Czechoslovakia have a border dispute. If the Soviets allow some of their republics to achieve independence, the Poles and the Romanians may lay claim to territory now in Soviet hands which once belonged to them. Looking farther south, civil war in Yugoslavia is a distinct possibility. Yugoslavia and Albania might come to blows over Kosovo, a region of Yugoslavia harboring a nationalistic Albanian majority. Bulgaria has its own quarrel with Yugoslavia over Macedonia, while Turkey resents Bulgaria's treatment of its Turkish minority. The danger that these bitter ethnic and border disputes will erupt into war in a supposedly Edenic nuclear-free Europe is enough to make one nostalgic for the Cold War.

Warfare in Eastern Europe would cause great suffering to Eastern Europeans. It also might widen to include the major powers, especially if disorder created fluid politics that offered opportunities for expanded influence, or threatened defeat for states friendly to one or another of the major powers. During the Cold War both superpowers were drawn into Third World conflicts across the globe, often in distant areas of little strategic importance. Eastern Europe is directly adjacent to both the Soviet Union and Germany, and it has considerable economic and strategic importance. Thus trouble in Eastern Europe would offer even greater temptations to these powers than past conflicts in the Third World offered to the superpowers. Furthermore, Eastern European states would have a strong incentive to drag the major powers into their local conflicts, because the results of such con-

flicts would be largely determined by the relative success of each party in finding external allies.

It is difficult to predict the precise balance of conventional military power that will emerge in post-Cold War Europe. The Soviet Union might recover its strength soon after withdrawing from Eastern Europe. In that case Soviet power would outmatch German power. But centrifugal national forces might pull the Soviet Union apart, leaving no remnant state that is the equal of a unified Germany. Finally, and probably most likely, Germany and the Soviet Union might emerge as powers of roughly equal strength. The first two geometries of power, with their marked military inequality between the two leading countries, would be especially worrisome, although there would be cause for concern even if Soviet and German power were balanced.

A non-nuclear Europe, to round out this catalogue of dangers, would likely be especially disturbed by hypernationalism, since security in such an order would rest on mass armies, which, as we have seen, often cannot be maintained without a mobilized public. The problem would probably be most acute in Eastern Europe, with its uncertain borders and irredentist minority groups. But there is also potential for trouble in Germany. The Germans have generally done an admirable job of combating hypernationalism over the past forty-five years, and of confronting the dark side of their past. Nevertheless, a portent like the recent call of some prominent Germans for a return to greater nationalism in historical education is disquieting.

For all these reasons, it is perhaps just as well that a nuclear-free Europe, much as it may be longed for by so many Europeans, does not appear to be in the cards.

The "Current Ownership" Scenario

UNDER THIS SCENARIO BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND the Soviet Union retain their nuclear weapons, but no new nuclear powers emerge in Europe. This vision of a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe, with nuclear weapons remaining on the flanks of the Continent, is also popular in Europe, but it, too, has doubtful prospects.

Germany will prevent it over the long run. The Ger-

mans are not likely to be willing to rely on the Poles or the Czechs to provide their forward defense against a possible direct Soviet conventional attack on their homeland. Nor are the Germans likely to trust the Soviet Union to refrain for all time from nuclear blackmail against a non-nuclear Germany. Hence they will eventually look to nuclear weapons as the surest means of security, just as NATO has done.

The small states of Eastern Europe will also have strong incentives to acquire nuclear weapons. Without them they would be open to nuclear blackmail by the Soviet Union, or by Germany if proliferation stopped there. Even if those major powers did not have nuclear arsenals, no Eastern European state could match German or Soviet conventional strength.

Clearly, then, a scenario in which current ownership continues, without proliferation, seems very unlikely.

ROBERT WILSON

Though he is dead now and his miracle
will do us no good, I must remind myself
of the ragged sacredness he gave, plainly,
and without guile, to all of us on the crumbling
flood-gutted bank of the Verde River
as we watched him, the fat boy,
the last one to cross, ford the violent shallows.
And how we provided him the occasion for his grace,
tying his black tennis shoes to a bamboo fishing pole
and dangling them, like a simple bait,
out of reach, jerking them higher each time he rose
from his terrified crouch in the middle
of the shin-high rapids churning beneath him,
like an anger he never expressed.
And yet what moved us was not his earnestness
in trying to retrieve his shoes, nor his willingness
to be the butt of our jokes. What moved us,
what can only be called profound and sacred,
was how the sun struck the gold attendance star
pinned on the pocket flap of his uniform
and blinded us as he fell head first
into the water and split his face,
a gash he quickly hid with his hands,
though blood leaked through his fingers as he stood
straight in the river and walked deftly toward us
out of the water to his shoes
that lay abandoned at our feet.

—Michael Collier

The "Nuclear Proliferation" Scenario

THE MOST PROBABLE SCENARIO IN THE WAKE OF the Cold War is further nuclear proliferation in Europe. This outcome is laden with dangers, but it also might just provide the best hope for maintaining stability on the Continent. Everything depends on how proliferation is managed. Mismanaged proliferation could produce disaster; well-managed proliferation could produce an order nearly as stable as that of the Long Peace.

The dangers that could arise from mismanaged proliferation are both profound and numerous. There is the danger that the proliferation process itself could give one of the existing nuclear powers a strong incentive to stop a non-nuclear neighbor from joining the club, much as Israel used force to stop Iraq from acquiring a nuclear capability. There is the danger that an unstable nuclear competition would emerge among the new nuclear states. They might lack the resources to make their nuclear forces invulnerable, which could create first-strike fears and incentives—a recipe for disaster in a crisis. Finally, there is the danger that by increasing the number of fingers on the nuclear trigger, proliferation would increase the risk that nuclear weapons would be fired by accident or captured by terrorists or used by madmen.

These and other dangers of proliferation can be lessened if the current nuclear powers take the right steps. To forestall preventive attacks, they can extend security guarantees. To help the new nuclear powers secure their deterrents, they can provide technical assistance. And they can help to socialize nascent nuclear societies to understand the lethal character of the forces they are acquiring. This kind of well-managed proliferation could help bolster peace.

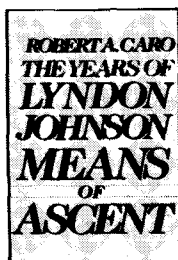
Proliferation should ideally stop with Germany. It has a large economic base, and so could afford to sustain a secure nuclear force. Moreover, Germany would no doubt feel insecure without nuclear weapons, and if it felt insecure its impressive conventional strength would give it a significant capacity to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. But if the broader spread of nuclear weapons proves impossible to prevent without taking extreme steps, the current nuclear powers should let proliferation occur in Eastern Europe while doing all they can to channel it in safe directions.

However, I am pessimistic that proliferation can be well managed. The members of the nuclear club are likely to resist proliferation, but they cannot easily manage this tricky process while at the same time resisting it—and they will have several motives to resist. The established nuclear powers will be exceedingly chary of helping the new nuclear powers build secure deterrents, simply because it goes against the grain of state behavior to share military secrets with other states. After all, knowledge of sensitive military technology could be turned

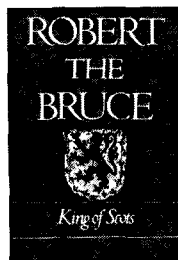
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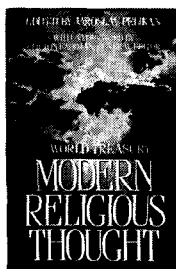
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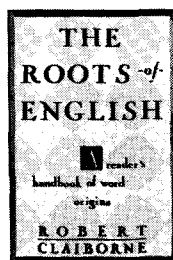
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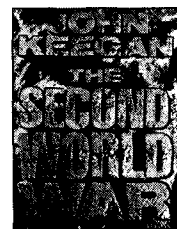
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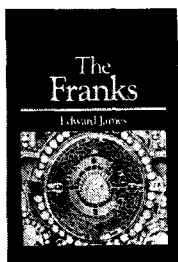
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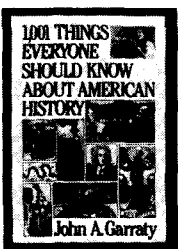
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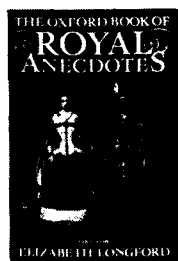
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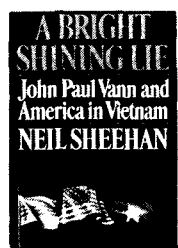
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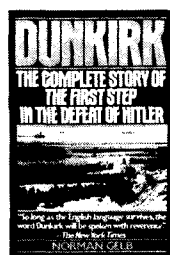
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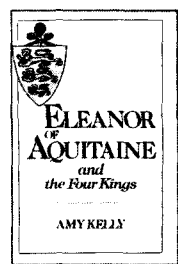
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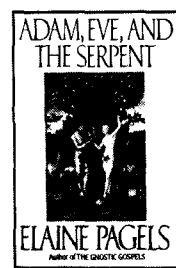
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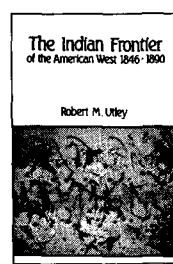
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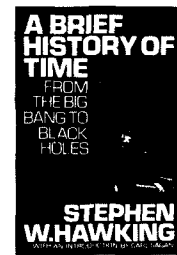
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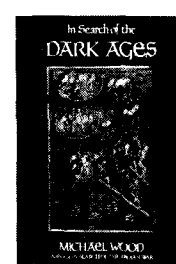
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ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE IS AS LIKELY TO LEAD TO CONFLICT AS TO COOPERATION, BECAUSE STATES WILL STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE THE VULNERABILITY THAT INTERDEPENDENCE CREATES.

against the donor state if that technology were passed on to adversaries. Furthermore, proliferation in Europe will undermine the legitimacy of the 1968 Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, and this could open the floodgates of proliferation worldwide. The current nuclear powers will not want that to happen, and so they will probably spend their energy trying to thwart proliferation, rather than seeking to manage it.

The best time for proliferation to occur would be during a period of relative international calm. Proliferation in the midst of a crisis would obviously be dangerous, since states in conflict with an emerging nuclear power would then have a powerful incentive to interrupt the process by force. However, the opposition to proliferation by citizens of the potential nuclear powers would be so vociferous, and the external resistance from the nuclear club would be so great, that it might take a crisis to make those powers willing to pay the domestic and international costs of building a nuclear force. All of which means that proliferation is likely to occur under international conditions that virtually ensure it will be mismanaged.

Is War Obsolete?

MANY STUDENTS OF EUROPEAN POLITICS WILL reject my pessimistic analysis of post-Cold War Europe. They will say that a multipolar Europe, with or without nuclear weapons, will be no less peaceful than the present order. Three specific scenarios for a peaceful future have been advanced, each of which rests on a well-known theory of international relations. However, each of these "soft" theories of peace is flawed.

Under the first optimistic scenario, a non-nuclear Europe would remain peaceful because Europeans recognize that even a conventional war would be horrific. Sobered by history, national leaders will take care to avoid war. This scenario rests on the "obsolescence of war" theory, which posits that modern conventional war had become so deadly by 1945 as to be unthinkable as an instrument of statecraft. War is yesterday's nightmare.

The fact that the Second World War occurred casts doubt on this theory: if any war could have persuaded Europeans to forswear conventional war, it should have

been the First World War, with its vast casualties. The key flaw in this theory is the assumption that all conventional wars will be long and bloody wars of attrition. Proponents ignore the evidence of several wars since 1945, as well as several campaign-ending battles of the Second World War, that it is still possible to gain a quick and decisive victory on the conventional battlefield and avoid the devastation of a protracted conflict. Conventional wars can be won rather cheaply; nuclear war cannot be, because neither side can escape devastation by the other, regardless of what happens on the battlefield. Thus the incentives to avoid war are of another order of intensity in a nuclear world than they are in a conventional world.

There are several other flaws in this scenario. There is no systematic evidence demonstrating that Europeans believe war is obsolete. The Romanians and the Hungarians don't seem to have gotten the message. However, even if it were widely believed in Europe that war is no longer thinkable, attitudes could change. Public opinion on national-security issues is notoriously fickle and responsive to manipulation by elites as well as to changes in the international environment. An end to the Cold War, as we have seen, will be accompanied by a sea change in the geometry of power in Europe, which will surely alter European thinking about questions of war and peace. Is it not possible, for example, that German thinking about the benefits of controlling Eastern Europe will change markedly once American forces are withdrawn from Central Europe and the Germans are left to provide for their own security? Is it not possible that they would countenance a conventional war against a substantially weaker Eastern European state to enhance their position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union? Finally, only one country need decide that war is thinkable to make war possible.

Is Prosperity the Path to Peace?

PROponents of the second optimistic scenario base their optimism about the future of Europe on the unified European market coming in 1992—the realization of the dream of the European Community. A strong EC, they argue, ensures that the European economy will remain open and prosperous,

which will keep the European states cooperating with one another. Prosperity will make for peace. The threat of an aggressive Germany will be removed by enclosing the newly unified German state in the benign embrace of the EC. Even Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union can eventually be brought into the EC. Peace and prosperity will then extend their sway from the Atlantic to the Urals.

This scenario is based on the theory of economic liberalism, which assumes that states are primarily motivated by the desire to achieve prosperity and that leaders place the material welfare of their publics above all other considerations, including security. Stability flows not from military power but from the creation of a liberal economic order.

A liberal economic order works in several ways to enhance peace and dampen conflict. In the first place, it requires significant political cooperation to make the trading system work—make states richer. The more prosperous states grow, the greater their incentive for further political cooperation. A benevolent spiral relationship sets in between political cooperation and prosperity. Second, a liberal economic order fosters economic interdependence, a situation in which states are mutually vulnerable in the economic realm. When interdependence is high, the theory holds, there is less temptation to cheat or behave aggressively toward other states, because all states can retaliate economically. Finally, some theorists argue, an international institution like the EC will, with ever-increasing political cooperation, become so powerful that it will take on a life of its own, eventually evolving into a superstate. In short, Mrs. Thatcher's presentiments about the EC are absolutely right.

This theory has one grave flaw: the main assumption underpinning it is wrong. States are not primarily motivated by the desire to achieve prosperity. Although economic calculations are hardly trivial to them, states operate in both an international political and an international economic environment, and the former dominates the latter when the two systems come into conflict. Survival in an anarchic international political system is the highest goal a state can have.

Proponents of economic liberalism largely ignore the effects of anarchy on state behavior and concentrate instead on economic motives. When this omission is corrected, however, their arguments collapse for two reasons.

Competition for security makes it difficult for states to cooperate, which, according to the theory of economic liberalism, they must do. When security is scarce, states become more concerned about relative than about absolute gains. They ask of an exchange not "Will both of us gain?" but "Who will gain more?" They reject even cooperation that will yield an absolute economic gain if the other state will gain more, from fear that the other might convert its gain to military strength, and then use this strength to win by coercion in later rounds. Cooperation is

much easier to achieve if states worry only about absolute gains. The goal, then, is simply to ensure that the overall economic pie is expanding and that each state is getting at least some part of the increase. However, anarchy guarantees that security will often be scarce; this heightens states' concerns about relative gains, which makes cooperation difficult unless the pie can be finely sliced to reflect, and thus not disturb, the current balance of power.

Interdependence, moreover, is as likely to lead to conflict as to cooperation, because states will struggle to escape the vulnerability that interdependence creates, in order to bolster their national security. In time of crisis or war, states that depend on others for critical economic supplies will fear cutoff or blackmail; they may well respond by trying to seize the source of supply by force of arms. There are numerous historical examples of states' pursuing aggressive military policies for the purpose of achieving economic autarky. One thinks of both Japan and Germany during the interwar period. And one recalls that during the Arab oil embargo of the early 1970s there was much talk in America about using military force to seize Arab oil fields.

IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY EUROPE TWO PERIODS SAW A liberal economic order with high levels of interdependence. According to the theory of economic liberalism, stability should have obtained during those periods. It did not.

The first case clearly contradicts the economic liberals. The years from 1890 to 1914 were probably the time of greatest economic interdependence in Europe's history. Yet those years of prosperity were all the time making hideously for the First World War.

The second case covers the Cold War years, during which there has been much interdependence among the EC states, and relations among them have been very peaceful. This case, not surprisingly, is the centerpiece of the economic liberals' argument.

We certainly see a correlation in this period between interdependence and stability, but that does not mean that interdependence has caused cooperation among the Western democracies. More likely the Cold War was the prime cause of cooperation among the Western democracies, and the main reason that intra-EC relations have flourished.

A powerful and potentially dangerous Soviet Union forced the Western democracies to band together to meet a common threat. This threat muted concerns about relative gains arising from economic cooperation among the EC states by giving each Western democracy a vested interest in seeing its alliance partners grow powerful. Each increment of power helped deter the Soviets. Moreover, they all had a powerful incentive to avoid conflict with one another while the Soviet Union loomed to the East, ready to harvest the grain of Western quarrels.

In addition, America's hegemonic position in NATO,

the military counterpart to the EC, mitigated the effects of anarchy on the Western democracies and induced cooperation among them. America not only provided protection against the Soviet threat; it also guaranteed that no EC state would aggress against another. For example, France did not have to fear Germany as it re-armed, because the American presence in Germany meant that the Germans were contained. With the United States serving as a night watchman, fears about relative gains among the Western European states were mitigated, and furthermore, those states were willing to allow their economies to become tightly interdependent.

Take away the present Soviet threat to Western Europe, send the American forces home, and relations among the EC states will be fundamentally altered. Without a common Soviet threat or an American night watchman, Western European states will do what they did for centuries before the onset of the Cold War—look upon one another with abiding suspicion. Consequently, they will worry about imbalances in gains and about the loss of autonomy that results from cooperation. Cooperation in this new order will be more difficult than it was during the Cold War. Conflict will be more likely.

In sum, there are good reasons for being skeptical about the claim that a more powerful EC can provide the basis for peace in a multipolar Europe.

Do Democracies Really Love Peace?

UNDER THE THIRD SCENARIO WAR IS AVOIDED because many European states have become democratic since the early twentieth century, and liberal democracies simply do not fight one another. At a minimum, the presence of liberal democracies in Western Europe renders that half of Europe free from armed conflict. At a maximum, democracy spreads to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, bolstering peace. The idea that peace is cognate with democracy is a vision of international relations shared by both liberals and neoconservatives.

This scenario rests on the "peace-loving democracies" theory. Two arguments are made for it.

First, some claim that authoritarian leaders are more likely to go to war than leaders of democracies, because authoritarian leaders are not accountable to their publics, which carry the main burdens of war. In a democracy the citizenry, which pays the price of war, has a greater say in what the government does. The people, so the argument goes, are more hesitant to start trouble, because it is they who must pay the bloody price; hence the greater their power, the fewer wars.

The second argument rests on the claim that the citizens of liberal democracies respect popular democratic rights—those of their countrymen, and those of people in other states. They view democratic governments as more legitimate than others, and so are loath to impose a

foreign regime on a democratic state by force. Thus an inhibition on war missing from other international relationships is introduced when two democracies face each other.

The first of these arguments is flawed because it is not possible to sustain the claim that the people in a democracy are especially sensitive to the costs of war and therefore less willing than authoritarian leaders to fight wars. In fact the historical record shows that democracies are every bit as likely to fight wars as are authoritarian states, though admittedly, thus far, not with other democracies.

Furthermore, mass publics, whether in a democracy or not, can become deeply imbued with nationalistic or religious fervor, making them prone to support aggression and quite indifferent to costs. The widespread public support in post-Revolutionary France for Napoleon's wars is just one example of this phenomenon. At the same time, authoritarian leaders are often fearful of going to war, because war tends to unleash democratic forces that can undermine the regime. In short, war can impose high costs on authoritarian leaders as well as on their citizenry.

The second argument, which emphasizes the transnational respect for democratic rights among democracies, rests on a secondary factor that is generally overridden by other factors such as nationalism and religious fundamentalism. Moreover, there is another problem with the argument. The possibility always exists that a democracy, especially the kind of fledgling democracy emerging in Eastern Europe, will revert to an authoritarian state. This threat of backsliding means that one democratic state can never be sure that another democratic state will not turn on it sometime in the future. Liberal democracies must therefore worry about relative power among themselves, which is tantamount to saying that each has an incentive to consider aggression against another to forestall trouble. Lamentably, it is not possible for even liberal democracies to transcend anarchy.

Problems with the deductive logic aside, at first glance the historical record seems to offer strong support for the theory of peace-loving democracies. It appears that no liberal democracies have ever fought against each other. Evidentiary problems, however, leave the issue in doubt.

First, democracies have been few in number over the past two centuries, and thus there have not been many cases in which two democracies were in a position to fight with each other. Three prominent cases are usually cited: Britain and the United States (1832 to the present); Britain and France (1832–1849; 1871–1940); and the Western democracies since 1945.

Second, there are other persuasive explanations for why war did not occur in those three cases, and these competing explanations must be ruled out before the theory of peace-loving democracies can be accepted. Whereas relations between the British and the Americans during the nineteenth century were hardly blissful, in the twentieth century they have been quite harmonious,

and thus fit closely with the theory's expectations. That harmony, however, can easily be explained by common threats that forced Britain and the United States to work together—a serious German threat in the first part of the century, and later a Soviet threat. The same basic argument applies to relations between France and Britain. Although they were not on the best of terms during most of the nineteenth century, their relations improved significantly around the turn of the century, with the rise of Germany. Finally, as noted above, the Soviet threat goes far in explaining the absence of war among the Western democracies since 1945.

Third, several democracies have come close to fighting each other, suggesting that the absence of war may be due simply to chance. France and Britain approached war during the Fashoda crisis of 1898. France and Weimar Germany might have come to blows over the Rhineland during the 1920s. The United States has clashed with a number of elected governments in the Third World during the Cold War, including the Allende regime in Chile and the Arbenz regime in Guatemala.

Last, some would classify Wilhelmine Germany as a democracy, or at least a quasi-democracy; if so, the First World War becomes a war among democracies.

While the spread of democracy across Europe has great potential benefits for human rights, it will not guarantee peaceful relations among the states of post-Cold War Europe. Most Americans will find this argument counterintuitive. They see the United States as fundamentally peace-loving, and they ascribe this peacefulness to its democratic character. From this they generalize that democracies are more peaceful than authoritarian states, which leads them to conclude that the complete democratization of Europe would largely eliminate the threat of war. This view of international politics is likely to be repudiated by the events of coming years.

Missing the Cold War

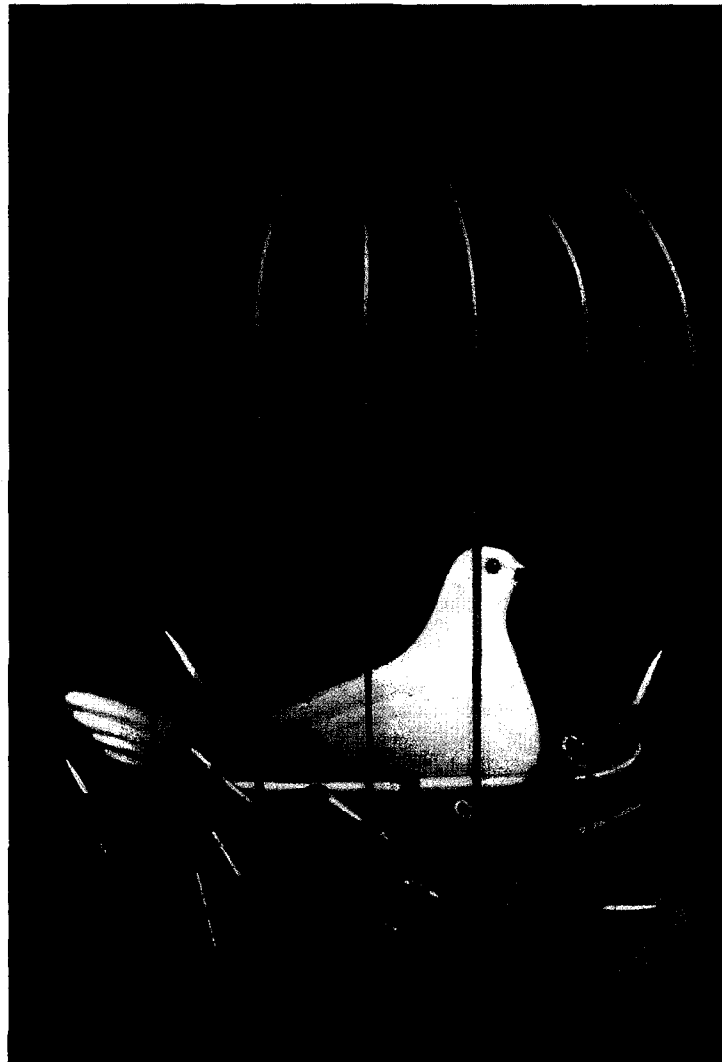
THE IMPLICATIONS OF MY ANALYSIS ARE straightforward, if paradoxical. Developments that threaten to end the Cold War are dangerous. The West has an interest in maintaining peace in Europe. It therefore has an interest in maintaining the Cold War order, and hence has an interest in continuing the Cold War confrontation. The Cold War antagonism could be continued at lower levels of East-West tension than have prevailed in the past, but a complete end to the Cold War would create more problems than it would solve.

The fate of the Cold War is mainly in the hands of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is the only superpower that can seriously threaten to overrun Europe, and the Soviet threat provides the glue that holds NATO together. Take away that offensive threat and the United States is likely to abandon the Continent; the defensive alliance it has headed for forty years may well then disintegrate, bringing an end to the bipolar order that has kept the peace of Europe for the past forty-five years.

There is little the Americans or the West Europeans can do to perpetuate the Cold War.

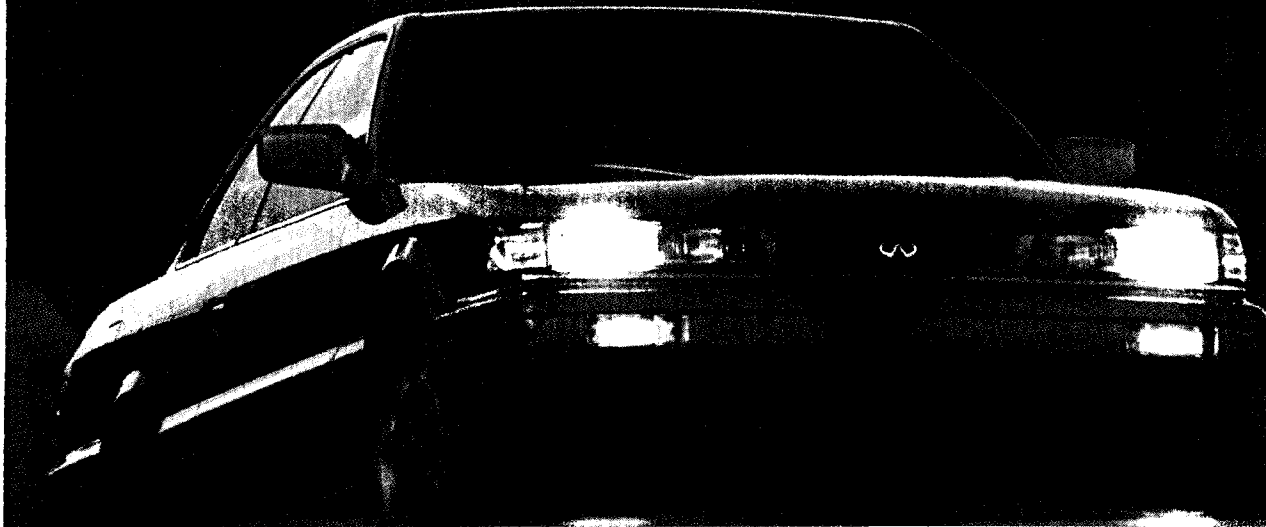
For one thing, domestic politics preclude it. Western leaders obviously cannot base national-security policy on the need to maintain forces in Central Europe simply to keep the Soviets there. The idea of deploying large numbers of troops in order to bait the Soviets into an order-keeping competition would be dismissed as bizarre, and contrary to the general belief that ending the Cold War and removing the Soviet yoke from Eastern Europe would make the world safer and better.

For another, the idea of propping up a declining rival runs counter to the basic behavior of states. States are principally concerned about their relative power in the system—hence



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they look for opportunities to take advantage of one another. If anything, they prefer to see adversaries decline, and invariably do whatever they can to speed up the process and maximize the distance of the fall. States, in other words, do not ask which distribution of power best facilitates stability and then do everything possible to build or maintain such an order. Instead, each pursues the narrower aim of maximizing its power advantage over potential adversaries. The particular international order that results is simply a by-product of that competition.

Consider, for example, the origins of the Cold War order in Europe. No state intended to create it. In fact the United States and the Soviet Union each worked hard in the early years of the Cold War to undermine the other's position in Europe, which would have ended the bipolar order on the Continent. The remarkably stable system that emerged in Europe in the late 1940s was the unintended consequence of an intense competition between the superpowers.

Moreover, even if the Americans and the West Europeans wanted to help the Soviets maintain their status as a superpower, it is not apparent that they could do so. The Soviet Union is leaving Eastern Europe and cutting its military forces largely because its economy is floundering badly. The Soviets don't know how to fix their economy themselves, and there is little that Western governments can do to help them. The West can and should avoid doing malicious mischief to the Soviet economy, but at this juncture it is difficult to see how the West can have a significant positive influence.

The fact that the West cannot sustain the Cold War does not mean that the United States should make no attempt to preserve the current order. It should do what it can to avert a complete mutual withdrawal from Europe. For instance, the American negotiating position at the conventional-arms-control talks should aim toward large mutual force reductions but should not contemplate complete mutual withdrawal. The Soviets may opt to withdraw all their forces unilaterally anyway; if so, there is little the United States can do to stop them.

Should complete Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe prove unavoidable, the West would confront the question of how to maintain peace in a multipolar Europe. Three policy prescriptions are in order.

First, the United States should encourage the limited and carefully managed proliferation of nuclear weapons in Europe. The best hope for avoiding war in post-Cold War Europe is nuclear deterrence; hence some nuclear proliferation is necessary, to compensate for the withdrawal of the Soviet and American nuclear arsenals from Central Europe. Ideally, as I have argued, nuclear weapons would spread to Germany but to no other state.

Second, Britain and the United States, as well as the Continental states, will have to counter any emerging aggressor actively and efficiently, in order to offset the

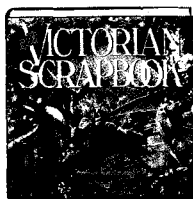
ganging up and bullying that are sure to arise in post-Cold War Europe. Balancing in a multipolar system, however, is usually a problem-ridden enterprise, because of either geography or the problems of coordination. Britain and the United States, physically separated from the Continent, may conclude that they have little interest in what happens there. That would be abandoning their responsibilities and, more important, their interests. Both states failed to counter Germany before the two world wars, making war more likely. It is essential for peace in Europe that they not repeat their past mistakes.

Both states must maintain military forces that can be deployed against Continental states that threaten to start a war. To do this they must persuade their citizens to support a policy of continued Continental commitment. This will be more difficult than it once was, because its principal purpose will be to preserve peace, rather than to prevent an imminent hegemony, and the prevention of hegemony is a simpler goal to explain publicly. Furthermore, this prescription asks both countries to take on an unaccustomed task, given that it is the basic nature of states to focus on maximizing relative power, not on bolstering stability. Nevertheless, the British and the Americans have a real stake in peace, especially since there is the risk that a European war might involve the large-scale use of nuclear weapons. Therefore, it should be possible for their governments to lead their publics to recognize this interest and support policies that protect it.

The Soviet Union may eventually return to its past expansionism and threaten to upset the status quo. If so, we are back to the Cold War. However, if the Soviets adhere to status-quo policies, Soviet power could play a key role in countering Germany and in maintaining order in Eastern Europe. It is important in those cases where the Soviets are acting in a balancing capacity that the United States cooperate with its former adversary and not let residual distrust from the Cold War obtrude.

Third, a concerted effort should be made to keep hypernationalism at bay, especially in Eastern Europe. Nationalism has been contained during the Cold War, but it is likely to re-emerge once Soviet and American forces leave the heart of Europe. It will be a force for trouble unless curbed. The teaching of honest national history is especially important, since the teaching of false, chauvinist history is the main vehicle for spreading hypernationalism. States that teach a dishonestly self-exculpating or self-glorifying history should be publicly criticized and sanctioned.

None of these tasks will be easy. In fact, I expect that the bulk of my prescriptions will not be followed; most run contrary to important strains of domestic American and European opinion, and to the basic nature of state behavior. And even if they are followed, peace in Europe will not be guaranteed. If the Cold War is truly behind us, therefore, the stability of the past forty-five years is not likely to be seen again in the coming decades. □



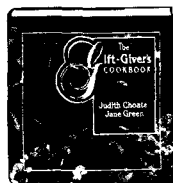
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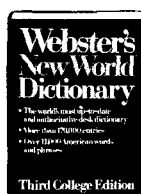
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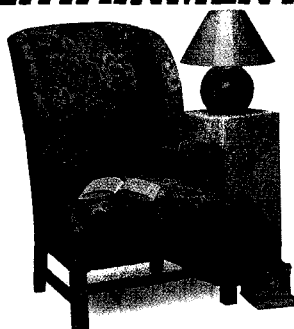


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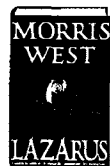
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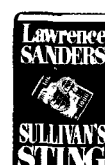
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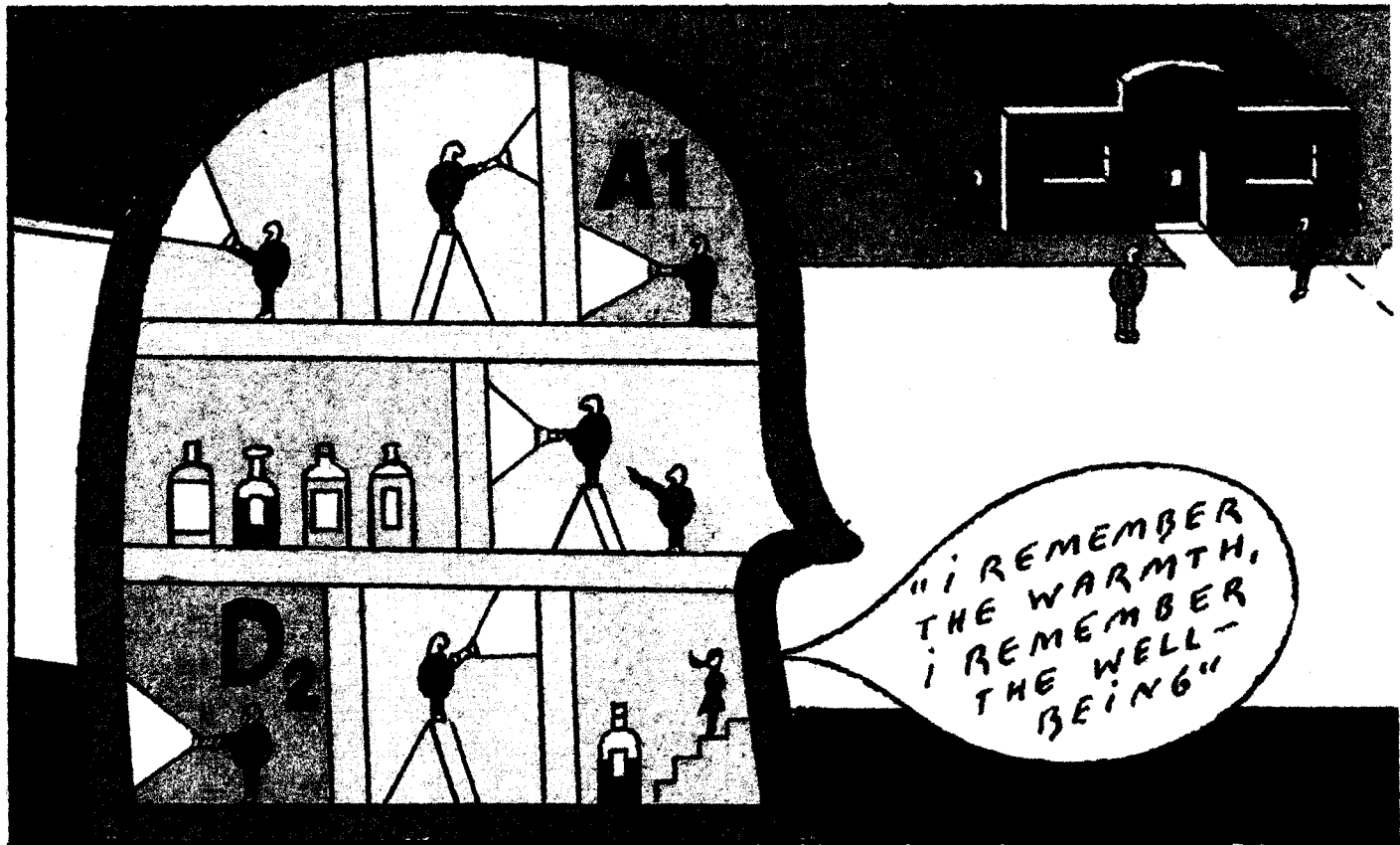
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Claims of a genetic basis for alcoholism, a leading theorist argues, are not scientifically supportable and ignore the crucial link between personal values and self-destructive or antisocial behavior

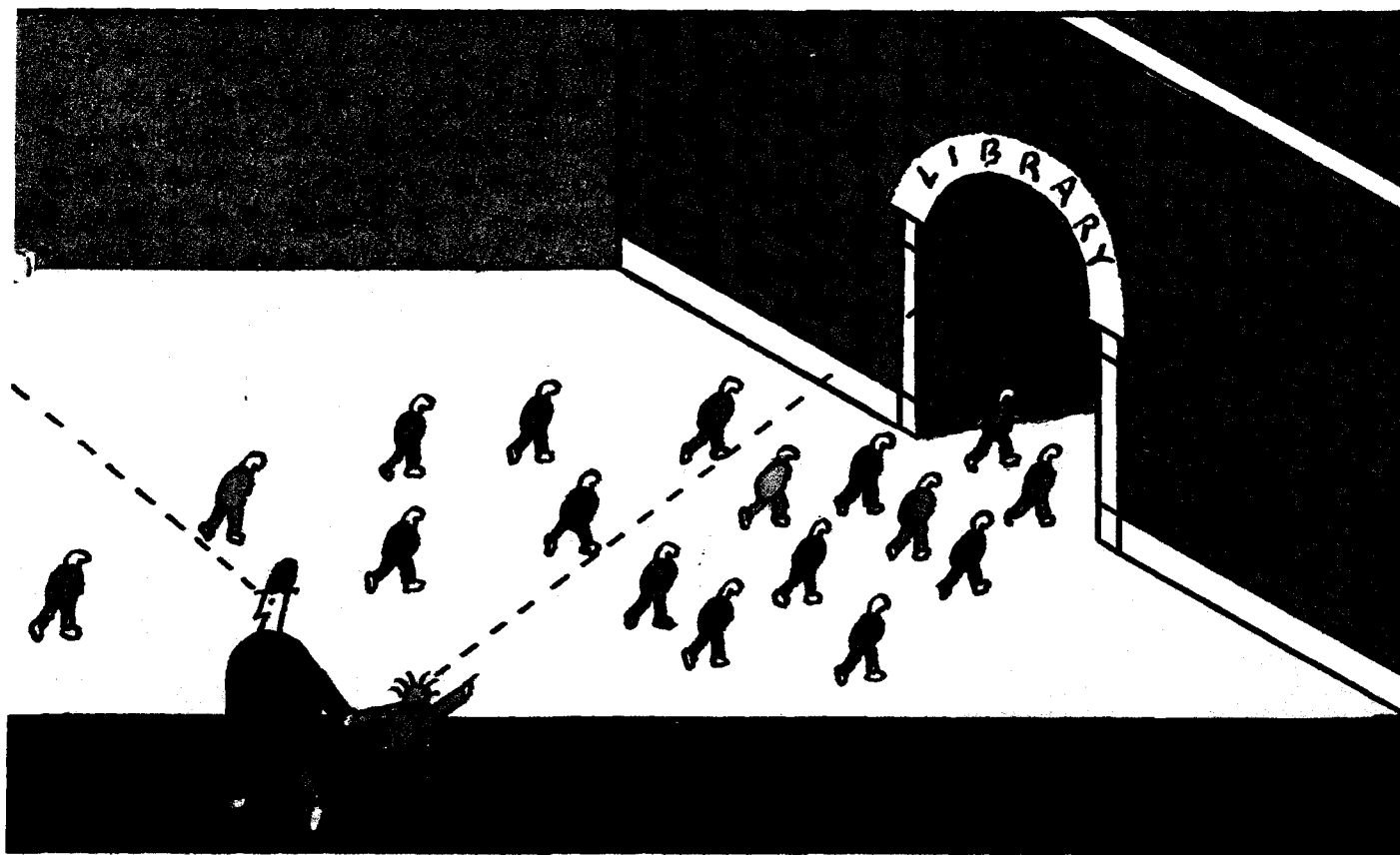
SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT A GENE FOR ALCOHOLISM

BY STANTON PEELE

MAJOR NEWS STORIES ABOUT DISCOVERIES OF THE GENETIC SOURCES OF emotional and behavioral problems surface every year or so. Since 1987 such reports have appeared on the front page of *The New York Times* in connection with manic-depressive disorder, schizophrenia, and alcoholism. Last year, however, the *Times* published a story titled "Scientists Now Doubt They Found Faulty Gene Linked to Mental Illness." This story received less atten-

tion than the announcements of positive findings, for it appeared not on the front page of the newspaper but buried deep inside. The article revealed that both new data and further analysis of the original data "cast serious doubt" on the earlier finding that a defective gene was, in fact, associated with manic-depressive disorder. The

article furthermore noted that "the new findings underscore the difficulty of assigning specific causes to such a complex and variable illness," and that problems also plague efforts to identify precisely any sort of genetic role in schizophrenia. One of the authors of the original study said, "We are sort of back to square one."



The Blum-Noble "Alcoholism Gene"

THE STUDY THAT THE *TIMES* REPORTED LINKING alcoholism to a specific gene was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on April 18 of this year, as the journal's lead article. It was accompanied by press releases, a highly publicized news conference in Los Angeles, and video interviews with the study's authors, which the AMA transmitted by satellite in its weekly television news release. The study's chief authors were Kenneth Blum, a pharmacologist at the University of Texas Health Science Center, in San Antonio, and Ernest Noble, a psychiatrist and biochemist at the UCLA Alcohol Research Center and a former director of the National Institute of Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism.

Unlike the manic-depressive-disorder and schizophrenia studies, which were conducted within individual families or communities, the alcoholism study involved seventy unrelated cadavers, thirty-five of which had been alcoholics and thirty-five of which were controls. According to the researchers, the alcoholic cases were of an extremely "virulent" type—many of the thirty-five people had died of cirrhosis. Genetic material from all seventy brains was analyzed. A genetic marker was found in 69 percent of the alcoholics in the study but in only 20 percent of the nonalcoholics.

Blum and Noble concluded that the A1 "allele," or

variant, of the dopamine D2 receptor gene was associated with alcoholism. Dopamine is one of a number of neurotransmitters, or chemicals produced in the body that convey information throughout the nervous system. Neurotransmitters communicate by attaching to receptors on nerve cells which are tailored specifically to them. One important question not answered by the gene discovery is exactly what dopamine receptors, the physiological mechanisms affected by the gene, have to do with alcoholism. Another question is how this discovery fits in with what has previously been established about the heritability of alcoholism.

Theories of the Heritability of Alcoholism

THE DOPAMINE RECEPTOR GENE IS NOT CLEARLY implicated in the major existing genetic theories of human alcoholism. According to these theories, a certain personality type predisposes a minority of male problem drinkers to both crime and alcoholism; an inherited insensitivity to alcohol allows alcoholics to drink more while being less aware of the effects of the alcohol they are consuming; alcoholics are not able to metabolize alcohol normally; and alcoholics have inherited neurological and intellectual dysfunctions. Not only are the originators of some of these theories the sole researchers to have found evidence to support them, but also several of the theories and find-

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of Colorado, in a much larger study, found the lessened sensitivity to alcohol to hold for some age-and-sex groups among offspring of alcoholics but not for others.

Schuckit also at one time presented evidence that alcoholism results from an inherited flaw in the way alcoholics metabolize alcohol. According to this theory, alcoholics' bodies do not break down alcohol properly and, as a result, build up abnormal levels of acetaldehyde (one of the products of alcohol's oxidization) when they drink.

The acetaldehyde hypothesis got strong play in the widely read book *Under the Influence*, by James Milam and Katherine Ketcham, which was published in 1981. Milam and Ketcham forcefully argued that acetaldehyde is a primary biological and genetic basis for alcoholism, which they claimed is *completely* biologically determined. However, in recent years researchers have lost enthusiasm for this model, which has been contradicted by subsequent research. For example, several research teams investigating the offspring of alcoholics were unable reli-

ings directly contradict the premises or reasoning of others.

The inherited-personality theory has been promoted by a research group at the School of Medicine at Washington University, in St. Louis, under the direction of Robert Cloninger, a psychiatrist. This may be the most popular current notion about how alcoholism is inherited. However, it must face the formidable difficulties involved in associating entire personality syndromes, such as criminality, with particular genes.

The idea that alcoholics inherit an insensitivity to alcohol has been presented by Mark Schuckit, a psychiatrist at the University of California at San Diego Medical School. Another research team (led by Barbara Lex, of Harvard Medical School) has supported Schuckit's hypothesis in a study comparing small numbers of women from alcoholic and nonalcoholic families. But James Wilson and Craig Nagoshi, of the University

ably to identify abnormal acetaldehyde buildups after their subjects consumed alcohol. Schuckit himself no longer focuses on acetaldehyde as the most likely mechanism for the heritability of alcoholism.

According to another alcohol-metabolism model, the oxidized alcohol product, or aldehyde, interacts with neurotransmitters to create tetrahydroisoquinolines, or TIQs, which are thought to create the intense craving for alcohol that alcoholics demonstrate. However, the idea that alcoholics produce abnormal amounts of TIQs has never been demonstrated satisfactorily, and several prominent investigators have abandoned this path of research. Nonetheless, the TIQ model is often taught to alcoholics at treatment centers in the United States. When several TV news shows interviewed alcoholics (attractive middle-class women who would not have been diagnosed as advanced alcoholics, as the cases that Blum and Noble examined had been) in connection with the *JAMA* gene study, the women claimed they had inherited an exaggerated reaction to alcohol that made them drink more. They were likely referring to TIQs, about which they were probably lectured in treatment.

Another set of theories about the heritability of alcoholism concerns abnormal brain waves and other cognitive or neurological impairments that children of alcoholics are said to inherit. The most prominent brain-wave researcher, Henri Begleiter, a psychiatrist at the Downstate Medical Center, in Brooklyn, has found such abnormalities in alcoholics' sons who have never drunk alcohol. However, other factors—such as diet or physical abuse—may explain why many children of alcoholics show abnormal brain activity. Moreover, different research teams have found different abnormalities in the brain-wave patterns of different groups of alcoholics and children of alcoholics. Finally, no link has been shown between the abnormal brain waves and the development of alcoholism, because the children with the suspect brain waves have not been followed up to an age where their rate of alcoholism can be compared with that of children of alcoholics without these specific abnormalities.

Children of alcoholics have also been studied with tests that measure perception, coordination, and intellectual abilities, and are often found deficient in these areas. But Schuckit finds the results of this research inconsistent. Moreover, one of his own studies, using subjects who on average had completed more than three years of college, did not find such impairment, which may be owing to social differences between these subjects and, for example, children of alcoholics identified through the juvenile justice system.

Plainly, the various heritability theories about alcoholism tend in quite different directions. Schuckit has strongly criticized the idea of an inherited "antisocial" personality disposition to alcoholism, which he has not found in a group of college students and staff who are sons of alcoholics. The insensitivity model seems to be

the opposite of the TIQ model: according to the former, those likely to become alcoholics drink more and respond less, whereas according to the latter, those predisposed to alcoholism respond more. According to the insensitivity model, those predisposed to alcoholism may drink heavily for extended periods because they cannot detect the physical effects of the alcohol they consume, and consequently become dependent on alcohol. Most of the modern theories about the heritability of alcoholism recognize that no matter what their genetic makeup, people must drink a lot for a long time to become alcoholics. In this sense genetic research in alcoholism actually contradicts stories commonly told at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and popular treatment myths about people who become alcoholic with their first drink.

How Does the Blum-Noble Gene Fit In?

THE BLUM-NOBLE TEAM PROBED NINE DIFFERENT genes, all hypothetically linked to alcoholism, in the DNA of the brains they examined. They found that only the A1 allele of the dopamine D2 receptor gene correlated significantly with the diagnosis of alcoholism in their subjects. Where does this discovery leave other theories of the heritability of alcoholism?

The absence of a statistically significant relationship between any of the eight other genes and the occurrence of alcoholism actually undercuts most of the other theories about the way alcoholism is inherited. Thus this discovery yields more disconfirmation than support for researchers in the field.

On the other hand, if a range of inherited mechanisms leads to alcoholism, how can the dopamine receptor gene alone account for more than two thirds of a group of cases of alcoholism? Commenting in the same issue of *JAMA* in which the alcoholism-gene study appeared, Enoch Gordis, who is the director of the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, and three colleagues wrote that the association between the gene and alcoholism was "surprisingly strong" in view of the "presumed heterogeneity of alcoholism and its likely polygenic causes."

Gordis, who has long championed genetic views of alcoholism, noted problems with the Blum-Noble research that make it "possible that the differences between the groups were caused by characteristics of the groups that were unrelated to alcoholism. This type of comparison, although provocative, cannot substitute for . . . complex family studies." The standard practice in gene-mapping research is to identify genes in a range of living related persons. This "family-tree" approach can then trace whether or not various relatives with a specific genetic marker develop a given disease. To disprove a specific genetic link is easier than to prove one: a finding that relatives who do not share the genetic marker in

question become alcoholic as frequently as relatives who do share it would be strong evidence against that genetic link.

All sophisticated observers who have commented on the *JAMA* study have cautioned that additional research must be designed to examine the nature of the relationship between the dopamine D2 receptor gene and alcoholism. Blum and Noble are now mapping this gene in a study of living relatives, and their results are awaited eagerly.

Another form of replication would be to compare the incidence of the Blum-Noble marker in a random sample of patients in alcoholism clinics with its incidence in a general population. Would such investigations affirm the results of the original research? Many observers interviewed about the Blum-Noble finding seemed skeptical. Donald Goodwin, the psychiatrist whose research first pointed to the heritability of alcoholism, says that "the history of this kind of work so far has been a failure to replicate."

How Might a Gene Cause Alcoholism?

FOR A THEORY TO BE ACCEPTED SCIENTIFICALLY, not only must the finding or findings that support it be replicated in rigorously designed research, but also the hypothesized connection between a mechanism and an effect must be plausible and consistent with everything else we know. How, exactly, does the dopamine receptor gene influence the alcoholic's biochemistry and behavior? This connection is not at all obvious, since dopamine receptors are not directly affected by alcohol. Indeed, it is not even known how the Blum-Noble marker affects the dopamine receptors. The alcoholism-associated allele might increase or reduce the number of dopamine receptor sites in brain cells, or affect how well dopamine binds at these sites. One theory is that if the allele reduces the number of receptor sites or minimizes binding at them, then the person's brain might be deficient in dopamine activity. Drinking might compensate for this deficiency by increasing the drinker's levels of dopamine.

But does this complex series of links account for the alcoholic's motivation to drink? Some researchers propose that dopamine is related to pleasure-seeking activity. This is a very long way, however, from explaining how people with the A1 allele become alcoholic. Alcoholics often receive negative feedback about their drinking from other people, from their own internal standards, and from physical problems they encounter. Why don't these experiences overcome the presumed pleasurable nature of the dopamine activity and cause the person to curtail drinking? Put in another way, the question is whether a complex behavior can be said to be motivated solely by the pleasure (or comfort or relief) it produces. For example, orgasms are intensely pleasurable and most

people can produce them at will, yet relatively few people become compulsive fornicators or masturbators, at least in the long run.

Moreover, dopamine stimulation is simply not so direct or exclusive an effect of drinking that it seems likely to be the root cause of compulsive drinking. Many human activities other than drinking stimulate dopamine release. Some may argue that alcoholics are part of a larger group of people who seek such stimulation, and who therefore experience a higher level of dopamine activity in their brain cells. But why do only some people seek this effect from alcohol?

In an interview about the *JAMA* study Gordis speculated that the gene marker "may not be specific for alcoholism but it might have a more general influence on appetite, personality, and behavior." Noble has concurred: "The good Lord did not make an alcoholic gene, but one that seems to be involved in pleasure-seeking behaviors." These statements seem skeptical about the existence of a link between the gene and alcoholism. The idea that people with the A1 allele may be predisposed to pleasurable stimulation, of which alcoholism may be one example, also falls short of supporting claims that alcoholics have an innate response to alcohol that dooms them to alcoholism once they begin drinking.

Even if Blum and Noble's finding holds up, most people with the A1 allele will not become alcoholics. According to the study, about 25 percent of the population have this form of the gene. Estimates of the proportion of alcoholics in the U.S. population range up to 10 percent. However, the "virulent" type of alcoholism that Blum

and Noble talk about probably occurs in less than five percent of the population. Thus if every full-blown alcoholic had this allele, then only a fifth of the 25 percent that have it would be severely alcoholic. Since only 69 percent of the alcoholics in the Blum-Noble study actually had the allele, even fewer than a fifth of those with the marker will conform to the diagnosis of alcoholism used in the study.

How Can This Discovery Be Used?

BLUM AND NOBLE HAVE ANNOUNCED THAT THE identification of a gene that places people at risk for alcoholism should open new treatment and prevention options. The most likely step, given the current cultural climate, would be to tell those with the genetic marker that since they have an elevated risk of alcoholism, they should not drink. But this idea has its problems. In the first place, since less than a fifth of the people with the gene will actually become alcoholics, the warning is unnecessary for most of those with the marker and could make their lives needlessly difficult.

Moreover, unforeseen, and lamentable, consequences might occur. We frequently tell young people not to drink, and they frequently don't listen. But if a person has been told that drinking will lead to alcoholism, the prophecy may ultimately prove to be self-fulfilling. According to Peter Nathan, who was until last year the director of the Rutgers Center of Alcohol Studies, "It has become increasingly clear that, in many instances, what alcoholics *think* the effects of alcohol are on their behavior influences that behavior as much [as] or more than the pharmacologic effects of the drug." For example, alcoholics have been shown to drink excessively and even behave drunkenly when they are told they are drinking an alcoholic beverage even though the drink does not actually contain alcohol.

In other words, indoctrinating young people with the view that they are likely to become alcoholics *may take them there more quickly than any inherited reaction to alcohol would have*. In fact a majority of children of alcoholics do not become alcoholic themselves, for whatever reason. No epidemiologic study has ever found that as many as half of such children develop a drinking problem of their own, and most research places the figure at 25 percent or less. That many children don't inherit their parents' alcoholism is indicated by the rapid growth of the "adult children of alcoholics" movement, whose typical member is a woman who has never had a drinking problem. Moreover, adolescents and young adults who have drinking problems often overcome them without abstaining, even if they have an alcoholic parent.

Blum and Noble have also suggested that their genetic finding will lead to medical therapies for alcoholism. That is, if the source of alcoholism is biochemical, then a

IN ANSWER TO AMY'S QUESTION WHAT'S A PICKEREL

Pickerel have infinite, small bones, and skins
of glass and black ground-glass, and though small for pike
are no less wall-eyed and their eyes like bone.
Are fierce for their size, and when they flare
at the surface resemble drowning birds,
the wing-slick panic of birds, but in those
seconds out of water on the line,
when their color changes and they choose for life,
will try to cut you and take part of your hand
back with them. And yet they open like hands,
the sweet white meat more delicate in oil,
to be eaten off the fire when the sun
is level with the lake, the wind calm,
the air ice-blue, blue-black, and flecked with rain.

—Stanley Plumly

drug therapy might be designed to eliminate the alcoholic's craving for alcohol. If a vitamin stimulated dopamine activity, for example, or if a drug blocked the binding of dopamine to receptors, then alcoholics could be freed from their biological motivation for excessive drinking and might drink moderately.

Yet it is unlikely that treatment centers and AA would recant their commitment to total abstinence for alcoholics. Nonetheless, it is in these quarters that we can expect the most enthusiastic reception for the Blum-Noble research, because genetic causation of alcoholism is seen to support their fundamental assumption that alcoholism is an involuntary disease.

What Now?

THE NEW YORK TIMES AND OTHER MEDIA claimed that the *JAMA* study appeared to offer "strong new evidence" for the heritability of alcoholism (this was, of course, the point of the AMA press release), an issue that has "been widely debated for decades." Actually, enthusiasm for the idea that alcoholism is inherited has prevailed in the United States for some time. AA and most proponents of the disease theory (including most of the people who manage America's 4,600 private alcohol-treatment programs) have for a long time insisted that alcoholism is an inherited disease. For about the past decade the number of researchers investigating the topic has been growing, along with the assumption that alcoholism is at least in part genetically caused. For example, the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism published a pamphlet in 1985 titled "Alcoholism: An Inherited Disease."

Even many psychologists now assert that the problem drinking of at least some alcoholics has a significant genetic component. Moreover, the public has accepted the idea that alcoholism is inherited. A 1987 Gallup poll found that nearly 90 percent of Americans believe alcoholism is a disease, and more than 60 percent think it may be inherited. Both figures represent a steep rise from earlier ones; even five years previously a solid majority of respondents to the second question had said they didn't believe that alcoholism is inherited. Thus the *JAMA* report did little more than affirm what most Americans—including alcoholics, treatment personnel, and researchers—already believe.

Although the heritability of alcoholism is often presented as a modern discovery, alcoholism (along with sexual promiscuity, intelligence, criminality, and insanity) was widely believed to be an inherited trait in the nineteenth century. That view receded in this century; in 1938 Karl Menninger could state, "The older psychiatrists . . . considered alcoholism to be an hereditary trait. Of course, scarcely any scientist believes so today, although it's still a popular theory. Alcoholism cannot possibly be an hereditary trait. . . ." Today, obviously, the

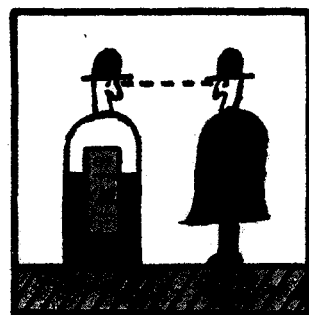
tide has shifted again. As Robin Murray, a British psychiatrist, notes, "Students of alcoholism must continually beware lest they fall victim to the extravagant swings of intellectual fashion that bedevil the field, and nowhere is such vigilance more necessary than in considering the possible etiological role of heredity." Murray's views are particularly interesting because he is Britain's leading investigator of the heritability of alcoholism. Murray and his research team have found that the rates of coincidence of alcoholism are similar for identical and fraternal twins, a result that substantially undermines genetic hypotheses—and one that is almost never cited by American researchers.

Will views on this question swing back? Oddly, the attention attracted by the *JAMA* study may encourage them to, as bold genetic claims draw sophisticated clinical geneticists into the field. (As far as I am aware, the leading current investigators in human studies of the heritability of alcoholism are not trained as genetic researchers.) Paul Billings, the director of the Clinic for Inherited Disease at New England Deaconess Hospital, was interviewed about the *JAMA* study for *The New Republic*. Billings commented, "If this type of genetic analysis was carried out for a disease or a behavior less attractive than alcoholism, it would never get published. It tells you nothing of significance."

What Does Cause Alcoholism?

DOUBTS ABOUT GENETIC RESEARCH ASIDE, A large body of findings about alcoholism and its correlates cannot possibly be translated directly into biological and genetic terms. One such area of research concerns drinkers' expectations. Alcoholics have stronger expectations about how alcohol will affect them than other drinkers do. Alcoholics believe that alcohol transforms their personalities, making them

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more attractive to others, more relaxed, more alert, and more sexually responsive, even though in alcoholics it usually has the opposite effect in all these areas.

Mark Goldman, a psychologist at the University of South Florida, and his colleagues have extended research on expectations to college problem drinkers and even adolescents. Goldman and his colleagues found they could predict the likelihood that adolescents would develop drinking problems on the basis of their expectations about alcohol—*before they had begun drinking*. Furthermore, even elementary school children have distinct beliefs about how alcohol will affect them. Thus when Cathleen Brooks, the president of the National Association for Children of Alcoholics, describes her first drink, at age eleven, in euphoric terms—“I remember the warmth, I remember the well-being”—she is more likely reflecting what she had seen or been taught than what her body inherited.

Expectations about the effects of alcohol relate to parental, peer-group, and cultural influences. The psychiatrist George Vaillant's widely cited 1983 book, *The Natural History of Alcoholism*, examined the drinking histories of more than 600 men over forty years. Vaillant found that Harvard students were a third to a quarter as likely to develop alcoholism as inner-city Boston ethnics, and that Irish-Americans in Boston were *seven times as likely* to become alcoholic as Italian-Americans.

If a researcher were to find a biological marker for alcoholism as strong and reliable as the ethnic and social markers Vaillant identified, he or she would likely win the Nobel Prize. Yet the discrepancy between Irish and Italian alcoholism rates is far from the largest ethnic difference. Two sociologists, Barry Glassner and Bruce Berg, expected to find the legendary moderation of Jewish drinkers much attenuated in an assimilated upstate New York Jewish community. They found instead that none of their eighty-eight Jewish subjects had ever had a drinking problem. The most dire count of the city's Jewish alcoholics implies an alcoholism rate of about 0.1 percent for that Jewish community, or one hundredth the rate reported for Americans at large.

Another sociologist examined police blotters in New York's Chinatown for the period 1933–1949. Among the 17,515 arrest records, *not one* specifically reported violent or disorderly drunkenness. What is most remarkable about Chinese sobriety is that the Chinese, like other Asian groups, show a high incidence of flushing after imbibing alcohol. This visible reddening has been connected to acetaldehyde buildup in the drinker and is inherited genetically. Some researchers have proposed that such flushing makes the Chinese less likely to drink excessively. Working against this hypothesis is the fact that Native Americans and Eskimos, likewise prone to flushing, have the highest incidence of alcoholism among

American ethnic and racial groups. The difference in the incidence of alcoholism among Native Americans and Chinese-Americans reflects how poorly or how well the group's indigenous values have fit in with those of the broader American culture.

One of the other cultural (and individual) factors that most clearly elevates alcoholism rates is, paradoxically, the acceptance of conceptions of alcoholism as disease-like. That is, alcoholism-prone groups such as Native Americans and Irish-Americans invest alcohol with tremendous power and readily accept that they cannot control its effects. Groups with a low incidence of alcoholism, such as Chinese-Americans and Jews, do not tolerate “loss of control” as an excuse for problem drinking or antisocial drunkenness. Glassner and Berg discovered that Reform and nonpracticing Jews among their subjects viewed alcoholism as a psychological dependence or weakness—exactly the attitude the modern genetic movement disavows. Yet people from social backgrounds in which antisocial drunkenness is strongly disapproved of and people who believe they *can* and *should* control their drinking are less likely to lose themselves in the experience of intoxication.

Rats can be bred to drink large quantities of alcohol. But rats do not have values and cultures that contravene the urge to drink excessively. While human beings clearly differ in how their bodies process and respond to alcohol, these differences do not translate into alcoholism independent of individual needs, options, and values. Someone who has a strong reaction to alcohol, or who cannot sense when he or she has had too much to drink, may just as easily choose habitually to stop after one or two drinks as to become intoxicated.

To deny these commonsense insights in the light of putative genetic findings is to deny the connection between human values and self-destructive or antisocial behavior as well as the crucial role that both individuals and social groups have in regulating such behavior. Even a researcher like Robert Cloninger, who espouses genetic theories, recognizes this role. According to Cloninger, “The demonstration of the critical importance of socio-cultural influences in most alcoholics suggests that major changes in social attitudes about drinking styles can change dramatically the prevalence of alcohol abuse, regardless of genetic predisposition.”

Addictive drinking is one of a range of dependencies that people may acquire in attempting artificially to regulate their sense of themselves and their world. Some people become compulsively enmeshed in destructive drinking as they pursue sensations that they are progressively less able to attain through any other means. And yet we cannot take the power and the seeming inevitability of this self-destructiveness for proof that it is written in the genes. □



A Short Story



Moscow Nights

by Marly Swick

SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM AT PLANNED Parenthood, Jonathan and his mother made an odd couple. He could feel everyone's eyes on him, wondering. The young punk couple with his-and-hers studded motorcycle jackets. The stylish black woman with her gold leather attaché case. Two overweight, semicomatose teenage girls. A yuppie-ish couple huddled over the *New York Times* Sunday crossword puzzle. Jonathan wondered if they had

made a point of saving the puzzle all week for this purpose.

He wanted to be a good son, but he couldn't help feeling that this was asking too much. Beyond the pale. Last week his mother had called and left a message on his machine: could he possibly give her a ride to the doctor the following Friday afternoon? When he'd called her back to

say okay, she'd sounded weird. "What's wrong?" he'd asked her, against his better judgment, not really wanting to get into anything. During the

Since his parents' divorce Jonathan's mother had begun to confide in him—things he did not particularly want to hear

past year or so, since his parents' divorce, his mother had started confiding in him things he did not particularly want to hear. Intimate things. Private feelings. Details of her sex life. Things he preferred not to think about—or picture. He had tried hinting that his sister, Debra, would be a more appropriate confidant, but his mother ignored the hints. His mother and sister had never really hit it off.

"I wasn't going to tell you," his mother had said with a sigh, "but since you ask . . ."

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," he'd interjected. "Really."

But of course she *had* told him. And just as he had feared, what she had to tell him was something he did not want to hear. On the phone he had been shocked into silence for a moment. Then his automatic sympathy reflex had kicked in and he had mumbled all the appropriate comforting responses. Or at least he'd given it his best shot. But after he had hung up, he found himself stalking around his living room, muttering curses and slamming drawers. Then he calmed down and called Farrell.

Since Farrell had moved out, Jonathan had been rationing his calls to her—no more than one a week. He and Farrell were "trying to be friends." Farrell had been skeptical at first, arguing that both of them would be better off if they quit the relationship cold turkey, but he had finally persuaded her to give peace a chance. Although he had sworn up and down that he harbored no secret hopes of a rapprochement, he still could not believe that their relationship was over. He had been in love with Farrell most of his adult life. They had met back east in college—in Intro to Film Noir—and had moved to L.A. to pursue film careers together. That was three years ago. Now Farrell was in UCLA law school and he was still writing screenplays during the day and driving an airport shuttle bus at night. They were moving in different directions, she'd said to him gently one night after dinner. Then, when he'd argued and balked, she'd said *she* was moving in a different direction; *he* was standing still—going nowhere. He was stunned. He hadn't had the faintest idea that that was how she saw things. He said that he'd change. But she didn't want to negotiate. She had rented a one-bedroom apartment in Palms, she informed him. Wait a minute, he'd said. But she was already packed and out the door. That was Farrell. Once she even so much as thought about leaving, she was as good as gone. "Bitch!" he'd shouted, running alongside her old VW. "Bitch!" But she'd turned onto the highway and sped away.

Still, he loved her. He wanted her back.

WHEN FARRELL ANSWERED ON THE SECOND ring, he was surprised. "It's Saturday night," he said. "I didn't think you'd be home."

"In law school there's no such thing as Saturday night." She sounded impatient. "I'm in the middle of *Palsgraf* versus *Long Island Railroad*. This better be good."

"It's good," he said, "in a bad way. It's my mother. I'm taking her to Planned Parenthood next Friday to get an abortion. This is a forty-seven-year-old woman we're talking about. Can you believe this?"

"Wow," Farrell said. "Your mother!" He could tell she was picturing his mother, with her matching handbag and shoes, and the hairdo that looked as if it had never been slept on.

"I don't think she should tell me these things. I'm her son, for Christ's sake." He walked over to the tape player and inserted one of Farrell's favorite cassettes. "It gives me the creeps."

"Is that my Stephane Grappelli tape?" Farrell asked.

"I don't know. Maybe." He turned the volume up a notch.

"So why doesn't the guy go with her?" She was starting to sound impatient again, and he imagined her flipping the pages of her casebook, neatly highlighting in yellow as they talked.

"You mean Re-Phil? Hah! What a joke. The guy is a total loser. Not to mention physically repulsive. She says he couldn't handle it. She says he's quote emotionally fragile unquote. She refuses to tell him. Can you believe this?"

"Well," Farrell said, "I think it's nice she's so open and that she trusts you. She's treating you like an adult."

"I'm not an adult! I'm her kid. No matter how old I am, she's still my *mother*."

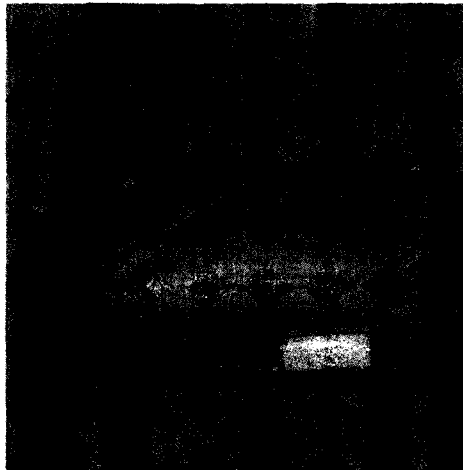
"She's also a woman."

"I don't *want* to think of her as a woman."

Farrell was quiet, and he could see her suit-yourself shrug. He didn't want to push it. Just these past couple of weeks he thought he'd detected a gradual warming trend on her part. "Well, I'll let you go," he said, half hoping she'd say it was all right, she'd rather talk to him than study.

"Okay," she said. "Hang in there."

"Right. Will do." He forced himself to hang up before he blew it by saying something insistently personal or pathetically sentimental. He marked a red *F* on his calendar and counted back, adding up all the other little red and blue *F*s. The blue *F*s were the times that Farrell had called him. The red *F*s were the times he had called her.



Over the past two and a half months, since she'd moved out, he'd marked only five blue *F*s as opposed to eleven red ones. Not counting the times he'd gotten her answering machine and hung up. This depressed him. He looked at his watch. Lately, since Farrell had moved out, he was always looking at his watch. Time moved more slowly, sluggishly. He felt like an old 45 being played at 33.

"They're already half an hour behind schedule," his mother said fretfully, blindly flipping the pages of a much-handled *Newsweek*.

"I'm sorry," he said. He remembered Farrell's once pointing out to him that when he was nervous he tended to speak in non sequiturs. He got up and paced over to the window, waited a minute for the receptionist to get off the phone, and then gave up and gravitated back to where his mother sat. "It can't be much longer."

"Oh, well. It's all experience. Grist for the mill." As if to illustrate the point, she pulled a fancy notebook from her handbag and jotted down a couple of phrases.

Peering over her shoulder, he read, "like patient fish waiting to be gutted." A year or so before the divorce his mother had enrolled in an evening poetry workshop at Los Angeles City College. The instructor—no doubt thrilled to find someone who knew how to use an apostrophe—had encouraged her to send out her work. The day after she received her first acceptance, she announced she wanted a divorce. His father had been stunned. Whenever Jonathan had visited him in his new studio apartment in the Marina, his father had seemed bewildered and woebegone, like a dog banished for bad behavior. Jonathan and his sister had held long worried telephone powwows about him—until he surprised them by falling in love with a young woman in his building, a pretty divorcee with a six-year-old daughter. By Hanukkah he had himself a whole new family. So Jonathan and his sister shifted the focus of their worry back to their mother, who had joined a singles' book-lovers club and struck up a thing with some unprepossessing loser named Phil Kapischkey, or "Re-Phil," as Debra immediately dubbed him, because their father's name was also Phil.

"What on earth do you see in him?" Debra had protested while Kapischkey was in the men's room. They had come together for their mother's birthday dinner, the first time they had all met.

Insulted, their mother had leaped to his defense, ranting on about how he had earned a doctorate from Harvard and had been a Russian-lit professor at USC before he retired, how cultured and refined he was. To drive home her point, she said that they were reading *Anna Karenina* aloud to each other in bed—a chapter a night.

"Jesus," Debra had said, "spare me the gory details."

Their father had at least been tanned and fit—a weekend tennis player.

"*Anna Karenina!*" Jonathan had said, groaning, pictur-

ing the thick paperback with its thin pages and microscopic print. "You really think this thing's going to last that long?"

HIS MOTHER WAS STILL BUSY SCRIBBLING IN her little notebook when the nurse practitioner called her name off the chart. "Evelyn Levitov."

When she didn't respond, Jonathan poked her gently in the ribs. "That's you," he said.

She dropped her pen and clutched his arm. "I'm scared, Jono." She squeezed her eyelids shut, damming the tears.

His heart pounded. Even now, as an adult, he was unnerved when one of his parents showed any sign of weakness. "Come on, now." He put his arm around her shoulders and steered her back toward the nurse. "It'll be over within half an hour."

"She'll be just fine." The nurse smiled reassuringly.

His mother attempted a smile and handed him her alligator handbag. She was dressed in a gray knit suit and looked as if she were on her way to some ladies' luncheon. "Keep an eye on this," she said. "Buy yourself some lunch."

Listening to the forlorn *click-click* of her high heels down the ugly corridor, Jonathan suddenly wondered what Re-Phil was doing at that very moment. He imagined him hunched contentedly over a large bowl of steaming borscht. *Stupid bastard. Selfish wimp.* Jonathan stormed back through the waiting room and out onto the sidewalk and across the bright, busy street to a phone booth at a corner gas station. The phone book had been ripped off its chain, so he had to call information. "*K* as in kangaroo, *a-p-i-s-c-h-k-e-y*. Philip." He scribbled the number on the back page of his mother's fancy little notebook, dropped in a quarter, and dialed. Re-Phil's "Hello?" sounded simultaneously suspicious and hopeful. For a moment, imagining his mother's possible outrage, Jonathan was tempted to hang up.

"Who is this?" Re-Phil demanded. "Speak up!"

The voice, professorial and testy, goaded Jonathan into speech.

"This is Jonathan Levitov," he said. "There's something I thought you might like to know."

HIS FURY PARTLY SPENT, JONATHAN SUDDENLY realized what he must look like, walking down the sidewalk with his mother's alligator handbag. He tucked it under his arm and crossed the street to the coffee shop where he'd told Re-Phil he would meet him in thirty minutes. Re-Phil was taking medication for a nervous condition and could no longer drive, but he said he'd call a cab. He lived about twenty minutes away, near LaBrea and Wilshire. Jona-

than ordered a cup of coffee and waited. Ever since Farrell had left him, he felt conspicuous and pathetic sitting alone in restaurants, conspicuously pathetic, as if everyone were looking at him, knowing he'd been dumped. He checked his watch, again, and glanced around for a discarded newspaper, a flyer—anything to make him look busy and to distract him from wondering if he'd done a stupid thing calling Re-Phil. Maybe he should have minded his own business. Which he would have done, happily, if his mother hadn't dragged him into this mess. All this new "openness" was highly overrated. When Debra had had an abortion, her sophomore year in college, she had at least been considerate enough to keep it a secret from their parents. He recognized one of the pudgy space cadets from the clinic sitting at a nearby table, staring at him. She was gurgling the last inch of her Diet Pepsi, and he had a terrible intuition that any second now she was going to come over and talk to him. Hurriedly fumbling with the clasp, he tore open his mother's handbag, fished out the little notebook, and started furiously jotting down notes, his brow furrowed in mock concentration, as if he were trying to remember some complex mathematical equation. The girl got up and left. He relaxed and put down his pen. The notebook fell open to a poem in progress, with lines crossed out and cramped phrases squeezed in above them. His mother's handwriting was difficult to read, but the word *Kotex* leaped out at him. He sighed and slammed the notebook shut, signaling the waitress for a refill.

Two or three months after his father had moved out, his mother had dragged him to a group poetry reading in a little bookstore on Westwood Boulevard. The poetry was amateurish, and he fidgeted in boredom until—at last—his mother got up there and started to read. Then his boredom turned to appalled embarrassment, as she read one long confessional poem after another in an Amazonian voice he didn't even recognize. He'd expected maybe bad Emily Dickinson, but this was more like bad Allen Ginsberg. She might as well have been standing naked at the podium. He wanted to stick his fingers in his ears. All manner of disgusting personal details—sagging breasts, hemorrhoids, flaccid penises, stretch marks, semen, tears, menstrual blood. She even read a poem about his birth, which she made a point of dedicating to him, smiling out at him in the second row. She described the "wine-dark slug of placenta" and the obstetrician "neatly darning the hole in the old worn sock of her vagina" until he was afraid he was going to be sick or faint. When the reading was over—at last—everyone flocked around her, flapping excitedly, chirping their praise. Her cheeks were flushed, her dark eyes bright, as she looked over at him as if to say, "Well? So?" He had intended to tell her just what he thought—to really let her have it—but somehow, with all her admiring fans standing there awaiting his proud response, he had found himself smiling wanly and giving her the thumbs-up sign.

FROM ACROSS THE RESTAURANT JONATHAN CAUGHT sight of Re-Phil heading toward him, breathless and unkempt, hair uncombed and shirt misbuttoned. In his white shirt and slacks, and with his thatch of bristly white hair, he looked like an old polar bear. Not so much fat as massive. Jonathan looked pointedly at his watch.

"Sorry," Re-Phil wheezed. "The cab was late."

Jonathan plunked a dollar bill on the table and said, "Let's go. She might be done by now."

A tender, stricken expression flitted across Re-Phil's face as he noticed the alligator handbag. "She didn't tell me," he said. "I didn't know a thing."

"Ignorance is bliss." Jonathan held the door open and waited for Re-Phil to pass through into the bright dazzle of sunshine. He felt like a bounty hunter bringing his man to justice.

The waiting room was more crowded than when he had left. Jonathan had to elbow his way to the front desk, where he was told that his mother was in the recovery room. "She's feeling a bit woozy," the nurse practitioner said. "It's not uncommon. We'll just let her rest a few minutes."

Jonathan squeezed himself between Re-Phil and the yuppie husband and repeated what he had been told. Craning his neck, Jonathan could see that only one corner of the Sunday crossword puzzle was still partly blank. On the table next to the vinyl couch were wire racks full of pamphlets on various birth-control methods and diseases: herpes, gonorrhea, AIDS. Re-Phil was engrossed in a pamphlet on the cervical cap. Jonathan suddenly remembered the time their apartment in Boston had been broken into. Predictably, the thief had stolen a brand-new tape recorder, the stereo turntable, a broken Nikon, and some junk jewelry. But the thief had also taken Farrell's diaphragm out of its blue plastic case and had stuck it to the bedroom wall with a hatpin from one of her vintage hats. Farrell, relatively calm and stoic up to that point, had screamed when she'd discovered it later that night. And Jonathan had felt the hairs rising on the back of his neck as she pointed speechlessly to the dead diaphragm, skewered there like a voodoo sacrifice.

Re-Phil stood up abruptly, clumsily knocking over one of the pamphlet racks. "Here she is," he said. "I see her."

Jonathan looked up. From the other end of the hall his mother gave him a limp wave and a pale smile. Then she noticed Re-Phil. Her step faltered; the nurse gripped her arm more firmly. His mother looked confused for a moment, and then angry. She shot Jonathan a dirty look. The nurse handed her a small vial of pills. "Just in case you feel any discomfort." The nurse patted her on the shoulder. "Be sure to call if you have any problem or question."

The moment the nurse turned to go, Jonathan and Re-Phil both rushed up and claimed an arm. Evelyn shook them off. "I'm all right," she said irritably. "I can walk."

She smiled at Re-Phil, pointedly ignoring Jonathan. "I'm sorry about this. You were sweet to come, Phil."

Sweet, Jonathan fumed. "Here." He handed Re-Phil the handbag. "I'll go bring the car around."

On the drive home his mother and Re-Phil huddled in the back seat. Jonathan felt like he was at work, driving the shuttle bus. He cranked up the radio and pretended to ignore them. In the rearview mirror he could see the top of his mother's silvery-blond head resting against Re-Phil's bearish shoulder. His huge hand cradled her skull, his fingertips tapping out the tempo of the music on her forehead. She didn't seem to mind. Jonathan remembered a game he had played with his parents when he was little, just learning to read. The three of them would lie in bed together and trace letters on one another's backs, underneath their pajamas, and the tracee would have to guess the word. They called it Ticklegrams. He had tried it years later with Farrell, but she was too ticklish; she could never hold still long enough.

They dropped Re-Phil off at his apartment on Sycamore, at Evelyn's insistence and over Re-Phil's protests. He wanted, he said, to come fuss over her—fluff her pillows and serve her hot soup and read aloud to her. Jonathan thought it was the least he could do, considering, but his mother held firm. "Not today," she said. "Maybe tomorrow."

"Promise?"

She nodded wearily. He kissed the back of her hand. *Who does he think he is?* Jonathan thought. *Count Vronsky?* After Re-Phil got out, Jonathan turned to the back seat and said, "You want to come up front?"

His mother shook her head frostily. He shrugged and turned the radio back up. They rode the rest of the way in noisy silence.

AT HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE, HIS OLD HOUSE, Jonathan busied himself making a pot of tea while his mother futzed around in the bathroom. When she emerged, after an alarmingly long interval, during which he'd imagined her hemorrhaging to death on the tile floor, she walked silently past him into the den and flipped the TV on to Oprah. He set the pot of tea on the end table next to the sofa and trotted off to the bedroom for a blanket and pillow. He was gone only a second, but when he returned her eyes were closed and she appeared to be asleep. He tiptoed over and turned the volume down and then collapsed into his father's old La-Z-Boy. Oprah was talking to obsessive-compulsives. One middle-aged Japanese man was explaining that he

couldn't seal an envelope without first checking and re-checking to make sure that his four-year-old daughter was not inside. Jonathan sighed. People were so crazy. He didn't know one person you could call really well adjusted. It was all just a matter of degree, a continuum. Today it was red and blue *F*s on his calendar. Tomorrow—who knows? He got up and paced restlessly around the house. The hallway leading to the bedrooms was lined with framed family photographs, mostly of him and Debra, declining in cuteness with each passing year. There were a couple of group portraits with his father, but his mother had removed their wedding picture, exposing an ugly nail hole surrounded by chipped plaster. In the dim light of the hallway he peered at his watch.

When he returned to the den, his mother's eyes were open. She had removed her suit jacket and was sitting

up, sipping a cup of tea. Her hair was mussed, and it occurred to him that in her satiny black slip she exuded the mature sex appeal of, say, Lee Remick.

"You feeling okay? You want anything?" he asked.

"I'll be all right. You don't need to hang around."

"That's okay—I want to," he said, wiping up some spilled tea with a potholder. This wasn't strictly true. What he wanted was to feel virtuous, beyond reproach. "Anyway, I don't have anything better to do." He meant to strike a jocular

note but didn't quite make it.

His mother reached over and patted his hand, and then modestly adjusted her slip straps. "You really need to let Farrell go," she said gently.

He shrugged. "She's gone." He swiped an old *New Yorker* off the coffee table and leafed through the cartoons. "We're just friends."

"Your father and I tried that—the friends bit." She paused to slosh more tea into her cup. "It didn't work. But then maybe your generation can handle these things better. Do you think?"

Jonathan shrugged. For some reason he was irritated whenever his mother tried to engage him in a discussion about men and women, although he was equally irritated whenever his father refused to discuss such personal issues, which was always.

"In our generation an ex was an ex," she said. "Completely out of the picture. Of course, we expected things to last forever. Whereas I don't suppose your generation ever really expects anything to last." His mother blew on the hot tea, musing. "There's some corollary or something there. Although I can't quite think what it is."

"If *x* equals expectation, and *y* equals degree of friend-



liness with Ex , then more x results in less y ," he said, pleased with himself.

His mother laughed, spilling some tea on the blanket. Hearing her laugh, Jonathan suddenly felt something inside him relax and expand. For the first time all day he didn't feel like picking a fight with someone. "Hey!" He tossed the magazine aside. "I've got a great idea. How about some canasta?" He leaped up and grabbed the cards from the cupboard. "Jesus. I don't believe you still have these." He smiled at the worn faces of Lady Di and Prince Charles on the dog-eared cards that he'd brought back as a joke from his junior year abroad. The summer of the royal wedding. He hummed as he dealt the cards, transported back to a simpler, more lighthearted time in his life—the summer he was twelve, with a broken leg, and his mother had sat by his bed playing canasta with him by the hour. The last time he'd played was right after he and Farrell had started sleeping together. She had come down with mono, and to help pass the time he'd taught her how to play canasta, but she thought it was a stupid game and insisted he learn how to play chess instead. Farrell was an impatient teacher and he was a slow pupil. They fought so much that he finally flushed the chess pieces down the toilet. The evening of the ill-fated birthday dinner his mother had bragged that Re-Phil was a world-class chess champion, which was just one more black mark against him as far as Jonathan was concerned.

As if she had read his mind—it wouldn't be the first time—his mother suddenly stopped arranging her cards and said, "You know, you really shouldn't have called Phil. He had nothing to do with it. You've just created an embarrassing situation. For everybody."

"What are you talking about?" He squinted at his cards, the setting sun shining directly into his eyes. "It takes two, you know. In my generation we males take responsibility. Fifty-fifty." He discarded the jack of clubs.

"What I'm talking about is that Phil Kapischkey and I have a platonic relationship, more or less. Prostate problems. And this medication he's on, well—" she shrugged and waved her free hand vaguely. "If you must know, your father was the one who—"

"Stop! Just stop right there. I don't want to hear this. Jesus!" He slapped his cards down on the table top, rattling the teacups. "You don't have to tell me this."

"And you don't have to shout." Frowning, lips pursed, his mother focused intently on her cards, fussily tweaking them into a perfectly symmetrical fan. Tweak, tweak, tweak. His arm shot out and knocked the cards from her hand.

She sighed and glared at him—a cool, dispassionate, unmaternal glare. "Just what are you so angry about?"

The question surprised him, caught him off guard. He bent down and started picking the cards up off the floor. Lady Di's and Charles's royal smiles seemed to have frozen into aloof reproach. Hunched over in his chair, he

could feel the blood rising to his face, his heart pounding in his ears, as if he were back in high school geometry and the teacher had asked him a question he didn't know the answer to. The loud silence. All those eyes trained on him. Then he heard Farrell's voice—he had broken down and called her in the middle of the night shortly after she had moved out. "You know what your problem is?" she'd asked.

Lying there in the dark, alone, his heart pounding, he had said, "No. Do you?"

And she had said, "Yes," and then heaved a big sigh and said, "Never mind," and hung up on him.

His first response was a sort of dizzying relief. Then, lying there in the dark silence, alone, he could hear the bees buzzing inside his brain. Curiosity propelled his arm out toward the phone, and cowardice yanked it back under the covers. What you don't know won't hurt you, his mother always used to tell him.

He dumped the cards on the coffee table, looked at his watch, and stood up. "Debra will be home in half an hour. If you need anything, you can call her." He zipped up his windbreaker. "Okay?"

"Fine." She shrugged.

At the door he hesitated. "Did he know about this?"

"Your father?"

He nodded.

"I thought you didn't want to know."

He walked back into the room and perched edgily on the arm of the sofa opposite his mother. "Just this one thing."

"It hurts," she said, picking up the vial of pain-killers and prying off the lid. "Get me some water, would you?"

As he shut off the faucet in the kitchen, the phone rang. It was Re-Phil. "How's she doing?" he whispered, as if he were in the same room.

"Fine," Jonathan said. Then, after an awkward pause, "Look. I'm sorry about all this. I shouldn't have called you."

"No, no. I'm glad you did. You did the right thing."

Jonathan could hear a piano rhapsodizing away in the background. Something tragically romantic. Russian. Full of doomed yearning. Rachmaninoff or Tchaikovsky. "Do you think she feels like talking to me?"

"Not right now," Jonathan said. "Now's not the right time."

"I understand." He cleared his throat. "You must wonder, I mean about your mother and me, and I just wanted to say, to ex—"

"Please," Jonathan cut in. "Please don't explain anything."

He hung up and returned to the living room with the glass of water. As he set the glass on the table, he suddenly recognized the piano piece—"Moscow Nights." His sister had driven them all crazy practicing it over and over again for a recital.

"Who was that?"

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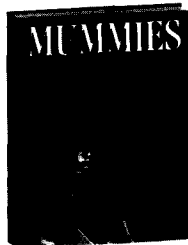
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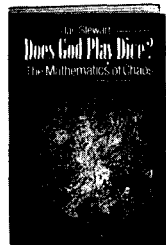
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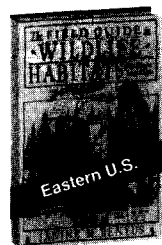
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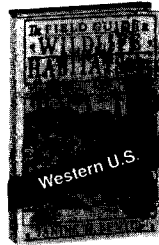
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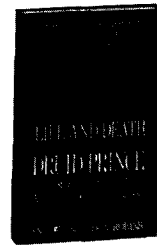
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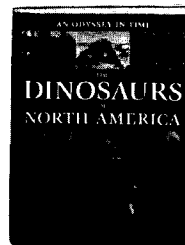
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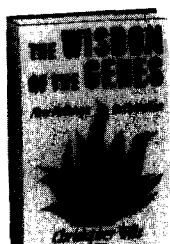
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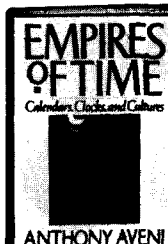
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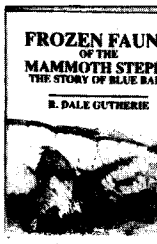
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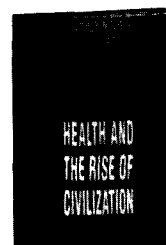
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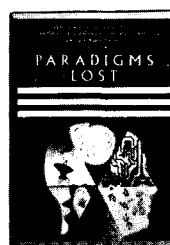
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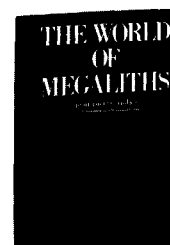
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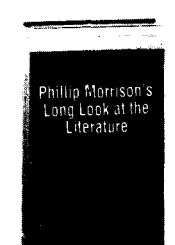
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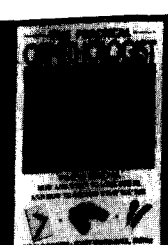
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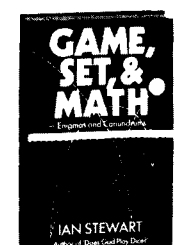
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"Count Vronsky, at your service." He clicked his heels.

"I thought you were leaving." She turned up the volume on the television set, tuning him out.

"I am." He had to raise his voice to compete with the local newscaster's. "But first I want to know. Did he know?"

"Your father?"

"Yes!" He stomped his foot in frustration.

"It's really none of your business, you know."

"I know! I *know* it's none of my business. That's what I've been telling you all along. But since you've *chosen* to make it my bus—"

"No," she said. "The answer to your question is no."

"No? He didn't know?"

She nodded. "It was just a silly accident. We had some financial stuff to discuss and we decided why not try to make it pleasant, for a change—why not do it over dinner? Try to be friends. After all, twenty-six years—" she shrugged. "So, it was pleasant enough. Kind of comforting, really, you know?" Jonathan nodded. She paused for a sip of water. "Afterward he brought me back. I'd mentioned that the sliding glass door was off the track again, and he volunteered to see if he could fix it. We had a couple of brandies." She sat up straighter and pressed her knees together primly. "Your father and I—well, sex was never our problem."

You know what your problem is? He could hear Farrell's voice again. He balled his fists in the pockets of his windbreaker and shook his head, as if to knock out her voice.

"You okay?" his mother asked. He nodded.

"You can imagine how foolish I felt when I found out—like some silly teenager, at my age. Your father has his own life now. With Jennifer." The name of his father's new significant other rolled off her lips effortlessly. No sign of jealousy. "I didn't want to stir up trouble."

"Trouble," Jonathan repeated tonelessly, suddenly recalling his father's one feeble attempt at a father-son talk. They had been in the car. His father was giving him a ride home after a high school wrestling match. It was pouring rain, and Jonathan was depressed and silent, having lost the match. His father, never noted for his sensitivity to mood, chose that occasion to caution his son about the risk of getting some girl "into trouble." He painted a gloomy scenario in which Jonathan dropped out of high school, married, moved in with the girl's parents, worked at a car wash during the day, took classes at a vocational school at night, and crawled home exhausted to a squalling baby and an even more exhausted wife. By the time the Lincoln had sailed into the garage, Jonathan felt like shooting himself to put himself out of this mythical misery. For months after that little chat he couldn't even unhook a girl's bra without seeing himself dressed in sudsy coveralls, hosing down a car.

The pain-killer must have contained some sort of sedative. His mother's head had fallen back onto the pillow

and her eyelids drooped and fluttered. He tiptoed over, turned off the television, and shut the blinds. It was just getting dark out. He knelt down beside the sofa and whispered, "I'm going to take off now. I've got to go to work."

"You know why you're angry?" she murmured.

"Why?" He felt his pulse start to race. He held himself very still.

"You were always like this, always." A dreamy smile floated on her face.

"Like what?" he said.

But she was gone. Out like a light, as his parents used to say.

OUTSIDE IT WAS COOL AND MISTY. THE CLOUDS had moved in. He drove around aimlessly for a while, trying to figure out what he felt like doing. He had lied to his mother about having to work; he had arranged for the night off just in case of any complications. His stomach rumbled. All he knew was that he didn't want to go home. He ran through a mental menu—hamburger, Thai, sushi, pizza—waiting for a nod from his belly. He was hungry but not really in the mood. Finally he pulled into a Taco Bell. A newspaper was lying on the table next to him. As he crunched on his taco, he skimmed through the movie listings, although he wasn't really in the mood for that either. In the booth opposite him a fat, bright-eyed baby held court, propped up in a carrier contraption on top of the table. A little boy about five or six tore off tiny pieces of tortilla and handed them to his baby brother, who squashed them in his fist and rammed them clumsily into his mouth. The boy's older sister was making a chain out of straw wrappers, and the mother stared out the window dreamily as bits of shredded cheese and lettuce oozed out the end of her burrito. She was very pregnant. For the first time, Jonathan thought about the aborted fetus and wondered if it had been a boy or a girl. Growing up, he had lobbied tirelessly for a brother. A younger brother, who couldn't run as fast or read as many big words. He had even had the name picked out: Duke. Duke Levitov. Finally they had bought him off with a dog. A German shepherd. His mother had automatically started calling the puppy Duke, but he had said no, the dog's name was Major—just to let *them* know that *he* knew a dog was a poor substitute for a brother.

The baby started to cry. The pregnant woman continued eating her burrito and staring out the window, as if she were just a stranger who happened to be sitting at that table. The baby cried harder. Jonathan got up and left.

Instead of getting back on the freeway and heading for home, Jonathan cruised along Olympic Boulevard, listening to the radio, pretending he didn't know that he was just stalling, just seeing how long he could put off giving in to his worst instincts. He looked at his watch. Only six-thirty. He wished it were later, after midnight.

For some reason he had this notion (fantasy) that things would go better if he woke Farrell up. Her defenses would be down, and she would answer the door in her flannel nightgown, all warm and fuzzy from sleep, a tender smile hovering on her lips from some pleasant dream, preferably about him, although he knew this was really pushing it. He also knew that Farrell was generally cold and crabby upon being awakened.

By the time he pulled up in front of her building, it was nearly seven. He had been to Farrell's place only once before, and he had taken a wrong turn. He slumped in his seat and looked up at her lighted window for a few minutes, trying to divine whether or not she was alone. Lights were burning in the front room. The bedroom was dark. He took this as a good sign, but as he walked up the front steps it suddenly occurred to him that maybe it was actually a bad sign. Twice he stretched his hand out to ring the bell and then snatched it back. His heart beat like a conga drum in his chest, a crazy, savage arrhythmia, and he thought maybe he was going to have a heart attack right there on Farrell's front stoop. Then, just as he was about to turn and flee, the front door flew open and there she was. In the momentary confusion he thought that she must have heard his heart pounding, like a knock at the door, but in the next instant he noticed that she was dressed up, dressed to go out.

"What are you doing here?" she said. "You nearly gave me a heart attack." She was wearing the dangly silver fish earrings he had bought for her in Taxco. As she spoke, the earrings leaped and shimmied impatiently.

"I was just driving by and thought maybe you'd like to take a study break, go out for a cappuccino or something." Standing there in the dark, Farrell smelled sweet and familiar. He had a sudden intense desire to lick her face, the way Major used to greet him after a long absence. "I've had sort of a rough day."

"I'm sorry," she said. "One of my professors is having a party. I've got to go. In fact, I'm already late. I promised him I'd be there early."

"No problem." He shrugged. "Just an impulse." He turned to go. "You look very pretty, by the way."

"Thanks." Farrell's voice softened a bit—relief that he wasn't going to create a scene?—and she slipped her arm through his as they walked down the flagstone path toward the street.

"So what's this guy teach?" he asked.

"Torts," she said casually, but somehow the word sounded sweet and gooey on her lips.

At his car they paused. It was cooler now—the marine

layer. "How's your mother?" Farrell fished a Kleenex out of her jacket and wiped the thick film of moisture off the windshield, so that he would be able to see. The gesture touched him.

"I don't know," he said, and sighed. "Okay, I guess. Considering."

"Frankly, I never knew your mother was up to it."

"You don't know the half of it, believe me." He was hoping she would ask him what he meant and invite him to come in and tell the whole story, but he knew she wouldn't. Somehow he knew that this torts professor was "the one"—the one he'd been dreading. And the reason Farrell was being halfway warm and affectionate was that she was happy.

"Let's have lunch sometime," she said, as he opened the door of his car. "Give me a call."

"Sure. Okay." He nodded pleasantly. Lunch. It felt unreal. As she turned to go, his brain translated the action into screenplay directions—a little technique he had developed years ago, during a bad acid trip, to take the edge off reality, or unreality, depending on how you looked at it. He was comforted by the illusion that all this chaos was really under his direction.



She leans over—through the open window—gives him a tender peck on the cheek, and runs off. He sits for a moment, watching her in the rearview mirror until she disappears out of his line of vision, and then, slowly, he turns the key

in the ignition. Backing up cautiously, he maneuvers his beat-up car out of the tight parking space. Then suddenly, as if possessed—CLOSE-UP of foot on accelerator—he floors it and the car lunges backward. MEDIUM SHOT of Farrell's crushed body. Something glimmers in the car's headlights near her outstretched arm. Camera ZOOMS in. We recognize one of her silver fish earrings, lying there on the dark pavement like a beached mackerel.

CUT TO EXTERIOR. Mother's house. Night.

JONATHAN DID NOT KNOW HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN sitting there in the driveway. The house was dark except for a light in the bedroom. He didn't know what he was doing here. He had been tempted to follow Farrell to the party and to—do what? Punch the guy out? Kidnap her? He hadn't known where he was heading until he was almost here. In the dim light of the car's interior he peered at his watch, surprised by how early it still was. Surprised that the night was still young when he felt so old and tired. And at the same time young—a small, very old, very tired child in need of comfort.

He opened the car door and got out. The next-door neighbor's dog barked as he walked across the lawn toward the house. At the door he hesitated, wondering whether he should ring the bell so as not to startle his mother or whether that might only wake her up. He knocked softly. When he didn't hear anything, he opened the door with his key. It was pitch-black in the entryway. He flicked on the light and kicked off his loafers. In his stocking feet he tiptoed down the hall and paused outside his mother's room. She was awake, lying in bed watching an old movie on television, her hands resting lightly on her breasts in her flimsy nightgown. In the moment before she sensed his presence, he caught a private glimpse of her that made him catch his breath. A glimpse of her as a woman, a self, apart from him. But in the next instant she looked up and smiled and was his mother again.

"Hi, Mom. What're you watching?" he asked, even though he had recognized the film at first glance.

"*Strangers on a Train*." She yawned and patted the empty side of the bed. "Join me?"

He was surprised that she didn't seem more surprised to see him. Almost as if she'd been expecting him. He padded across the room and stretched out on the other side of the king-size bed. "How you feeling?"

"Not bad, considering." She tugged her conversational-French grammar book out from underneath him and slid it under the bed. Shortly after the divorce she had begun planning a trip to Paris. A commercial came on and she muted the sound. "How 'bout yourself?"

"Okay, I guess. Considering." He rolled over, his back to her, and sighed into the pillow. She picked up his hand and gave it a maternal squeeze. "I'm sorry I behaved like such a jerk," he said. His voice sounded small and wobbly. "I don't know what my problem was. Is."

"There are plenty of other fish in the sea." She slipped her cool, soft hand underneath his T-shirt. "*Il y a beaucoup des autres poissons dans la mer.*"

He flashed on a tight shot of Farrell's hand reaching up to unhook her dangly earrings and dropping them—*plink, plink*—onto the night table beside the professor's bed.

Outside it had begun to rain lightly. A gentle *rat-a-tat-tat* against the glass. He kept his eyes shut tight. His mother's feathery fingertips tickled as she traced the letters on his naked skin. He guessed the words aloud one by one. *Sad, mad, bad, dad, glad*. The soft touch and simple words were soothing—*hog, bog, dog, log, fog*—so, so soothing, like rain, like heartbeats. *Joy, toy, coy, boy*. Her fingers froze.

"It was a boy," she whispered. "You always wanted a brother."

"No, I didn't," he lied. "Not really."

She started to cry.

"Hey," he said. "Hey. It's not so bad." He patted her hand clumsily and handed her a Kleenex from the box on the night table.

"Look at us." She laughed and blew her nose. "Two real sad sacks, as your father used to say. It was one of his favorite expressions, remember?"

Jonathan nodded. On the television screen Bruno, the psychotic, had his hand down a sewer grate, straining and stretching to touch the cigarette lighter he had dropped. Close-up of the lighter with the crossed tennis rackets embossed in gold. The murder evidence. In college Jonathan had written a term paper on the crisscross imagery in *Strangers on a Train*. The professor had given him an A and said it was a thorough and "very mature" piece of work.

"You watching this?" his mother said.

He shook his head. "Not really."

"Then how about some canasta?" She tossed the used Kleenex into the trash basket beside the bed.

"Yeah, sure. Why not?" He picked up the remote and clicked off the television. "I'll get the cards."

He got up and walked through the dark house to the den. Next door the neighbor's dog was barking again. The cards were still out, sitting on the coffee table. He grabbed them and then made a quick detour to the kitchen, where he took a couple of beers from the refrigerator. He set the beers on the night table. His mother had put on a robe and smoothed out the bedspread. He handed her the double deck to shuffle. When he was little he used to love to watch his mother shuffle cards—quickly and gracefully, as if she were doing a magic trick. He practiced and practiced but never got to be much good. The barking next door had escalated into a frenzied, lovelorn howling. A canine aria of outraged loss. Jonathan leaped up, walked over to the open window, and yelled, "Quiet!"

For a moment there was a stunned silence. Then the dog started up again—a tentative whimper at first, then a yelp, then a full-fledged howl. Jonathan slammed the window shut and went back to the bed.

"You know"—his mother paused, cards in hand—"I still dream about Major sometimes."

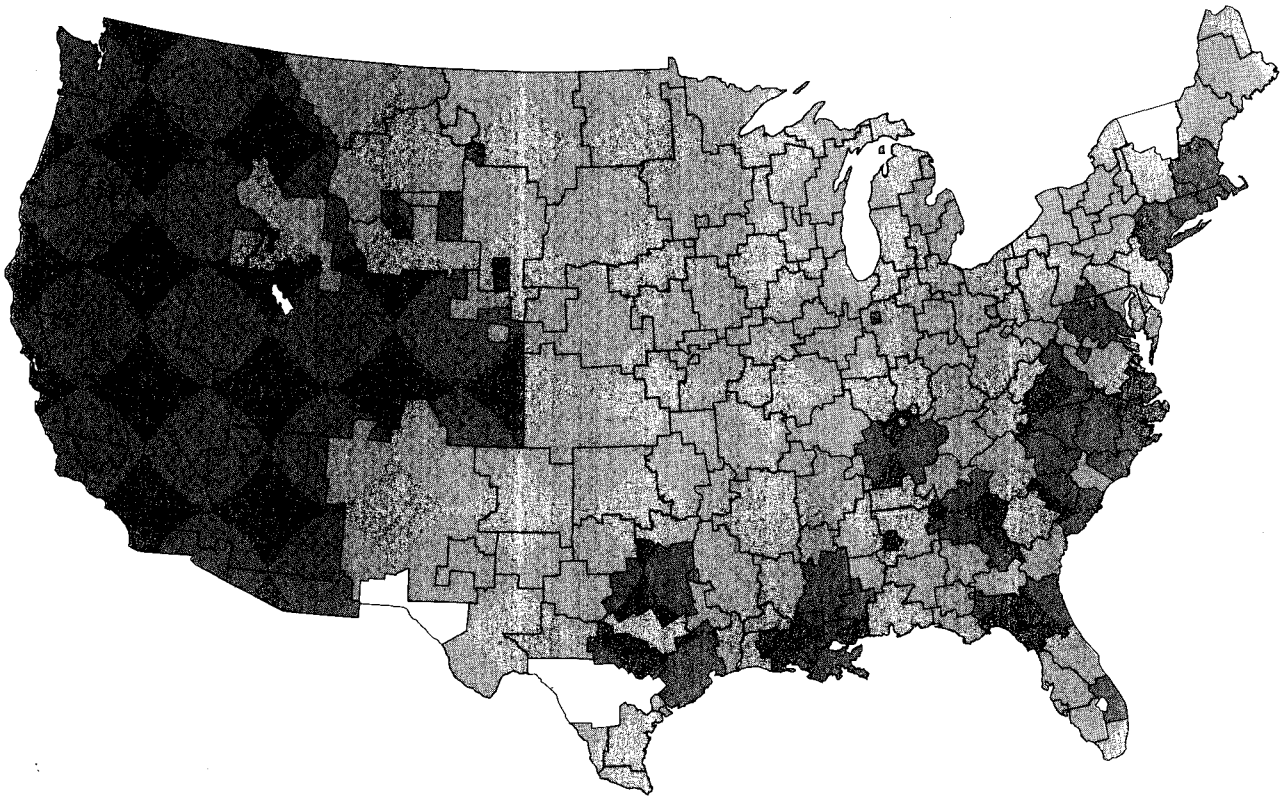
"Really? So do I," he confessed. He had always felt a little stupid dreaming about a dog. "What do you dream?"

"I dream he's still alive." She handed him the deck.

"That's what I dream too," he said, and as he started to deal out the cards he suddenly had an odd sensation, as if he were a ventriloquist and that dog out there were his dummy, whimpering and howling in the night. □

AT LAST COUNT

JAPANESE AND AMERICAN CARS



THE MAP ABOVE divides the United States into television markets (known technically as areas of dominant influence, or ADIs). It shows where sales of 1989 and 1990 model cars by American and Japanese car makers exceed their national averages (64 percent for the Americans and 23 percent for the Japanese).

In an era of mass communications and glib evocations of a "global village" it is sometimes easy to overlook the imperatives of geography. The relative popularity of Japanese cars in America's coastal areas has much to do with the fact that cars must arrive from Japan by boat. The cars are off-loaded chiefly at Seattle; Long Beach, California; Houston; Jacksonville, Florida; Norfolk, Virginia; Newark; and Cranston, Rhode Island. To minimize overland freight costs Japanese auto makers at first opened dealerships in these port cities and metropolitan areas nearby; advertising was at first focused on these local markets. While advertising for Japanese cars is now national and Japanese cars can be bought almost anywhere in the United States, the pattern of buying continues to reflect the initial beachheads.

It also reflects a broad demographic disparity between America's coasts and interior. Japanese-car buyers tend disproportionately to have had some college education; they tend to be affluent, white-collar, and receptive to

new foreign-made products. They are twice as likely as other Americans to have annual incomes of \$75,000 or more, homes valued at \$150,000 or more, and \$10,000 or more invested in stocks.

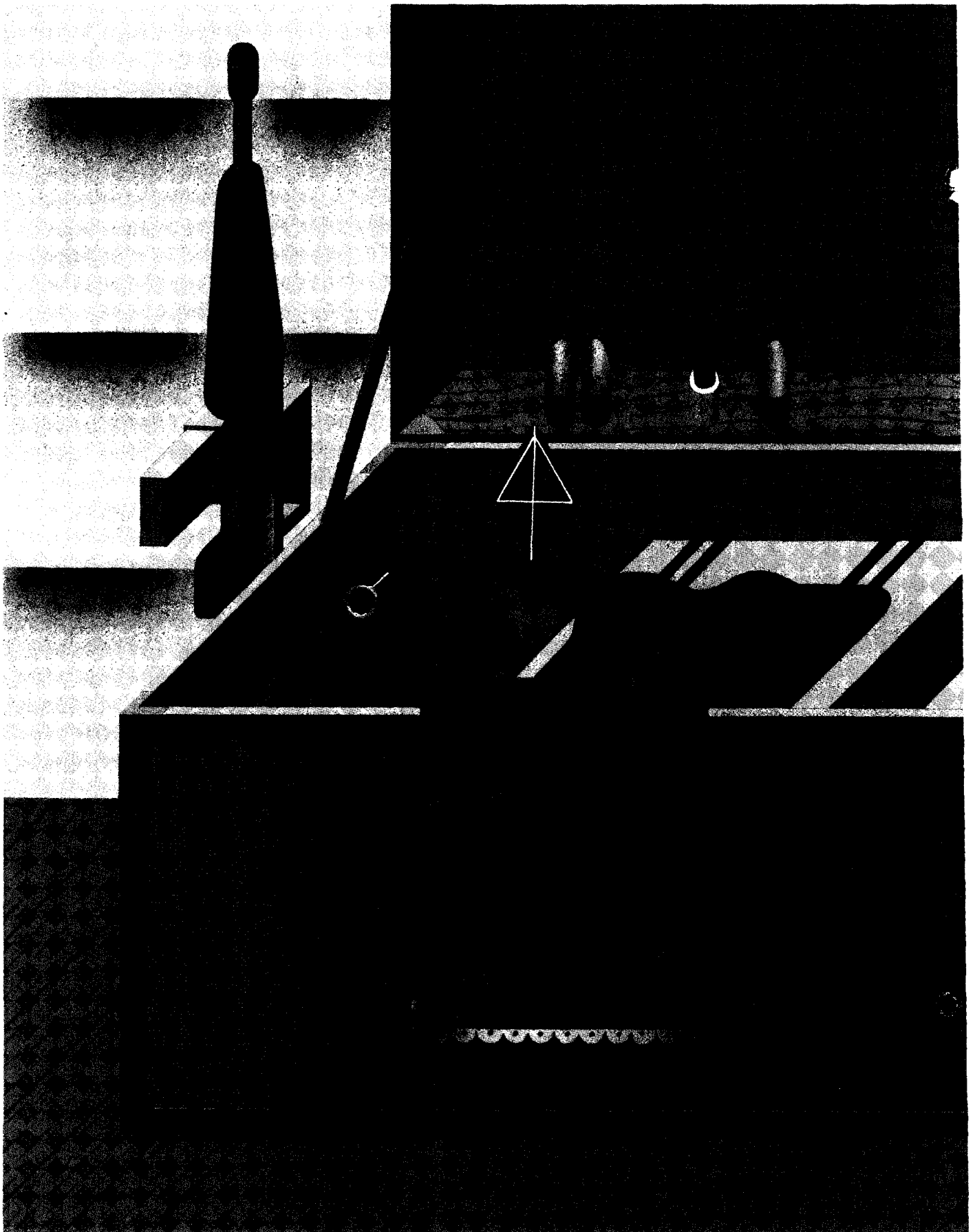
Those who buy American-made cars tend to live in small towns and rural communities where residents share traditional beliefs and value the "Made in the USA" label. These consumers tend disproportionately to belong to unions, have high school degrees only, earn \$35,000 to \$50,000 a year, own homes worth \$50,000 to \$80,000, and work in factories. As consumers, they tend to be loyalists; they invest in their companies' stock, listen to golden-oldie radio stations, and patronize local car dealers who traditionally sell Big Three nameplates.

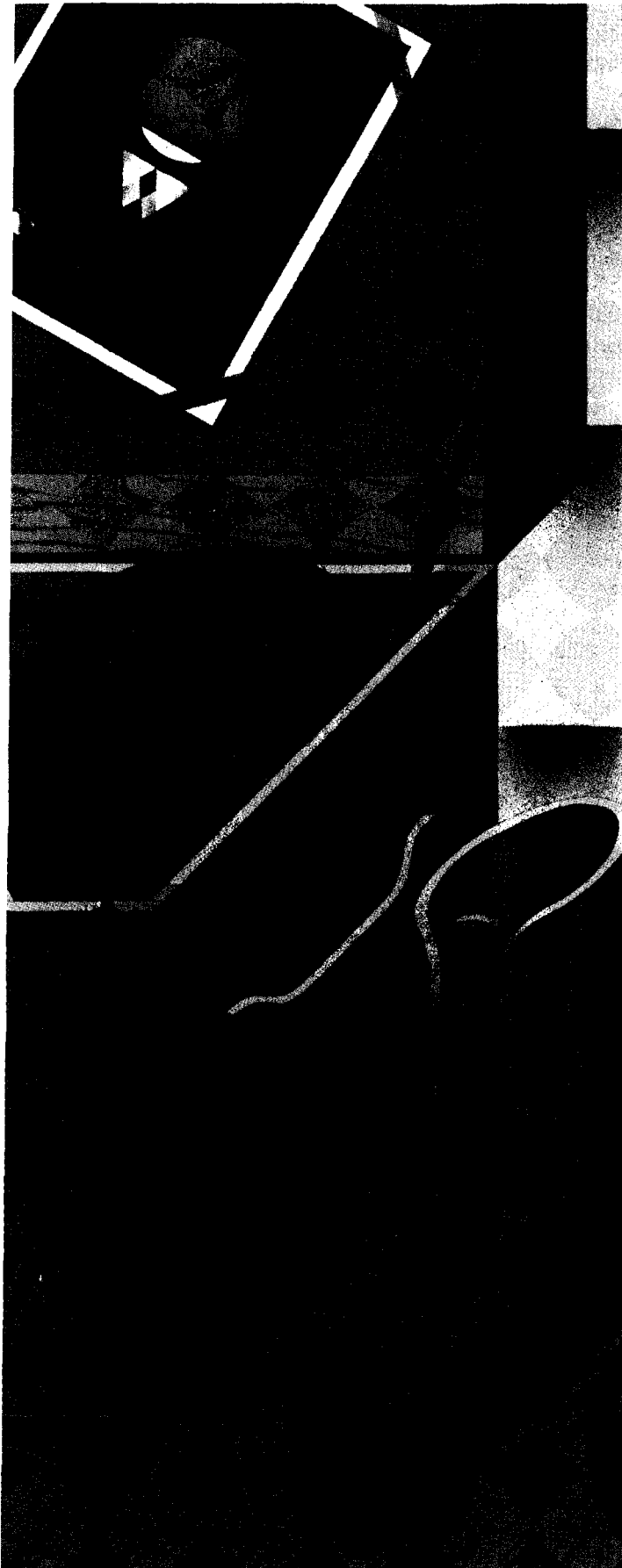
The areas of overlap represent ADIs in which upscale suburbanites and middle-class townies live in close proximity. The unshaded areas represent markets where imports from countries other than Japan (for example, Saabs and Volvos in Vermont, Hyundais in the Southwest) have captured motorists' fancy. —Michael J. Weiss

LEGEND

-  Japanese-car sales above national average
-  American-car sales above national average
-  Both above national average

Sources: Claritas Corp.; R. L. Polk & Co.





*A look at the life, the sentiments,
and the aspirations—including, for some,
combat—of women in the U.S. Army,
the vanguard service insofar as the role of
women in the military is concerned*

ARMY WOMEN

BY CHARLES MOSKOS



AT 0055 HOURS ON DECEMBER 20, 1989, U.S. Army helicopters lifted off from Howard Air Force Base, in Panama, to carry infantry across the Panama Canal. Their mission was to assault Fort Amador, one of the few strongholds of the Panamanian Defense Forces to offer resistance to the American forces that had invaded Panama as part of Operation Just Cause. Two of the helicopter pilots ferrying the troops were women: First Lieutenant Lisa Kutschera and Warrant Officer Debra Mann. Their Black Hawk helicopters, officially designated transport, not attack, aircraft, carried troops into what turned out to be "hot" areas, where the PDF was firing on helicopters. For their participation in the assault Kutschera and Mann (and their male counterparts) would be awarded Air Medals—a much coveted decoration.

At about the same time Kutschera and Mann were doing their jobs in the air, Captain Linda Bray, the commander of the 988th Military Police Company, was directing her unit to seize a Panamanian military dog kennel. Initial press reports stated that Captain Bray led a force of soldiers in a full-blown fire fight resulting in the deaths of three Panamanian soldiers. In fact no human casualties were suffered and what actually happened remains murky to this day. Still, the incident came to be portrayed as the first time a woman had led U.S. troops into combat.

One other incident involving women soldiers in Panama also attracted attention. Press reports of female cow-

ardice centered on two women truck drivers who allegedly refused orders to drive troops into areas where Panamanian snipers were active. A subsequent account put forth by the Army was quite different. After eight straight hours of driving during the invasion, the two drivers became concerned about whether they could continue to drive their vehicles safely. Tears were shed at some point. Fresh drivers replaced the two women. A subsequent investigation concluded that at no time was anyone derelict in her duty, and the incident was closed without disciplinary action.

All told, some 800 female soldiers participated in the invasion of Panama, out of a total of 18,400 soldiers involved in the operation. Probably about 150 of the women were in the immediate vicinity of enemy fire. Owing to the publicity that women performing hazardous duty attracted, the once-dormant issue of the ban on women in combat units suddenly came awake.

Title 10 of the U.S. Code precludes women from serving aboard combat vessels or aircraft. Although there are actually no statutory restrictions on how Army women can be deployed, the Army derived its combat-exclusion policy from Title 10 and prohibits women from joining direct combat units in the infantry, armor forces, cannon-artillery forces, and combat engineers. The Army's formal definition reads as follows: "Direct combat is engaging an enemy with individual or crew-served weapons while being exposed to direct enemy fire, a high probability of direct physical contact with the enemy's personnel, and a substantial risk of capture."

Although many obstacles to women's participation in the military have been overcome, the line that excludes women from combat units has not yet been crossed. None of the women who participated in the Panama invasion, even those who came in harm's way, were assigned to combat units. Rather, they were serving as military police, medical and administrative staff, and members of transportation, communications, maintenance, and other support units.

THE ISSUE OF WOMEN IN COMBAT HIGHLIGHTS THE dramatic recent changes in the role of women in the military. Visitors at most military installations today will see women in numbers and roles unthinkable at the time the Vietnam War ended. Some 230,000 women now make up about 11 percent of all military personnel on active duty. Each branch of the military has a distinctive history with respect to women. The Air Force, which is 14 percent female, has the highest proportion of jobs open to women, mainly because none of its ground jobs involve combat. Although women are precluded from piloting bombers and fighter planes, they fly transport planes and serve on the crews of refueling planes, such as those that took part in the 1986 U.S. raid on Libya. The Navy, which is 10 percent female, did not allow women on ships other than hospital ships until 1977, but

today women sailors serve aboard transport and supply ships. The Marine Corps is only five percent female, because a high proportion of its members serve in the combat arms. The Army, which is 11 percent female, has the largest total number of women (86,000), and is the vanguard service insofar as the role of women is concerned.

My research as a military sociologist has allowed me to observe at close hand the changing face of the Army since my days as a draftee, in the late 1950s. The account that follows, which briefly surveys the life, the sentiments, and the aspirations of women in the U.S. Army, draws upon my observations of Army units around the world but is based mainly on interviews with soldiers of every rank who participated in the invasion of Panama, including most of the women soldiers who were closest to the shooting.



Some Background

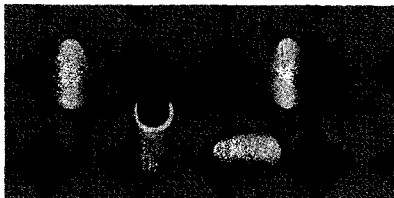
WHEN THE SECOND WORLD WAR BROKE OUT, the only women in the armed services were nurses. But manpower needs caused the precursor to the Women's Army Corps (WAC) to be established in May of 1942, followed shortly thereafter by the Navy's WAVES (Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service) and the Coast Guard's SPARS (from "*Semper Paratus*: Always Ready"). Women were allowed into the Marine Corps in 1943, and, refreshingly, these volunteers were called simply Women Marines. Some 800 civilian women who served as Air Force service pilots flew military aircraft across the Atlantic. The Women in the Air Force (WAF) was created in 1948, after the Air Force had become a separate service.

The Women's Armed Services Integration Act of 1948 gave permanent status to military women, but with the proviso that there would be a two-percent ceiling on the proportion of women in the services (excluding nurses). No female generals or admirals were to be permitted. For the next two decades women averaged only a little over one percent of the armed forces, and nearly all of them did "traditional" women's work, in health-care and clerical jobs. During the Vietnam War some 7,500 women served in Vietnam, mostly in the Army. The names of eight women are engraved on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, D.C.

Starting in the 1970s a series of barriers fell in relatively rapid succession. On June 11, 1970, women were promoted to the rank of general for the first time in U.S. history. The new generals were Anna Mae Hayes, of the

Army Nurse Corps, and Elizabeth P. Hoisington, the director of the WACs. Women first entered the Reserve Officer Training Corps on civilian college campuses in 1972. Much more traumatic was the admission in 1976 of the first female cadets into the service academies. Today one of seven entrants to West Point is female, although, if truth be told, most of the male cadets are not yet reconciled to the presence of women. Congress abolished the WACs in 1978, leading to the direct assignment of women soldiers to non-combat branches of the Army. Today 86 percent of all military occupational specialties (MOSes) for enlisted personnel are open to women.

To put the combat-exclusion rule into practice and minimize the possibility that women in noncombat MOSes would be assigned to areas where they received hostile fire, the Army in 1983 implemented a system of direct-combat-probability coding (DCPC). The purpose of the probability code is to exclude female soldiers, whatever their MOS, from areas where they are likely to be, to use formal Army terminology, "collocated" with troops in direct combat. But once assigned to an area, Army policy states, female soldiers "in the event of hostilities will remain with their assigned units and continue to perform their assigned duties." This is what happened in Panama with the female helicopter pilots, military police, and truck drivers who came under fire. (In contrast, during the 1983 American invasion of Grenada four military policewomen were sent to the island with their unit only to be sent right back to Fort Bragg because of the fighting on the island.) DCPC is based on a linear concept of warfare, as is clear from the guideline that women soldiers not be assigned to positions found "forward of the brigade rear boundary"—that is, not close to the front lines. The coding is hard to reconcile with checkerboard combat theaters, however. Two of the twenty-three Americans killed in the Panama operation were in noncombat MOSes—a medic and a military policeman—as were thirty-six of the 324 wounded. One of the wounded was a printing and bindery specialist. None of the killed or wounded soldiers were women.



A Glimpse of Daily Life

I FLEW DOWN TO PANAMA SHORTLY AFTER THE INVASION and, with the Army's permission, talked to scores of soldiers and investigated their living conditions. The enlistment motivations of the men and women I spoke to differed in important respects. For the typical male, economic realities were predominant. Most

admitted to having seen few job opportunities in civilian life. The decision to enlist was usually supported by family and friends. For many of the men, joining the Army seemed to be the path of least resistance. The women soldiers were much more likely to have entered the military for noneconomic reasons. They also seemed to be more independent and adventurous than the men. Often they had not received much encouragement from their parents to join the service. Many of the men, and even more of the women, were attracted by the Army's post-service educational benefits. For the women, joining the Army was the result of a decision to "do something different" and get away from a "boring" existence in some backwater community.

Sitting on her bunk in an extremely hot and stuffy room in an old PDF barracks, one female Private First Class told a not unusual story: "I worked for a while right after high school and then went to a community college. But with working so much, I couldn't be a real student. I quit school and worked as a waitress at a Denny's. I woke up one day and realized I wasn't going anywhere. There had to be more to life than this. I was afraid I would end up marrying some jerk. The Army offered me a GI Bill and a chance to do something different. My mother cried when I told her I was going to join the Army. But I did it anyway and I'm glad. I won't stay in, but I've seen and done a lot more things than my friends back home."

Many of the women had spent time on field maneuvers, living in tents. Since most of the women were assigned to combat-support functions, they were often able to live in large general-purpose tents. Work sections sleep together in one tent during field exercises whenever possible. This is true whether sections are male-only or mixed-sex. Women drape blankets over a rope between the main tent poles to gain some privacy, although someone on the other side can easily peer over the top. In mixed-sex tents the men generally display some regard for privacy, although not always as much as the women would like. Most of the women sleep in gym clothes or their BDUs (battle dress uniforms), as fatigues are now called. Others become acrobats and manage to change clothes inside their sleeping bags. Almost all the women said they would prefer to sleep in a mixed-sex tent with workmates rather than in a female-only tent with strangers.

Personal cleanliness and hygiene are of much greater concern to women than to men in the field. Even under the tense, busy circumstances of Panama, the women tried to bathe once a day. One young female soldier insisted (wrongly) to me that Army regulations guarantee women a shower at least once every three days. How to wash became almost an obsession for women in the field. One method was to post a guard outside a tent and take a "bird bath," using a can of hot water. One unit moved garbage cans inside the tent for the women to use as stand-up bathtubs. When outside shower facilities were

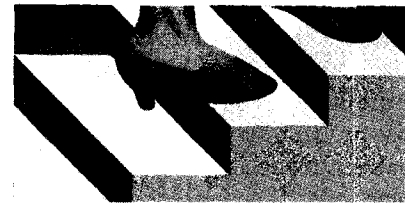
all that was available, women often showered in their BDUs. Female soldiers are expected to plan ahead and provide their own sanitary napkins or tampons. In Panama tampons had to be drawn from the medical-supply system rather than the regular quartermaster system. This created problems for some women in the early days of the invasion. But once life began to return to normal, tampons (and women's underwear) could be readily bought at the post exchange. All in all, menstruation did not seem to worry the female soldiers I spoke with, and it was never invoked as an excuse for absence from work.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT IS ONE OF THE ISSUES MOST FREQUENTLY discussed by women in the military. Enlisted women and female officers differ on this matter in important ways. Enlisted women, like most men of any rank, define sexual harassment mainly in terms of sexual propositions and actual touching. One female sergeant put it this way: "Sexual harassment is making unwelcome advances the second time." Enlisted women also tend to see sexual harassment in almost fatalistic terms, something that "goes with the territory" and is often brought on by the behavior of the woman. But they do not consider every advance to be harassment. Fraternization between men and women among enlisted personnel in the Army (and among Army officers) is as common as it is among students at a coeducational college, and is accepted as normal if it occurs among soldiers (or officers) of the same rank. Most women soldiers who have boyfriends have boyfriends who are soldiers, and the women who are married are far more likely to be married to soldiers than married male soldiers are.

Female officers understand sexual harassment in much broader terms, to include sexist remarks, sex-based definitions of suitable work, the combat-exclusion rule, and so on. Women officers see sexism in the military as something that requires constant vigilance. One lieutenant told me that she found it a "welcome challenge to deal with male chauvinists on a daily basis."

Another form of sexual harassment was mentioned by the enlisted women: approaches from lesbians. The true incidence of lesbianism (and of male homosexuality) in the military is unknown. There are indications that lesbianism is more widespread in the armed forces than is male homosexuality. Defense Department statistics, whether they reflect selective prosecution or not, show that women are discharged for lesbianism almost ten times as often, proportionately, as men are discharged for homosexuality. Accounts of lesbianism were offered spontaneously in most of my extended interviews with female soldiers. My general impression was that lesbianism causes much less alarm among women soldiers than homosexuality does among the men. Whereas male soldiers expressed disdain for homosexuals with sardonic humor if not threats of violence, the women were more likely to espouse an attitude of live and let live.

That enlisted women must face being characterized by many men in the military as either loose or lesbian is an unfortunate reality. These attitudes decline markedly when men and women work together over the long term. Such situations also seem eventually to bring out the best in the men. But sex-related issues by no means pervade the everyday existence of female soldiers. The most common topics of concern and conversation, for both sexes, appear to have little to do with sex. They have to do with the work of the Army and with the good and bad of military life.



Sergeants, Officers, and Enlisted Women

THE ARMY'S NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS inhabit the middle ground between the enlisted ranks and the officer corps. If women sometimes occupy an ambiguous position within the military, female NCOs occupy the most ambiguous position of all. One reason is that there are not many of them: only four percent of all senior sergeants are women.

One Sergeant First Class I interviewed, a personnel specialist, joined the Army in 1972. She told me, "I wanted to see the world, and I sure have—Korea, Germany, and now Panama. I was glad to see the WACs go. There were too many cliques and too much politics. The real problem now is that the female NCO is never taken as seriously as the male. Every time we are reassigned to a new unit, we have to prove ourselves all over again. Our credentials aren't portable like the men's."

Like many female NCOs, this woman admits to having few close friends in the military. "If you get too close to the men, they think you're having an affair. If you hang around with women, they think you're a lesbian. Let's face it, you can't really be one of the boys. The kind of insults men throw at each other a woman can't do, unless she wants to cross an invisible line of respect." The sergeant finally brought up the matter of marriage, which weighs heavily with female careerists in the Army: "I never married," she said, "because I just couldn't think of having children and making a go of an Army career." Only 60 percent of female senior NCOs are married, and of those only half have children. A military career works powerfully on military women to keep them single and childless.

Above the rank of noncommissioned officers in the Army is the officer corps, where today one lieutenant in six is female—but only one colonel in thirty. Only three of the Army's 407 general officers are women. Women of-

IS RELIGION JUST FOR THE IGNORANT?



In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article dis-

cussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

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officers feel the same pressures not to marry or raise children that female NCOs do—pressures that male soldiers do not feel. Many women officers believe that the demands of an Army career preclude having children, and they leave the service. Others make the Army a career, deciding to stay childless. A female helicopter pilot told me, “Having no children is the sacrifice I make to keep flying.” In 1989 among male senior officers 94 percent were married, and 90 percent of these had children; among female senior officers only 51 percent were married, and only half of these had children.

A small but growing group of junior female officers, however, seems to have devised a form of planned parenthood that can accommodate both family and career. It works like this. First, aim to be a company commander, an important “ticket to be punched” on the way up the promotion ladder. Company commanders are usually captains with six or seven years in service, people in their late twenties. Company command is a high-pressure job, but it is often followed by a slack time, such as an assignment to an ROTC position or a staff job in a headquarters command. Women officers are coming to regard this period as the most opportune to have a child.

ALMOST ALL JUNIOR OFFICERS TODAY ARE COMMISSIONED right after college. This contrasts with the biographies of today’s senior women officers, who entered as WACs, often after some work experience. Brigadier General Evelyn “Pat” Foote, who was one of the Army’s most senior women officers when she retired, last year, was well known in the military for being an outstanding and confident professional officer who spoke her mind. She joined the Army at age thirty after a string of white-collar jobs in which, she told me, she always seemed to be “somebody’s girl Friday.” In her nearly three decades in the Army, Foote served as the commander of a WAC company, as a public-affairs officer in Vietnam, as a faculty member at the Army War College, and as the commander of the Military Police Group in Mannheim, West Germany. She concluded her career as the commanding general of Fort Belvoir, Virginia. She has never married.

Foote espouses a philosophy that is embraced by most senior women officers, at least in private. They hope for a future that harks back to an era when women soldiers, in the main, were unmarried, had no children and few outside distractions, and were more committed to military service than their male counterparts. By now, of course, this is simply too much to expect of female career soldiers.

Foote recognizes that many Army women have been able to combine a military career, marriage, and children. She is adamant that there is little place in the Army for single pregnant women and single mothers. Certainly having pregnant soldiers in deployable units is “the height of folly.” In 1988 eight percent of the total female

enlisted force bore children; some 15 percent of all enlisted Army women are single parents. Before 1975 pregnant women were routinely discharged from the Army. Today, although pregnant women are ineligible for enlistment, they can remain in the Army if already enlisted. No one knows for sure, but informed sources believe that about a third of pregnant soldiers elect to have their babies and stay in the Army; the women are granted a six-week maternity leave. Another third have abortions and remain in the Army. The remainder leave the service after delivery.

Foote would “feel comfortable” with a rule that expelled pregnant women but allowed waivers on a case-by-case basis. She also notes the problem of pregnant women who carry on too long with their duties to the detriment of themselves and their babies. Single parents too often present “an untenable mess,” Foote says. “Anyone, male or female, who can’t perform their mission has no place in the Army.” She ruefully notes that female officers were never consulted on the changes that allowed pregnant women and single parents to remain in the Army. The “male hierarchy caved in to so-called liberals without thinking what this would mean for Army readiness.”



What About Combat?

THE VARIOUS ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST women in combat are complex, and the issues involved are not subject to easy empirical resolution. Whether the propensity of most males to be more aggressive than most females is due mainly to body chemistry or to cultural conditioning is a matter of controversy; so is whether male bonding is chemical or cultural. There are social realities that need be considered, however. We should not forget, for example, that combat troops live, bathe, and sleep together for days and weeks on end. No institution in American society forces men and women into such unrelentingly close contact. That women could be killed or captured in war is a specter raised by those who oppose letting women into combat units. Is this really an issue? Female police officers have died in the line of duty without raising any particular outcry. On the touchy matter of prisoners of war, we have seen at least a symbolic change. In 1988 President Ronald Reagan signed an executive order revising the Code of Conduct for POWs. What formerly began with “I am an American fighting man” was changed to the gender-neutral and less bellicose “I am an American.”

What we do know a lot about are differences between the sexes in physical strength and endurance. Statistically speaking, average female upper-body strength is 42 percent less than average male upper-body strength. Looked at another way, the statistics mean that on the average the top fifth of women in lifting capacity are the equal of the bottom fifth of men on the same measure. This means that any work requiring heavy lifting or carrying a great deal of weight—the burden of the combat soldier—puts women at a serious disadvantage. Opponents of the combat-exclusion rule point out that much of modern warfare is technological and “push-button” and does not require the brute strength of the combat soldier of old. There is some truth to this. But women are already allowed in almost all areas of technological warfare, including holding the launching keys of nuclear missiles. The irreducible fact remains that physical strength and endurance are still the hallmarks of the effective combat soldier on the ground; indeed, such qualities may be more important in the future, when we make use of rapid-deployment forces, whose members must carry most of their equipment on their backs.

Experience from foreign countries is not very enlightening on the matter of women in combat. Contrary to popular belief, women in Israel, which is the only country with a female draft, are not assigned to duty as combat soldiers; they played only a limited, mainly defensive, role in the War of Independence, in 1948. A ruling by Canada’s Human Rights Commission last year held that women could no longer be excluded from any military role except in submarines. The Canadian experience has not been heartening for those who seek to end the combat-exclusion rule in this country. Only seventy-nine women were recruited into the infantry training program and only one completed the course. She has since requested a transfer out of the infantry.

For all this, it is probably the case that most senior female officers privately second the views of General Foote on the subject of women and combat. Foote favors opening all roles to women in the Army, even in the combat arms. Being a woman *per se* should not, she says, be a disqualification for any military job. Of course, Foote recognizes the differences in strength between men and women. She acknowledges that few women belong in the infantry, and probably not many more belong in the armor or artillery, but says that certainly some could perform well in those roles, and there is no good reason to exclude women from combat aviation. Her basic position is this: “Never compromise standards. Be sure that anybody in any MOS can do everything required in that MOS.”

The problem with the combat-exclusion rule, Foote argues, is that it “develops a whole male cadre and officer corps that doesn’t know how to work with women.” So long as officers in the combat branches are practicing “a different sheet of music,” she says, they will not know

how to use women to their full capabilities. At the very least the direct-combat-probability code—“the most counterproductive policy in the U.S. Army”—ought to be abolished, she says, because it prevents trained and qualified women from performing their assignments where they are needed.

HOW FEMALE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED PERSONNEL variously gauge their future Army career opportunities makes for differing views on women in combat. Female officers see their career opportunities as diminishing as they become more senior. Without a chance for command assignments in combat units, the women officers believe, their careers are limited, especially by comparison with men’s careers. Although a government study released last year showed that women are promoted at a rate similar to that for men, the fact remains that the combat-exclusion rule precludes any significant number of women from becoming generals, or even full colonels. Among the female officers I talked with in Panama, about three quarters believed that qualified women should be allowed to volunteer for combat units and about a quarter said that women should be compelled to enter combat units, just as men are. A female military-police officer expressed the sentiments of most: “If a woman has the capability and gumption to enter a combat unit, I’d say go for it. Few of us could make it in the infantry. God forbid that the Army shoehorn women into the infantry to meet some kind of quota. But a woman is as brave as a man, and we shouldn’t be kept out of jobs we could do, no matter what the danger. Military women are their own worst enemy by accepting a lowering of physical standards. If we kept standards up, if we kept pregnant women out, then any woman in any MOS would be assigned wherever she was needed when the balloon goes up.”

Enlisted women, on the other hand, are less subject to career disappointment, because their expectations are not high to begin with. Inasmuch as they generally did not see themselves in long-term Army roles, the women I spoke with thought of their service in Panama as a one-time-only adventure. Enlisted women foresaw their eventual life’s meaning in family, in work outside the military, or, if in the military, in relatively sedentary and routine jobs. Among the enlisted women I interviewed in Panama, about three quarters said that women should not be allowed in combat units and about a quarter said that women who were physically qualified should be allowed to volunteer for combat roles. None of the enlisted women favored forcing women into combat assignments. One female driver gave a typical enlisted woman’s response: “I’m old-fashioned. I want to be treated like a woman. I don’t want people to think I’m a man. I certainly wouldn’t want to be in the infantry. A normal woman can’t carry a rucksack that the guys can. Even if we could, the guys would hate us for being there. And, let’s face it,

we would probably make things harder on everybody all around. No way."

There is one area where the combat-exclusion rule is questioned by most women and some men: piloting helicopters. The skills required to fly a utility helicopter to transport soldiers into hot zones are not really all that different from those required on gunships such as Cobras and Apaches. In Panama the skills of the female pilots were acknowledged by all to be at least the equal of those of the male pilots. Even the British high command, that most traditional of general staffs, is studying the possibility of allowing women to train as pilots for Harriers, the jump-jet fighters that saw so much action in the Falklands War. Were women to be assigned to U.S. gunships in future hostilities, however, they would almost surely suffer casualties. Even in the small, short war in Panama four helicopters were shot down and many more were hit by enemy fire.

Two things came out loud and clear in my Panama interviews. One is that the worst thing for a woman officer is to be removed from an assignment she has trained for simply because there is danger. A helicopter pilot told me how she felt on invasion day when she was denied a flight assignment that she thought was her due: "I was insane with anger. After nine years of training they left me out. It was the ultimate slam." The second point is that not a single woman, officer or enlisted, said that she would volunteer to be an infantry rifleman. Surely, somewhere in the U.S. Army, there are women who would volunteer for the infantry. But they were not in Panama.

The Unasked Question

WOMEN IN THE MILITARY HAVE BEEN A TROUBLESOME issue for feminists. Feminists have also been troublesome for women in the military. Most feminists clearly want women to share equally the rights and burdens of service, but many of them abhor the combat role of the military profession and much of the basic direction of American foreign policy, which the military profession serves. That many of those who opposed the Panama invasion also advocate combat roles for women is indeed ironic. Female officers are understandably distrustful of much of the civilian feminist agenda, with its not-so-veiled anti-military content. Even as they chart new ground in opportunities for women, female officers are unquestionably less liberal politically, on average, than their civilian counterparts.

Where mainstream feminists and senior women officers come together is in their wish to do away with, or at least punch holes in, the categorical exclusion of women from direct combat roles. They see the exclusion as somehow precluding women from full citizenship. Following the Panama invasion and the reports of women in combat, the push to remove the last barriers to women's

full participation in the military gained new momentum. Representative Patricia Schroeder, a senior Democrat on the House Armed Services Committee, proposed legislation to set up a trial program to test the suitability of women for the combat arms. Such a program had been recommended in 1989 by the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services. Last April the Army announced that it would not initiate such a trial program. But the Army's decision will not put the issue to rest. As long as there are women in the military, the pressures to end the combat-exclusion rule will remain.

On the surface, the proposal for a trial program sounds eminently reasonable. How can we know whether women will measure up to the stresses of combat without assigning them to combat training and seeing what happens? Admittedly, training is not the same as actual combat, but a pilot program would tell us more than we know now.

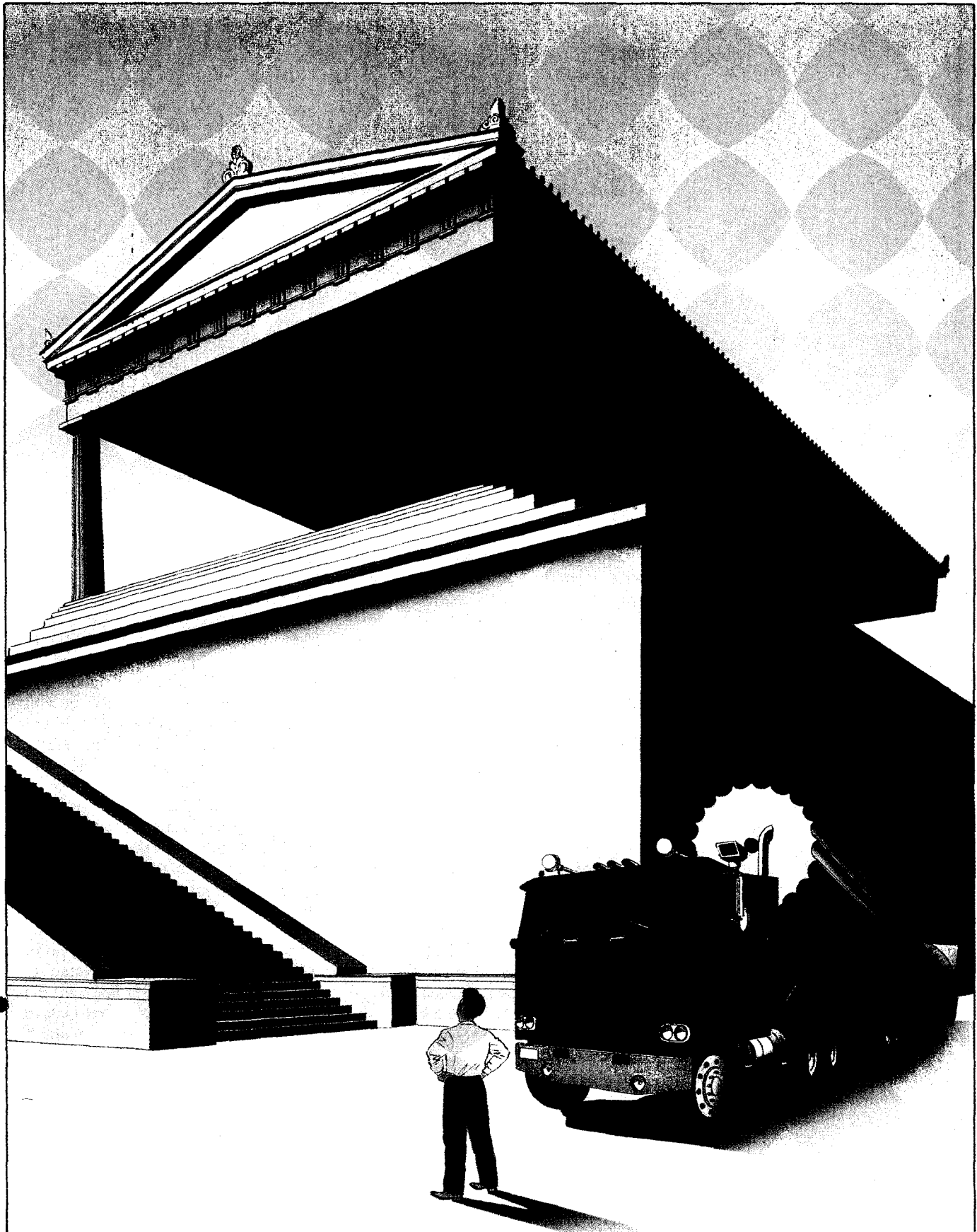
There is another matter to consider, however. Let us assume that the presence of women in combat units can be shown not to affect adversely the combat performance of the men in those units. Let us also assume that in the event of hostilities the death of female soldiers would not cause much more upset at home than the death of male soldiers. And let us assume that a pilot program will be established and that it will show some number of women to have the physical and psychological endurance to perform well in combat, or at least as well as some men already in combat roles. Given all this, the pressure to remove the ban on women in combat units will be difficult to resist. But will allowing qualified women to enter the combat arms finally mean the resolution of this nettlesome issue?

Unfortunately, no. The issue is not simply "opening up" combat assignments to military women. The core question—the one avoided in public debate, but the one that the women soldiers I spoke with in Panama were all too aware of—is this: Should every woman soldier be made to confront exactly the same combat liabilities as every man? All male soldiers can, if need arises, be assigned to the combat arms, whatever their normal postings. True equality would mean that women soldiers would incur the same liability. To allow women but not men the option of entering or not entering the combat arms would—rightly or wrongly—cause immense resentment among male soldiers; in a single stroke it would diminish the status and respect that female soldiers have achieved. To allow both sexes to choose whether or not to go into combat would be the end of an effective military force. Honesty requires that supporters of lifting the ban on women in combat state openly that they want to put all female soldiers at the same combat risk as all male soldiers—or that they don't.

A trial program of women in combat roles which shows that women can hold their own in battle may put one argument to rest. But it will signal the start of another. □

DECORATION

BY GUY BILLOUT





Zum Wohl! Santé!

Two cuisines toast each other across the imaginary line of Switzerland's Rösti Grenze

by Caskie Stinnett

THE RÖSTI GRENZE, in Switzerland—the unofficial boundary separating the German and French sections of the country—begins nowhere and ends nowhere. From the neighborhood of Basel, on the border, near where Germany and France meet, it wanders indolently southward to Sierre, with a number of capricious bends eastward and westward along the way. If it doesn't make sense, neither does the map of Switzerland. A country half the size of South Carolina, Switzerland is not only divided into German-speaking and French-speaking sectors; there is also a tiny Italian district on the southeastern side. If the Swiss have a fault, it is not parochialism.

Rösti (pronounced, and sometimes spelled, *Röschti* by the Swiss) itself is a German-Swiss culinary delight. Shredded potato that has been fried on both sides until it emerges from the pan as a crisp cake, it is to home fries what *crème brûlée* is to Jell-O pudding. A wedge of *Rösti* leaves a diner contented and serene. Why exactly the Swiss should call the dividing line between German Switzerland and French Switzerland the *Rösti Grenze* (*Grenze* means "boundary") I have no idea. But I can't think of a finer name; the connotations alone bring credit to whoever coined the phrase.

Although Switzerland culturally and gastronomically is three other countries, over the centuries (next year is the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Swiss confederation) it has somehow managed to assert its Swiss-ness by selective adaptation, by shaking down its neighbors for whatever purposes have served its ends, and doing it with a minimum of irresolution and confusion. One might think this would result in a subtle cultural blending, but this assumption would only reflect one's ignorance of the people involved. The German Swiss are stubbornly German, if eccentrically so: they cherish quirks that set them apart from other German-speakers, such as a preference for toasting with the phrase "*zum Wohl*." The French Swiss, sharing in the French conviction that anything not French is scarcely worth bothering with, are relentlessly French. This affords an unforgettable experience to travelers with hearty appetites, because two highly diverse culinary philosophies exist within a few miles of each other. The late A. J. Liebling, one of the world's greatest food writers, who lamented that "each day brings only two opportunities for field work," would have found the German-French border in Switzerland very much to his liking. So little time is wasted in travel between meals.

I need to say a few other things about the *Rösti Grenze* before I set down my recent experiences in traveling from one end of the line to the other. The German Swiss and the French Swiss may address a menu in different ways, but they possess the same passionate enjoyment of good food. The Germans are fond of rehydrating with beer and argue less over wine than the French, they don't involve the *maitre d'hôtel* in their discussions, they are more inclined to tolerate fluorescent lighting overhead, and they quite often accept the *prix fixe* dinner displayed on the blackboard. Whether the French Swiss travel with the Michelin red guide in the glove compartments of their cars I don't honestly know, but they act as though they did. Unless the restaurant is an old favorite, they enter with suspicion: the nose is elevated for improved sensitivity to aroma, and the face wears the slightly pained look of the precisionist. An involuntary shudder wracks the body when the eyes alight on the *prix fixe*. To the French this is a line of ready-to-wear, and they want no part of it. Since the *Rösti Grenze* neither follows a well-traveled tourist trail nor passes through many famous towns, there are few large, imposing restaurants along it. Rather, the restaurants are mostly the dining rooms of small, snug Swiss inns, cheerfully



SUPERSTOCK (THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE)

At left: the city walls of Murten. Above: dining on a terrace off the minuscule main square of Gruyères

bright, well-filled and noisy at meal-times, and relatively inexpensive, considering the poor performance of the dollar when it comes eyeball to eyeball with the Swiss franc.

IT WAS A late autumn day and I was in Delémont, a town about twenty miles south of Basel and my first overnight stop along the Röstli Grenze. Basel is a dull commercial city, and I saw no need to tarry there. The Hôtel National seemed to be pretty much in the heart of Delémont, and it was plain but comfortable, with a tiny lobby off the street and a Chinese restaurant that

could be reached from either the street or the reception area. Delémont is as French as Paris—France being just across the Doubs River, no more than ten miles away—and I quickly decided to pass up the *restaurant chinois* in favor of something more native. *The Restaurant Guide of the Jura*, which was provided free at the reception desk, held my attention for an hour or more as I sat in an armchair in my room and studied the *spécialités*, crossing off the list restaurants offering pizza or fondue or *spécialités italiennes*. The list soon narrowed down to the dining room of the hotel La Bonne Auberge, a decision

nervously arrived at in view of the fact that one of its *spécialités* was *flambé*. (At a very early age I learned that any food served *flambé* is more theater than anything else.) My anxiety was heightened when I entered the dining room and found only two tables occupied (a red alert in any country in the world), but I took a seat, and requested a bottle of Fendant, the dry, pleasantly middle-class wine with which all of Switzerland seems to be irrigated, while I studied the menu. Largely because the perch were said to have come from the nearby Doubs, I selected *filets de perche meunière aux amandes, pommes persillées*,



The environs of Gruyères

and a plain salad. Waverley Root, the author of *The Food of France*, which even the French take seriously, quoted a local saying: "A fish is an animal that is found alive in water and dead in oil . . .," and I felt that the small amount of butter in which the perch would be sautéed would not spoil its taste. Indeed it didn't. It was an adequate but uninspired meal, the cost of which, according to my conversion, was \$15.44—and that includes the bottle of Fendant.

The next day found me hemstitching along a section of the Röstli Grenze where even the towns have two names, one German and one French, such as Biel/Bienne, which is on a lake known as Bieler See or Lac de Bienne—take your choice. I had lunch in a German *Gasthaus* near Kerzers, a village perhaps twenty miles west of Bern. I ordered *Kartoffelsuppe*, a thick potato soup, followed by *Schinkenröllchen mit Spargel*—rolled ham with asparagus filling—and a small carafe of Piesporter. This lunch was daintier than it sounds; even the Piesporter was a light Mosel. The big barrage, the heavy artillery, I was saving for dinner.

I seem to recall that Liebling once contended that life is too short for the formulation of dogma where food is concerned, that each eater can but establish a few general principles that are true only for him or her. I believe this. The two foods that I like best, when they are properly prepared—*moussaka* and *Geschnetzeltes Kalbfleisch*—have nothing in common other than that both are most frequently found in humbler restaurants. *Moussaka* is a Greek dish, in-

deed the glory of the Greek cuisine, and *Geschnetzeltes* is a German-Swiss dish of minced veal in a cream sauce, which I have never seen served without *Röstli*. The veal dish and *Röstli* are wedded almost in the manner of lemon and Dover sole. It was with *Geschnetzeltes* in mind that I decided to spend the night in Murten, a small medieval town on the shore of Lake Murten, the population of which is 70 percent German. Such demography, I felt, was almost a guarantee of

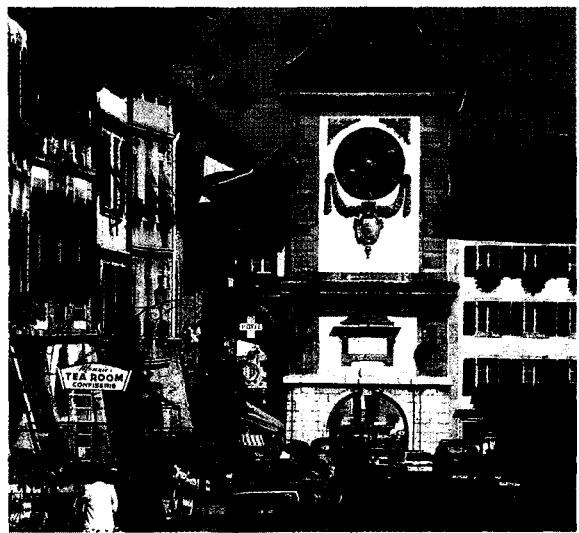
Geschnetzeltes. (The other name for the village is Morat, for the 12 percent of the population that are French; the remaining 18 percent are mostly guest workers from elsewhere in Europe and from Turkey.)

Whether or not *Geschnetzeltes* could be found, Murten/Morat proved to be an attractive lakeside town in what could be called charming disorder: ancient city walls, moats now converted to gardens, small squares with fountains, and the Little Tower, which offered a striking view of the rest of the town, with its patchwork of slate roofs. Walking late in the afternoon along the seventeenth-century arcades of the main street, I came upon the local tourism office and stepped inside to inquire about a restaurant where I could find *Geschnetzeltes*. I was referred to a Fräulein Röstli. (You are justified in wondering if that is a joke, but I doubt that it is a joke to Fräulein B. Röstli, of the Murten Tourist Office.) Fräulein Röstli was lavish with her time, assured me that the Hôtel-Restaurant Ringmauer, off Deutsche Kirchgasse, was sure to have what I wanted, loaded me down with brochures and maps, and sent me on my way with the promise that if she had time she would drop in at the Ringmauer later in the evening to see if I was being treated in the manner that I deserved.

Was she going to call ahead, too, and have me sequestered from other diners who might be vulgarians?

Fräulein Röstli's fulsome assurance that the Ringmauer would have *Geschnetzeltes* on the menu that evening was, to my cynical way of thinking, almost conclusive evidence that it would not. But one of the functions of life is to make continuing raids on predictability, and so I arrived at the restaurant that evening a little early for dinner, only to find the place nearly filled. It was a room that disposes visitors to pleasure as they enter it: cheerful, well lighted, with animated conversation in the air and waitresses scurrying about briskly. From the number of trays of beers that were being distributed, one would have thought that the guests had crawled across a desert to get there. I was seated at a table for two, and at the table next to me sat a priest. Liebling once gave his readers a tip I have never forgotten: If you run across a restaurant where priests or "sporting girls" are eating, it's likely to be good. "Those are two classes of people who like to eat well and get their money's worth." I opened the menu, and the third item from the top was "*Geschnetzeltes Kalbfleisch an Champignonrahmsauce mit Röstli*, 22 Fr." I ordered a bottle of Zeltinger—a light Mosel Riesling—and settled back to enjoy myself. Liebling, it turned out, was right again.

A couple of hours later I walked down the hill to the Hôtel Schiff, on the lakefront. A memory of the spent day lingered, although the stars were out and a partial moon cast shadows on



Murten's Berner Gate and the adjoining arcades

the deserted streets. It was very quiet, with a kind of silence that we have driven from the cities of the United States. Although a wind from the lake banged a loose shutter during the night, it was not a disturbing sound.

SEVERAL DAYS passed pleasantly as I followed the line that had been drawn on a map for me by a knowledgeable Swiss at the tourist office in Zurich. German French Ger-

third of whom are German-speaking. I had been told that the Aigle Noir, near the cathedral, was an ideal restaurant, and, unfortunately, I had been told the truth. I struggled to keep my new vow of restraint, but with the second glass of Fendant I was overpowered. I heard a voice, detached but still mine, ordering rolled loin of veal with herbs, *Reibekuchen* (a sort of grated-potato pancake very much like *Rösti*), and a pastry buried under a Matterhorn of *Schlag* (also called *Rahm*), or whipped cream. This calorific extravagance, together with the wine, left me drowsy and guilty, both of which feelings I decided to shake off with a walk around the city. It is a clean and placid settlement surrounded by green hills and small lakes, with snow-capped mountains in the distance. The drowsiness disappeared, but not the guilt.

After Fribourg everything became French again. Unleaded gasoline, which had been *blei-frei*, suddenly became *sans plomb*, *Blumen* became *fleurs*, and restrooms were no longer *Herren* and *Damen* but *messieurs* and *mesdames*. And I had been driving over plains and flowered pasturelands, but I was now in the Alps. La Roche, Corbières, and Bulle went by, each taking me higher into the mountains. Then one day abruptly I made some dazzling turns and found myself entering the Alpine village of Gruyères, where if I had not already planned to spend the night, I most certainly would have changed my mind and stayed. Gruyères is a toy town and a tourist town, but its singular beauty, nestled as it is in a tiny valley surrounded by high peaks, transcends these two shortcomings. And, of course, it is the town of Gruyère cheese.

The town is so small that cars are not permitted to enter, but I located a parking space reserved at the edge of the village for the Hôtel Fleur de Lys and, toting my bag, walked to the hotel, an old mansion that has been converted into a comfortable inn. Having settled into my room and made a reservation for an early dinner, I went walk-



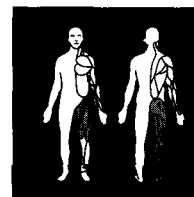
Vineyards and a medieval castle, at Aigle

man French: to dine out this way is a first course in cultural philosophy. The stomach, as much as anything, accurately reflects the nature of a people.

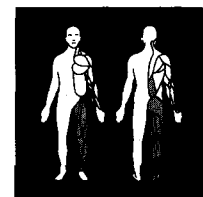
A journey of this kind, because of its self-indulgent nature, could easily get out of hand, I realized one morning as I contemplated breakfast while seated on the terrace of a hotel beside a small lake. Sunshine on a European lake is different from sunshine anywhere else: it is brighter, more intense, with more glare. I was sobered by the beauty around me, and I remembered that before I left home my friends had been tireless in emphasizing the weight I would gain, the elevation to new heights that my cholesterol level would achieve. My vulnerability to temptation had already manifested itself. I placed the menu on the table and asked for a single croissant and a cup of *café au lait*. Not too much *lait*, I cautioned, suddenly swept up in the virtue of moderation.

There was lunch in Fribourg, the only city of any size that I was to encounter on the entire *Rösti Grenze*. Fribourg has 40,000 inhabitants, a

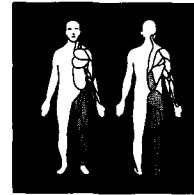
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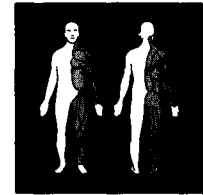
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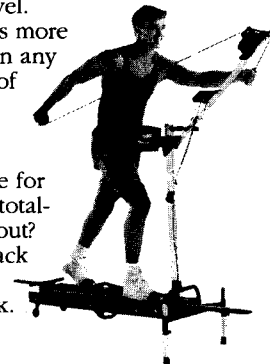
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ing. One can cover the village quickly: a cobbled square, a half dozen or so small hotels, a few restaurants, and some cheese shops. Slightly beyond the village square sits the brooding castle, the Château de Gruyères, which has looked down upon the valley for five centuries. On the terrace of the Café Le Chalet, just beneath the castle, I had a salad of ham, tomatoes, cornichons, and lettuce, with a cup of tea to warm my hands. That night the dining room of the Fleur de Lys was filled with people who seemed to be middle-class Swiss and not tourists. They ate quickly but seriously; this was one of those peculiar restaurants where eating is the reason for being there and an air of dedication prevails. Cheese, of course, was the specialty, and I ordered a *moitié-moitié fondue*, half Vacherin cheese and half Gruyère. It struck me as faultless, and was certainly the finest fondue I have ever been served. The menu contained items other than ones based on cheese, but I do not know if the kitchen worked with equal mastery in other idioms or not. I am content to love a great painting without loving every canvas the artist has painted.

I left Gruyères early in the morning, driving slowly through the mountains, in heavy fog, to Montbovon, Le Sépey, and Aigle, and on to Martigny. At this point, I think, I had left behind the Rösti Grenze; there was French on all sides now. I decided to allow myself a detour to Sion, only an hour away, to see if I could find a *raclette* restaurant that I had once stumbled upon and liked. It was still there—Caves de Tous Vents—proving that a good restaurant in Switzerland has tenure. *Raclette* is simple: melted raclette cheese, very small boiled potatoes, and cornichons. The plate looks stark and unappealing, but the combination of tastes leaves a glorious memory.

Other generations, I suppose, will discover the splendors of the Rösti Grenze, the line of collision between two great culinary dogmas, for it shows no sign of fading. Switzerland, which Charles Dickens once dismissed as a "land of wooden houses, innocent cakes, thin butter soup, and spotless little inn bedrooms," is a land of much more than that. In a strange way the Rösti Grenze is the heartland of Switzerland, where the country's spirit of tolerance persists in a self-renewing fashion. □

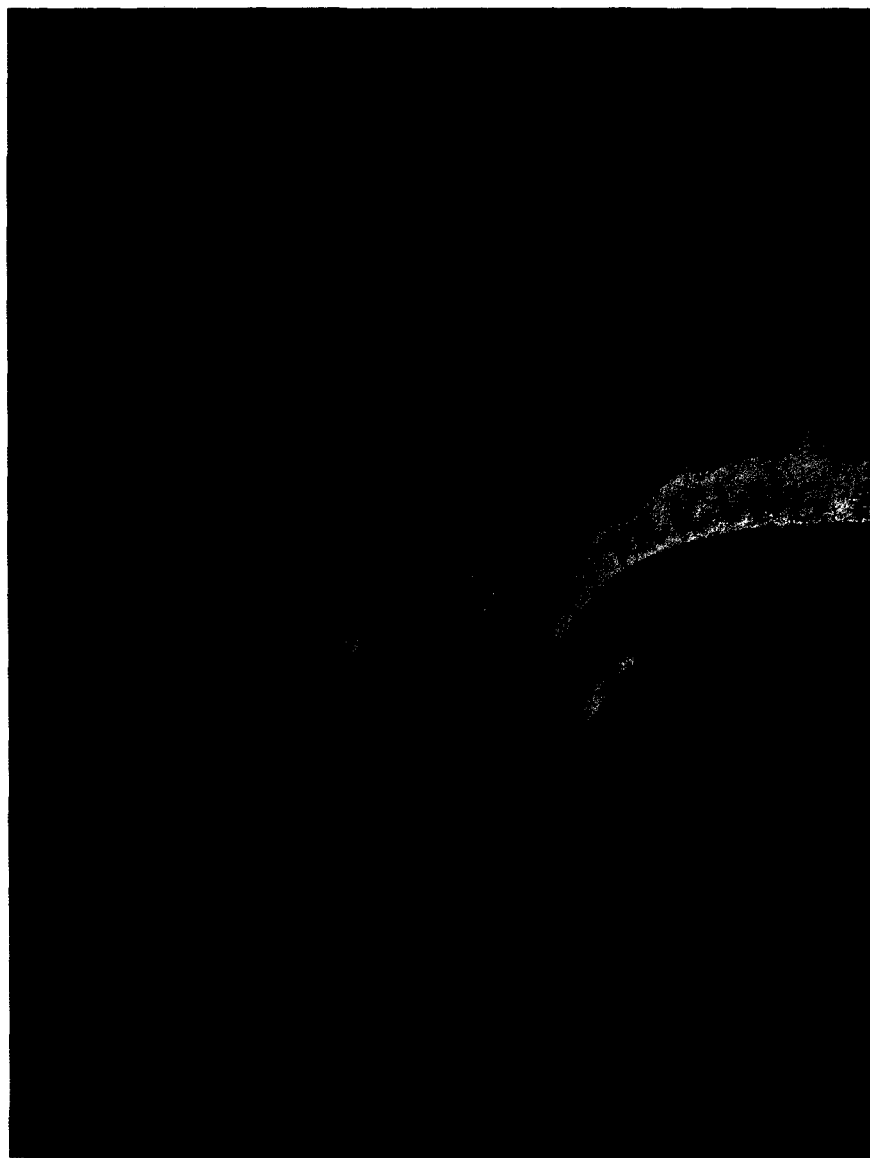
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Music



The Real Stuff in Life

Tony Bennett brings urgency, not nostalgia, to the standards he sings

by Francis Davis

IF IT'S POSSIBLE to seem unpretentious dressed in black tie and surrounded by a chamber symphony on stage at Carnegie Hall, Tony Bennett did it at a performance that I heard last spring. The show began without announcement: Bennett just walked onstage, accompanied by the pianist

Ralph Sharon, his longtime music director, and sang "Taking a Chance on Love." On the line "I walk around with a horseshoe" he pointed a thumb at his chest and lifted one foot off the ground, as though proud enough to strut. He followed with "My Foolish Heart," slowly shaking his head "no"

on the line "For this time it isn't *fascination*," turning palms down on the offending word for good measure. He and Sharon were then joined by the bassist Paul Langosch and the drummer Joe LaBarbera, and eventually by the horns and strings. But in keeping with his self-image as a glorified saloon singer, Bennett stayed close to the piano, sometimes unselfconsciously resting an elbow on it. (Now and then Sharon would play something that let you imagine sawdust and peanut shells under Bennett's feet.)

This ex-

pert but understated stagecraft goes along with Bennett's reputation as a

consummate entertainer who also happens to be the decent sort of fellow you'd be happy to find on the next barstool. Frank Sinatra might own the patent on that persona, but Bennett gives the impression of being that way for real (with his jutting nose and jawline, he even looks the part of best friend, not leading man). He was in good voice at Carnegie, despite what sounded to me like an inadvertent key change on the fortissimo ending of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," at the climax of a far-from-perfunctory medley of his greatest hits. The evening's only real clinker was promotional, not musical. The concert, which also featured songs from *Astoria: Portrait of the Artist* (Columbia C-45348), Bennett's new album, was being subsidized by the Gitano Group, which meant that Bennett had to sing his 1963 hit "The Good Life" to footage of young marrieds and their children romping outdoors in the sponsor's sportswear.

I know that corporate underwriting of live music is a necessary evil at this point (chamber symphonies do cost money), but by presenting what amounted to a TV commercial on stage, Gitano was crossing one of the few remaining lines. It was unworthy of Bennett, and I thought he seemed embarrassed by it. "This is my commercial," he said in introducing "Lost in the Stars"—his third and final encore, after "Fly Me to the Moon" and "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?"—and then explained to the audience that the song was from a 1949

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Broadway adaptation of the South African novel *Cry, the Beloved Country*, and that he found its message of brotherhood still timely.

But Bennett had already given the audience something to think about with "Fly Me to the Moon." He often does this song as his encore (probably because it allows him to

In a 1965 article for *Life* magazine in which he found most vocalists wanting in one way or another, Frank Sinatra called Bennett "the best in the business. . . the singer who gets across what the composer has in

exit after singing the final words, "I love you," and pointing to the front rows), and he frequently asks that his microphone be turned off when he does it in nightclubs. Still, it was a surprise to hear him make the same request in a hall as large as Carnegie.

"Musicians' shoulders go back when they walk onstage there," he told me a few days later, during an interview in his business office, a few floors down from his apartment in midtown Manhattan. He meant that he had wanted to prove himself still worthy of Carnegie Hall, at sixty-three, by bouncing his unamplified voice off its walls.

Actually, there were moments during the song when you could barely hear him, but his lung power wasn't what made the stunt remarkable. Bennett was breaking down pop's fourth wall (how often these days, even in concert, do we hear a singer's actual voice, minus echo, reverb, and artificial sibilance?) and thus exposing his style to scrutiny. I was finally able to put my finger on something I had always thought of as curious: his way of stretching the final words of a phrase while riding up on the notes, a melismatic touch that I (perhaps owing to my ethnic background) associate with the Irish, not with an Italian-American singer like Bennett.

"Ah, that's Crosby," Bennett said in the interview when I mentioned this. "You see, my uncle was married to an Irish lady, and they both adored Bing." Then, indirectly, Bennett pinpointed one of the secrets of his own appeal. "He loved to sing, and you could hear it. That's something that you can't buy. Either you have it or you don't. It had nothing to do with the money he made. He had a natural love for it. Just like a guy in a barroom. You say, 'Come on, sing us a tune.' And he sings."

mind and probably a little more." These words from on high have since acquired the air of prophecy, no matter how dubious they must have sounded at a time when Sinatra himself was still very active.

TO GAIN A MEASURE of Bennett's musical growth over the decades, all you need to do is compare the new version of "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams," on *Astoria*, with the 1956 version, which is included on *16 Most Requested Songs* (Columbia CK-40215), a CD-only compilation of his hits of the fifties and early sixties. The older version's Apache dance of an arrangement, for which Bennett can't be held accountable, isn't the only problem. There's also Bennett's vibrato, which doesn't know when to stop, and his overzealousness in punching up each note, even at the expense of lyric message and rhythmic flow.

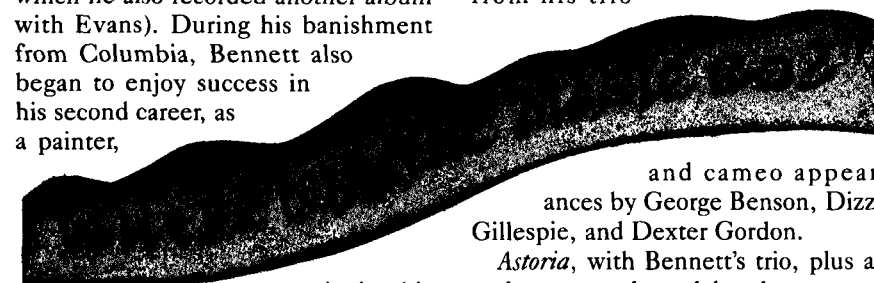
The new version, with spare but effectively atmospheric accompaniment by Sharon, Langosch, and LaBarbera, demonstrates Bennett's mature willingness to let a song breathe. The lower key, although obviously dictated by the singer's diminished range, amounts to an advantage. It's more in keeping with the rueful mood of Al Dubin's lyrics, which Bennett manages to make seem almost worthy of Harry Warren's lovely melody, virtually sighing that silly but delightful line about "gigolo and gigolette." *16 Most Requested Songs* also includes Bennett's back-to-back No. 1 hits from 1951, the quasi-aria "Because of You" and his pop crossover version of Hank Williams's country song "Cold Cold Heart."

On the albums of standards he made with jazz musicians in the fifties and sixties you can hear Bennett on his way to becoming the singer he is today. A reissue from this period worth seeking out is *Basie/Bennett* (Capitol/Roulette

Jazz CDP7 93899 2). Although Basie plays piano on only two tracks, his band is present throughout. Sharon did the arrangements, including an especially lovely version of Lerner and Loewe's "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," from *My Fair Lady*.

But I think that Bennett reached a turning point in 1972, when he was dropped by Columbia Records after twenty-two years on the label, his departure hastened by his reluctance to do more albums like *Tony Sings the Great Hits of Today*, from 1970, on which he interpreted pop tunes for which he had no genuine feeling. At least Bennett was assigned songs by Stevie Wonder, Lennon and McCartney, and Burt Bacharach—unlike his label-mate Mel Torme, who was given "If I Had a Hammer," "Red Rubber Ball," and "Secret Agent Man." When I spoke with Bennett in March, he likened his disgust at being pressured to do "contemporary" material to that of his seamstress mother when she was forced to work on a cheap dress.

Although Bennett was off the hit parade for good, appealing mostly to listeners beyond the usual record-buying age, he continued to fill nightclubs and concert halls. The confidence that he was going to "make a buck no matter what" seems to have enabled him to renew his relationship with jazz, recording an album of voice-and-piano duets with Bill Evans for Fantasy, and two collections of Rodgers and Hart with the guitarist George Barnes and the cornetist Ruby Braff for his own label, significantly named Improv (for which he also recorded another album with Evans). During his banishment from Columbia, Bennett also began to enjoy success in his second career, as a painter,



signing his works Anthony Benedetto (his real name) and reportedly selling them for as much as \$40,000 each.

During the seventies Bennett developed what has since become his most endearing vocal trait: bearing down on the key words of a lyric and sometimes delivering them in what is practically a stage whisper or a shout, like a man thinking out loud while singing *con*

brío. The effect is too fleeting—and too much Bennett's own—to be characterized as sprechstimme or parlando. In addition to making a virtue of the slight huskiness that has crept into his voice with age, it gives his performances an autobiographical depth comparable to that which Sinatra achieved in his late prime, in the 1950s. The most striking instance of this is on his recording of "Make Someone Happy" with Evans. "Fame, if you win it, comes and goes in a minute. Where's the *real stuff* in life to cling to?" Bennett sings, and you sense that the real stuff to which he's holding fast includes the song itself and others like it.

AFTER GOING NINE years without a new release, Bennett re-signed with Columbia in 1986. His three new albums since then have been produced by his son, Danny, and delivered to the label as finished products. *The Art of Excellence* (Columbia FC-40344) featured mostly newer, nonrock songs of Bennett's own choosing; although the emphasis was on such dolorous, overblown ballads as "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?" and "Why Do People Fall in Love," Bennett sang them beautifully. On *Bennett/Berlin*, Bennett did with "White Christmas" what might have seemed impossible, putting the song across with gentle barroom yearning in place of the family-around-the-fireplace smugness with which it's usually sung. *Bennett/Berlin* captured Bennett at his best, with flawless support from his trio

and cameo appearances by George Benson, Dizzy Gillespie, and Dexter Gordon.

Astoria, with Bennett's trio, plus an orchestra conducted by the arranger Jorge Calandrelli on all but two of the fourteen tracks, is what used to be called a concept album: a musical "autobiography" (although Bennett wrote none of the songs) and a celebration of the working-class section of Queens, in which the singer grew up and for which the album is named. (Given this, *Astoria* bears a superficial resemblance to Bennett's long-out-of-print 1958 album

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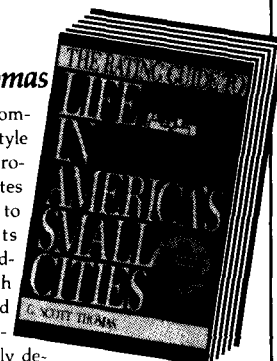
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THE ROOTS OF MUSLIM RAGE

by Bernard Lewis

The struggle between Islam and the West has now lasted for fourteen centuries. It has consisted of a long series of attacks and counterattacks, jihads and crusades, conquests and reconquests. Today, much of the Muslim world is again seized by an intense—and violent—resentment of the West. A distinguished historian of Islam asks: What is the nature of the grievance?

GRINGOS

by Charles Portis

"My friend Louise kept telling me the term 'hippie' was out of date. She couldn't tell me why. These words come and go but why had that one been pulled? The hippies hadn't gone away. There were even some beatniks still hanging around here and there in Mexico, men my age, still thumping away on bongos with their eyes closed, still lying around in their pads, waiting for poems to come into their heads, and sometimes not waiting long enough." Excerpts from the new novel by Charles Portis, the author of *True Grit*.

Hometown, My Town, whose unifying extra-musical subject was the fast pace of Manhattan.)

Although a song from the 1930s called "Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet" ("and treat you in the same old way") successfully evokes the front-stoop culture Bennett remembers, *Astoria* amounts to an uneven collection of vintage and recent songs. The older songs are fine: aside from "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams," the best performance here might be "Body and Soul," if only for the pleading edge with which Bennett renders the line (which most singers find nearly unsingable) "My life a wreck you're making." Bennett also fares well with "Speak Low," "The Folks That Live on the Hill," "A Weaver of Dreams" (interpolating it with "There Will Never Be Another You"), "The Man I Love" (which Bennett sings as "The Girl I Love," using Ira Gershwin's alternate lyrics), and the Billie Holiday-associated "It's Like Reaching for the Moon."

The problem is that while these older songs are about love, friendship, ambition, heartbreak—the works—*Astoria*'s newer songs tend to be about little more than the older songs. This is true usually only in terms of mood but quite literally in the case of P. J. Erikson and Buddy Weed's "Where Did the Magic Go?," whose lyrics pine for "Francis Albert," "The King of Swing," and "Dorsey's sound," along with "Spencer playing Katharine's beau" and "Fred and Ginger dancing slow." (The lyrics also rhyme "Hemingway" and "Courvoisier," reducing educated taste in literature, movies, and song to consumerism with class.) Bennett puts the song across with such snap that I find myself humming along despite myself. I suppose that what really bothers me is that songs like this provide ammunition for those who dismiss Bennett and the songs he does best as irrelevant to contemporary life.

"All this music is written and sung in the style that dominated popular music before rock & roll—which also means before the '60s, before feminism, before what we've come to accept as the dawn of modern life," Greg Sandow complained in his review of *Astoria* in *Entertainment Weekly*.

Men, in those days, were men; marriage was forever; woman comforted

men and cooked their meals. No, Bennett never explicitly sings that here. But every time he does sing about marriage . . . the very sound of his music drags me back to an age when wives were expected to spend their time keeping house. And that, I'm afraid, tells me why the classic American popular song might be going out of style.

To spot the illogic in Sandow's argument, you don't need to know that he's a music critic (arguably the best ever on the subject of classical avant-garde) who now writes with a convert's zeal about rap and heavy metal, genres whose lyrics hardly tend to be enlightened in their view of women. Sandow is forgetting that music and the emotions it calls into play don't have to be raw in order to be real. He's also not giving Bennett—who is twice divorced and a product of the ethnic working class—credit for realizing that life doesn't always work out the way it did in the great old songs, and for knowing that that might be the best reason to go on singing them.

Some of Bennett's supporters don't help him any. "All of this only two years ago, right out there, front and center, on a Bruce Springsteen planet," Jonathan Schwartz, a writer and radio personality with a past as a progressive-rock disc jockey to recant, wrote in praise of *Bennett/Berlin* in *Wigwag* last year. Bennett's own pronouncements often don't help either. In summing up the difference between rock and his kind of pop, he said, "One is marketing, the other is good music."

Why should it be necessary to choose between Tony Bennett and Bruce Springsteen? Bennett conveys as much urgency, although it's of a different sort. Often written about as though he were Sinatra's exact contemporary, he is eleven years younger, the difference of at least a generation in pop. The lost magic that Bennett mourns on *Astoria* was already vanishing by the time he began his career: jazz and pop were no longer close kin, Broadway and Hollywood were entering what everybody must have sensed would be their last decade of providing durable new songs, and rock-and-roll was just around the corner. Forty years later Bennett has become the best singer of his kind, but he must sometimes feel like an ambassador from a country that's fallen off the map. □

Books

Who Really Killed Jesus?

by Anthony Burgess

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF JESUS
by Weddig Fricke.
Grove Weidenfeld, \$18.95.

WEDDIG FRICKE WAS from 1970 to 1974 the court-appointed defense counsel for a Nazi criminal tried before the Freiberg court of assizes. The charge was the shooting to death of eight Jews in the ghetto of Czestochowa, back in 1942. The accused, once a policeman, was now a master locksmith, good husband, revered grandfather—the very model of a modern West German democrat. For all that, murder is murder and will out. The accused was sentenced to life imprisonment.

What reformed and cleansed Germany calls murder was not murder during the Nazi regime. The good citizen of today was a good citizen then, but the conditions of good citizenship were different. It was not unvirtuous to pretend you didn't know that your country had embarked on a program of mass murder. Anti-Semitism was decreed by the state, and the state knew best. Although anti-Semitism was given a bogus philosophical basis in Germany and a political one in the Islamic countries, the anti-Semitism of the Christian countries is a private-sector matter and is never justified in terms other than those of bestial prejudice. But, unfortunately, it seems to have a theological mandate. When I was a boy in Manchester, a Saturday-night brawl could always be fomented in the Jewish quarter by a Gentile lout crying, "Who killed Christ?"

Now, it can be said against a book that sets out to exonerate the Jews from this infamous blood libel that it is a redundant enterprise, the Christian churches having abandoned their former vile teaching. In addition, it can be said against Herr Fricke that, de-

spite the scholarly fragrance of his name and the fifty pages of notes that follow on his text, his book will not pass muster with biblical scholars: he is not sufficiently inward with their work to attain authority.

As to the first charge, it's true that there would appear to be no urgent need to defend the Jews from an accusation that the official Christian churches are now ashamed of having leveled in the past. Still, there can be no doubt that the blood libel has been the catalyzing ingredient in historical anti-Semitism, and it may be doubted whether the collective unconscious of Christians has been wholly purged of the old taint. At all events, correcting the fetid brew of hatred and ignorance on which anti-Semitism is based is never an idle occupation. In contemporary Europe this hoary curse seems indeed to have taken on new life. Who knows how much the farrago about killing Jesus has contributed to the current outbreak? The workings of the prejudiced mind are among the least-investigated phenomena of our time. Far from being a figment, therefore, Herr Fricke's straw man may be Truth itself in the besotted minds of the thugs who tumble over Jewish graves and emblazon yellow Stars of David on the windows of Jewish shops. Er-

ror is obdurate: rooted in folkways untouched by the light of reason and laughably immune from doctrinal correction.

The second charge against Herr Fricke's book is that it is fundamentally the work of an amateur. This cannot be denied. But one has to come to a preliminary understanding with a book in order to read it. One has to accept its genre. It is unfair—and unsophisticated—to demand of a detective fiction the exhaustive moral imagination that one demands of that serious branch of letters to which we accord the honorific "literature." Similarly with Herr Fricke. His book belongs to the kind of quasi (some would say "crypto") scholarship popularized by *The Passover Plot*. I do not myself object to such writings. An indulgence of amateur scholarship, I might say, is as English as a stadium riot. Readers with more knowledge of the field of biblical exegesis than I possess (they are legion) may well object to what Herr Fricke is about. I find his truth-claims at any rate plausible, and I deeply approve of the moral bearing of his book. "We are perpetually moralists," Dr. Johnson reminded us, "but we are geometers only by chance." The relevant geometers will not be pleased by Herr Fricke.



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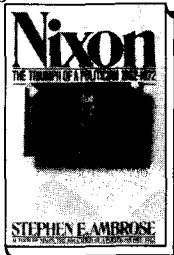
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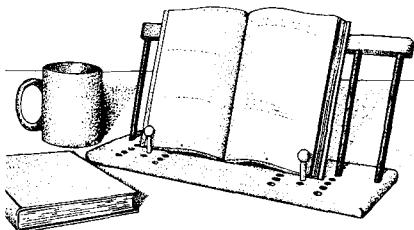
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FRICKE'S TITLE is, he admits, more sensational than accurate: Jesus, a civilian, was not subject to military jurisdiction. But he was arraigned as a criminal in a Roman colony controlled by a Roman garrison, and the only judicial procedure available was the short trial that preceded the foregone conclusion of the summary chop. This is Fricke's thesis. Despite the scriptural evidence, he contends, the Sanhedrin, in Jerusalem, had nothing to do with the crucifixion.

Some years ago I was commissioned to write the scenario for a television series called *Jesus of Nazareth*. Rereading the synoptic Gospels (those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke), I grew increasingly disturbed at inconsistencies, contradictions, improbabilities, that no contemporary novelist could get away with. To reread John's Gospel was to encounter a romantic fantasy that might make a good symphonic poem but could never be converted into television realism. The point of creating a television series on the life of Jesus was to stress historicity and muffle the purely mythical. John is all myth; his fellow evangelists are good propagandists but bad reporters. Written long after the death of their hero, the Gospels are concerned with stressing the Pauline division between the old faith and the new. Jesus is no longer a true Jew. The true Jews have sinned in rejecting his message and his messiahship. Historical actuality or probability has to be distorted in order to show the Jews in the worst light possible.

Who arrested Jesus in Gethsemane? Not the Jewish Temple guards, Fricke says. If Peter had cut off an ear, they would have been quick to arrest him. Romans would have seen it as just another vaguely comic Jewish act of violence, best ignored. Again, the Temple guards knew Jesus well; they would not have needed the identificatory kiss of Judas. The Romans hardly knew him at all, and would have had to ask which of these bearded vagabonds he was. It was a Roman arrest, and it is unlikely that the troops of Pontius Pilate would have marched their captive off to a preliminary confrontation with a sleepy Sanhedrin. Why sleepy? It was the middle of the night, and at least four statutory cups of wine had been downed at the paschal seder.

If the Sanhedrin had found Jesus guilty of blasphemy—the only viable

charge—they had their own means of lethal retribution at hand. After all, Stephen, the protomartyr, was to be stoned to death for denying the holiness of the Temple, with Saul (later Paul), the potential creator of Christianity, holding the coats of the stoners. The high priest, Fricke observes, had no need to send Jesus off for Roman execution on the grounds that the colonized Jews lacked the legal right to exact the death penalty. The notion of pagan officials eager to punish a Jewish blasphemer is bizarre. The Jewish faith was tolerated because it seemed like nonsense; the only colonial crimes that counted with the Romans were disaffection with the rule of Caesar, political rioting, violence against the occupying power. Pontius Pilate probably saw Jesus not as a dangerous zealot but as one of the numerous vagabond kings who disrupted order with their constructively incendiary teaching. Best to get him up there on a cross with another couple of minor miscreants—a sign to the Passover crowds that Roman justice still proceeded despite what the Jews called a holy festival. Holy my Roman foot.

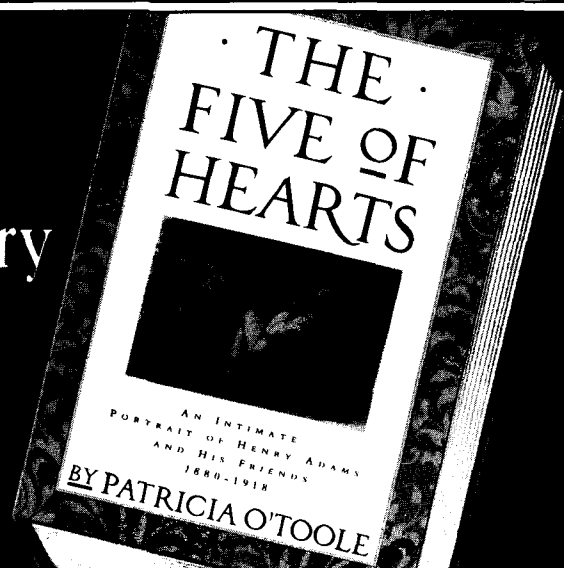
Pontius Pilate is revered as a saint by the Abyssinian Copts, a man who vaguely saw the Christian light: he found no fault in Jesus but merely yielded to the demands of a quarrelsome subject people. He may, with his two memorable dicta "What is truth?" and "What I have written I have written," be the patron saint of all authors, but Roman records show no evidence of sanctity, or even plain secular virtue. He was a protégé of Sejanus, who murdered the Emperor's son and was duly executed; he tried to show loyalty to Tiberius by being an exacting and brutal procurator. He was a notorious anti-Semite. His putting down of a Samaritan protest, along with lavish robbery of the Temple, went too far for his boss in Syria. He was just the sort of man to make short work of a Galilean troublemaker. Jesus' Galilean origin was suspect in itself: the geographic term had become a synonym for *sicarius*, or throat-cutting zealot. Jesus' crucifixion was a wholly Roman act, as was the summary judgment that preceded it. The Jews would not have been pleased. To nail a fellow Jew to a tree was to degrade the whole people. It was a punishment meted out only to the lowest order of criminals.

REWriting the story of Jesus' passion and death, which Fricke has done with a wealth of justificatory documentation, entails the re-writing of the whole Christian biography. Or, rather, it entails the liquidation of the biography sanctified alike by the pope in Rome and the bellwethers of American fundamentalism. I had enough trouble with some of these latter when, in *Jesus of Nazareth*, I presented Jesus carrying not an entire cross but a mere crosspiece. The Christology of the faithful must not be disturbed by the intrusion of historical fact. The fundamentalists of all persuasions are going to be very annoyed with Fricke (and probably with his excellent translator, Salvator Attanasio). Not even the Resurrection, that cornerstone of the faith, is immune from his skepticism and that of the greater scholars he cites. If Jesus rose again after his crucifixion, it may well have been as a man in severe pain but—limbs unbroken, deposed from the cross with some urgency—not yet dead. Many will find it less hard to accept that Jesus, called Rabbi, had to be married to merit the title; a celibate Galilean of thirty would be an improbability too great to go unmentioned in the Gospel narratives. Fricke's Jesus is not the God-man of the Christologists.

What is he, then, besides being a minor menace to the Roman state speedily dispatched by an irritable procurator? He is an itinerant preacher well versed in the Torah, somewhat unorthodox in his indifference to his mother (no virgin) and his affection for prostitutes, witty, quick on the draw in debate, a respecter of social inequalities, above all a Jew who urged his coreligionists to reform their lives in view of the approaching end of the world. The Jesus of the Church or the churches is, thinks Fricke, a Pauline fabrication. The dissemination of his Word to the pagan world was never Jesus' intention. Like Pilate himself, he had enough to do dealing with the intransigent Jews.

This book, naturally enough, presents nothing new. But it does present with a fresh urgency a matter unlikely to be taken up by the guardians of Christian orthodoxy. We cannot continue to accept the New Testament as, so to speak, gospel truth. It is unjust to the Jews to continue to fasten a false two-thousand-year-old charge to them.

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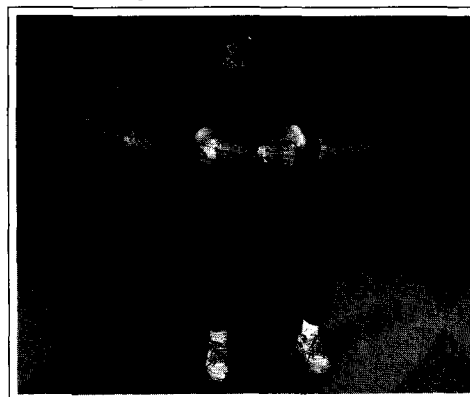
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It is unjust to historical fact to soften it with myth and fairy-tale embellishments. Yielding to historicity will not, by a kind of divine paradox, explode either Jesus' personality or his message. Let us suppose that Jesus never really existed but was merely a sort of super-Shakespearean creation armed with some of the best lines in all literature and certainly the most humane philosophy since Socrates. It is, surely, the message that counts, and this does not have to be sponsored by superhuman authority. Everything in Jesus' life as we know it makes sense in the covenant of the imagination, but the message is justified by its evident applicability to the hate-filled mess of human life. That so much of this hate has been directed toward the Jews cries to heaven for vengeance. It is monstrous that the sacred book of the Christians should abet it. Weddig Fricke, whose country's history has thrown up so many monsters, is proposing a final lustration. □

Brief Reviews



CUTTING HILL by Alan Pistorius. Knopf, \$18.95. Mr. Pistorius proposes to enlighten urban readers on the reality of farming life, because he believes that the majority of such people think of farming in mythic terms, either as "the repository of all virtues" or as "a ruinous routine . . . most dangerous to mental integrity." His method is to record events on a Vermont farm, from May fence-mending (old posts, new posts, convenient trees, and any wire that comes handy) to sugaring off (with a low yield) the following April. The Treadway place is a dairy farm, but cows eat, which means that the family must raise and harvest fodder (the silo is a devil to manage), maintain machinery (a lot of it, and most pieces sporadically malfunctioning), and move animals in and out of the barn or from one pasture to another. Cows are stupid

and heifers prone to hysterics. Milking machinery requires antiseptic cleanliness. Officials drop in with needlessly complicated regulations and absurd suggestions. The Treadways serve in the volunteer fire department and on the highway rescue squad. The weather, like all New England weather, falls, sooner or later, under Murphy's Law. Far from being a mind-deadening routine, farming Treadway-style is a roller-coaster ride from one crisis to the next. It is, however, conducted amid fine scenery and birdsong, and with solid family cooperation. Mr. Pistorius admires the Treadways, and so should his readers.

NIGHT AND FOG by Arne Brun Lie with Robby Robinson. Norton, \$18.95. Mr. Lie was a teenage member of the Norwegian Resistance, so recently recruited that he had never actually done anything, when he was turned out of bed in Oslo and, after beatings and abuse, shipped off to a series of death camps in Germany. He survived—the only one of his particular group to do so—and for years suppressed the memory of what he had seen and endured. The memories eventually surfaced in screaming nightmares, which worried him when he undertook to sail his boat *Tresbelle* from Boston to Oslo. What would his two young companions make of the racket? It was this mundane embarrassment, and the sympathetic interest of Tone and Chris, that enabled him at last to face and report the horrors of starvation, filth, and macabre brutality which the Nazis inflicted on the prisoners whom they called "the already dead." The text shifts back and forth from normality on the *Tresbelle* to Mr. Lie's sharp, terrifying recollections, and the contrast effectively underscores the insane savagery of the Nazi world and the eerie poetry of the narrator's dreams.

SECRET LIVES by Max Egremont. Dutton/William Abrahams, \$17.95. There are four principal characters in Lord Egremont's novel—a married couple, a homosexual art expert, and a young man who restores paintings. The content of the story, aside from some deadpan social satire, is the erotic or sentimental fantasies of two of these people, the possible fantasies of a third, and the complete impenetrability of the fourth, whose fantasies would presum-

ably be the oddest of the lot. The tale is, in short, an ingenious, provocative psychological teaser.

D. H. LAWRENCE: A BIOGRAPHY by Jeffrey Meyers. Knopf, \$24.95. A very frail child, Lawrence became the darling and confidant of his mother, a self-righteous, phony-genteel woman bitterly resentful of a marriage that she considered beneath her station. She taught her son to despise his lively, independent coal-miner father, although, as that trade went at the turn of the century, Lawrence Senior did well. It was a situation almost guaranteed to produce peculiar character in the son of the mismatched couple, and it did. It was not guaranteed to produce a courageous and innovative author, but it did that too. It also provided that author with certain basic notions and ideals concerning sexual and social relations, and these, as Mr. Meyers demonstrates, he reworked and revised throughout his basically autobiographical fiction. Mr. Meyers has collected a considerable amount of new material on his subject's background and activities, and while it does not seriously alter the standard view of Lawrence as a man whose attacks on what he considered a sexually frigid, mechanical, hypocritical society kept him in hot water with the authorities, it adds much to one's understanding of the forces that impelled him to write, and to live, as he did. Mr. Meyers has created an excellent biography of a very complicated man.

THOMAS HART BENTON by Henry Adams. Abbeville, \$49.95. "Drawing from Life" is the subtitle of this engaging study of Benton's lifelong addiction to drawing and of how his drawings related to and underlay his painting. "Benton was a small man . . . who liked to paint big," or, as the artist himself put it, "I paint murals because I can include more stuff in them." The "stuff" was anything that caught his eye and interest in his wanderings about the country. Forthrightly sketched on the spot, the items later found their way, often far from home, into Benton's elaborate murals. Mr. Adams's text lucidly explains the process, and the book's handsome illustrations confirm the pattern.

THE NILE photographs by Kazuyoshi Nomachi, introduction by Geoffrey Moorhouse. Little, Brown/Bulfinch, \$40.00.

Mr. Nomachi made his way to the source of the White Nile, in a gully in Burundi, where the spring is locally known as "the gusher." He photographed scenes along the river from that below-the-equator spot to the Mediterranean coast—more than 4,000 miles of differing terrains and peoples—and covered the Blue Nile as well. The pictures are superb and sometimes startling but never condescending or merely picturesque. The captions are not always as informative as one might wish; why, for instance, is the church "carved out of the rock" at Lalibela seemingly a roofless pit into which the congregation gazes down from ground level?

A FINE DISREGARD by Kirk Varnedoe. Abrams, \$39.95. The director of the department of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York discusses "What Makes Modern Art Modern." The book's title, in its original context at Rugby School, concerned "the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it . . .," thereby creating the game of rugby. It is Mr. Varnedoe's belief that the essential characteristic of modern art is a similar quality of opportunistic enterprise, arising from the realization that available materials can be rearranged or recombined to present old themes in a new way or to make new themes comprehensible. His argument is based on thorough, sometimes formidable, scholarship, and he enlivens it with anecdote, humor, bits of unexpected information, and a fierce enthusiasm for the artists, from Degas to Warhol, whose work he examines. Exactly why, in the late nineteenth century, a number of artists decided that "the rules of the game here are not something you play by. They're something you play with" is a question lying outside the promised scope of Mr. Varnedoe's book. He offers some speculations but does not undertake to explain the inexplicable.

OUTCATS: Jazz Composers, Instrumentalists, and Singers by Francis Davis. Oxford University Press, \$22.95. Several of the essays in this collection first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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Israel, the Arabs, & Human Rights (1)

We Americans are much concerned with human rights. Of late, much of this concern seems to be directed towards Israel, and hardly any of it to the Arab states in bitter and perpetual conflict with Israel. Is Israel's human rights record really that bad? Is that of the Arabs really that good?

What are the facts?

■ The Western world compares Israel to the Western democracies and applies to Israel Western standards of behavior, especially in the area of human rights. Israel is, of course, a democracy, in which the liberties that we take for granted are equally available to all citizens—Jews and Arabs alike. Among the Arab countries, not a single one adheres to even minimal standards of human rights. While to us in the United States, the human rights performance of other countries is mostly a matter of abstraction, it is a daily reality for Israel. They have to live with it. Israel expects to and is expected to adhere to high principles. But the enemies surrounding it, virtually all of them (with the notable exception of Egypt) having Israel's destruction close to the top of their agendas, do not play "by the rules".

■ For instance, Israel is bitterly denounced and condemned for having deported a handful of Palestinians, who were convicted of crimes against public order. Compare that with the routine expulsion of people from the Arab nations. The Palestinians, who are residents of most countries of the Middle East, are particularly vulnerable to expulsion, for the most insignificant offenses, or simply because their presence is not deemed to be in the best interest of the host. Tiny Kuwait, for instance, deported over 27,000 (!) people in 1986, many Palestinians among them. In February of 1988, Kuwait expelled many more, in order to quell demonstrations supporting Palestinian rioters in the territories administered by Israel.

■ Much is made of the loss of life in Israel and in the administered territories since the beginning of the so-called "intifada". But, in view of how long this has been going on and considering the violence and the hatred on the part of the Arabs, it is remarkable how few people have died. The relatively small number of casualties is testimonial to the restraint of the Israeli military and the Israeli government. Who can doubt that the "intifada" could have been suppressed in a few days, had Israel followed the cruel norms of the area in which

it is located. Some Arab states conduct wholesale massacres of political opponents as state policy. In 1982, for instance, Syrian president Hafez Assad ordered the killing of over 20,000 civilians in the city of Hama. Iraq routinely executes so many people for bizarre "offenses" (such as insulting the president) that Amnesty International has given up counting them. Iraq has also recently reached a new low in human rights abuse by killing more than 5,000 of its own Kurdish citizens by poison gas, because they were not thought to be politically reliable. The Democratic Republic of Yemen holds periodic mass executions. Even the so-called "moderates" among the Arab states know how to handle civil disobedience "efficiently". Saudi Arabia, where slaves are still being kept and where public amputations for small offenses are the norm, killed over 400 Muslim pilgrims in one bloody day in Mecca in 1987. Egyptian troops killed over 100 people during riots in 1986. In April of 1989, Algerian government troops opened fire in the city of Souk Ahras against Algerian citizens who were protesting food prices and corruption. The army didn't hesitate to machine-gun 350 people to death in less than an hour.

■ Much effort is expended in criticizing Israel's human rights record in its treatment of the Palestinians in the administered territories. In the climate of violence created by the intifada, during which hundreds of Palestinians have been killed by their fellow Arabs, the occasional act of violence by individual Israelis is perhaps to be expected. Every such violation is contrary to explicit laws and standing military orders and is investigated, prosecuted and punished. Compare that with the human rights violations and the ruthlessness of the Arab states against the Palestinians living in their midst. In 1970, during the "Black September" riots, Jordanian military killed 3,400 Palestinians in just 10 days. In 1976, the Syrian army killed over 23,000 Palestinians. In the three-year "war of the camps", the death toll of Palestinians reached over 3,000. At least that number of Palestinians is reported to languish in Syrian prisons.

Israel is a democratic country, with a freely elected government that is fully responsible to its citizens for its actions. It is the only such country in the entire Middle East. It shares with the Western democracies a fundamental commitment to human rights. Israeli society is totally open and accessible to the media of all countries. Individual human rights violations are promptly put under the microscope of public scrutiny. In contrast, virtually all Arab countries are ruled by self-appointed tyrants and are secretive and closed societies. Their massive and brutal human rights abuses go largely unreported. Journalists and T.V. reporters are allowed in these countries by invitation only. When there, they'd better know what to report and how to report it if they don't wish to be killed, kidnapped, or officially "tried" and executed, as recently happened in Iraq.

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THE PUZZLER

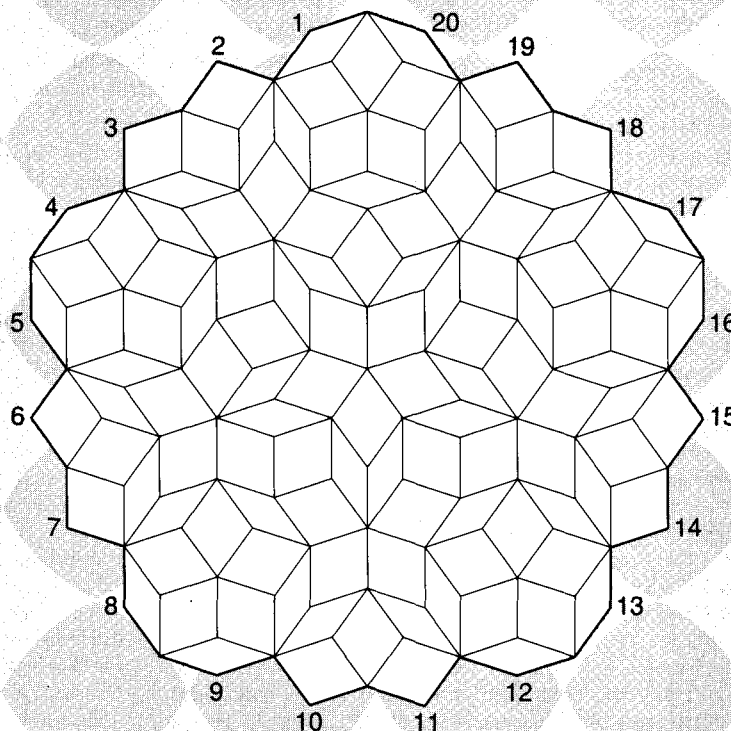
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

QUASICRYSTAL

(with thanks to Stephen A. Langer)

This puzzle diagram is based on the fivefold symmetric patterns known in mathematics as Penrose tilings. Answers to clues should be entered starting at the first number preceding the clue(s) and ending at the second number. While the paths through the diagram may seem to meander, each word proceeds in a regular way, always leaving a tile through the edge *opposite* to the edge through which it entered. When a path is occupied by two consecutive words, those words belong in their clued order. The path beginning at 5 and ending at 16 contains an unclued word that might be used to describe the form. Answers include eight proper nouns.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 84.



CLUES

- 1-12.** Vessel's split by large swells (6)
Whale with streaked exterior
churned the water (8)
- 1-16.** Indonesian island's one research
center affected by recession (4)
Harry, since cruise (6)
- 2-15.** Woman who's kept losing
Michigan accent (6)
Facilities housing fifty props (6)
- 3-10.** Bush league effort back in
Maine (6)
Anglo-Saxon scholar has
aluminum and copper within
(6)
- 3-18.** Holding ceremony, distribute
rings with exotic rocks (10)
- 4-9.** Middle Easterner's second
German car (5)
In suite, moved cases (5)
- 4-13.** Famous Yankee manager
returned stockings? (7)

- Embassy in Illinois Simon
rejected (7)
- 5-20.** Question a sailor's place in the
Persian Gulf (5)
Again, place in race (5)
- 6-11.** Basketball superstar's slump (4)
Serbia collapsing in madness (6)
- 6-19.** Say, like a worm in a ballfield
(7)
Football formation covered in
exams for sports figures? (5)
- 7-2.** Shoot one under bone from
behind cube (6)
Votes for one agreement (4)
- 7-14.** First of batters went ahead and
ran (4)
Minstrel's verse about one
ruling in a secular way (8)
- 8-13.** Sound of bug's contraction (3)
Egg stuffed into good French
mushroom (7)
- 8-17.** Rotate front piece of the
samovar (4)

- Scrap metal scattered about
the countryside (10)
- 9-20.** Footwear containing key pro-
vides grist for rumor mills (8)
Annual place to exercise in
ancient times (6)
- 10-15.** With audition, no call from
Equus (5)
Developed slide isn't working
(5)
- 11-18.** Family member hosts
Republican gentlemen (4)
New lens case takes impurities
off (8)
- 12-17.** Take too much in payment
from the government for
random drawing (6)
Confederate picks up iodine
container (4)
- 19-14.** For hearing, apprehend
witnesses (4)
Collector of oddities ready to
eat sandwiches left in front of
yard (6)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

emporiatrics *noun*, the prevention, detection, and treatment of travel-related diseases. Also called *emporiatic medicine*, *travel medicine*. "Emporiatrics . . . seems especially likely to benefit US travelers to developing areas, as the enormous differences between home and foreign environments necessitate special measures to protect travelers' health" (*Journal of the American Medical Association*).

BACKGROUND: We have citations for the noun *emporiatrics* dating back to 1983; our first citation for the adjective *emporiatic* occurs in a 1980 issue of *JAMA* and refers to *emporiatic enteritis*, or travelers' diarrhea. The practice of *emporiatrics* has markedly expanded in recent years as Americans have taken to vacationing in increasingly exotic places. An *emporiatrician* assesses a traveler's health and physical condition before departure, provides information regarding potential health risks at the destination, and recommends or provides preventives. The *emporiatrician* may also provide referrals to qualified English-speaking physicians at the destination and tips on managing disease while away from home.

karoshi widow *noun*, in Japan, the wife of a man who has died as a result of overwork: "But you don't have to convince Ikuko Mabuchi and Chieko Hiraoka of the Japa-

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

nese work ethic's deadly consequences. Both women are among Japan's growing number of *karoshi widows*" (*Chicago Tribune*).

BACKGROUND: *Karoshi* is the Japanese word for death from overwork, characterized by a fatal complex of apoplexy, high blood pressure, and stress which physicians directly associate with excessive working hours. It affects thousands of Japanese workers, typically supervisors and middle managers in their 40s and 50s who are otherwise fit, albeit *moretsu shain* (fanatical workers) or *yoi kigyō senshi* (good corporate soldiers). Japanese workers routinely put in 13- and 14-hour days at their jobs. In the past two years two *karoshi widows* received financial restitution after the Labor Ministry ruled that payment can be made if the victim worked abnormally long hours within a week of death. Deaths from *karoshi* are still being classified by the Labor Ministry as industrial accidents. If *karoshi widow*, for which we have only one citation, sustains widespread currency in English, it will join other such borrowings often seen in similar compound contexts: *banzai* attack, *geisha* girl, *kabuki* dancer, *kamikaze* pilot,

karate chop, *samurai* sword, *sumo* wrestler, and *tatami* mat.

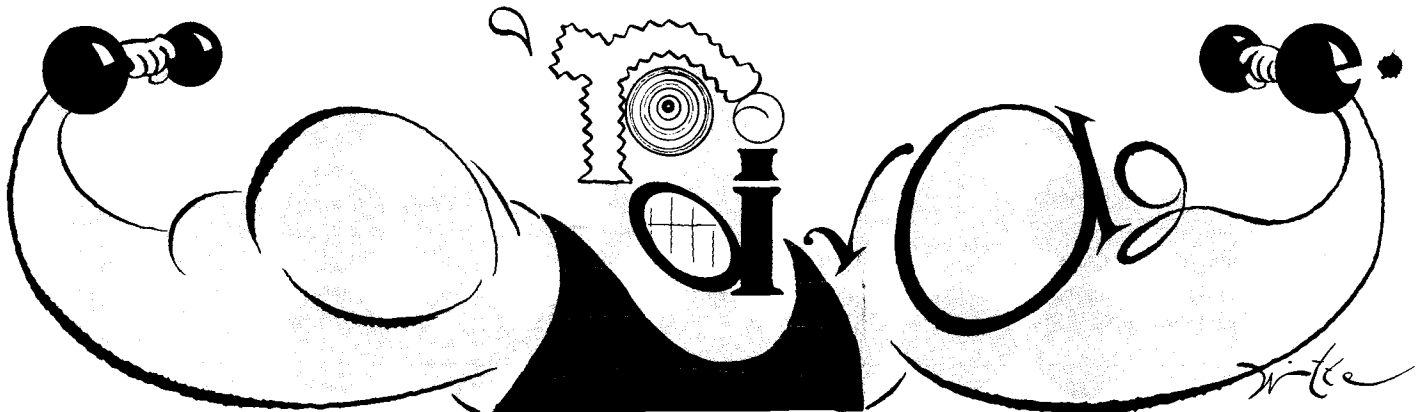
over-the-counter student *noun*, a late, unexpected enrollee, especially at a public high school: "[A certain high school has] traditionally been a dumping ground for . . . over-the-counter students, who register late and can't be placed elsewhere" (*Newsday*).

BACKGROUND: A typical over-the-counter student resides in the inner city, speaks English as a second language if at all, is several grade levels behind his or her age-mates, has personal difficulties, and may register for classes as late as November. Over-the-counter students create additional troubles for already problem-ridden schools. Last year, for example, 600 over-the-counter students appeared during the first two months of the fall semester at Wingate High School, in New York City, having come from places such as St. Croix, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. According to an article in *The New York Times* last year, "60 percent will be gone before the school year ends, mostly because of changing family situations."

'roid rage *noun*, a severe behavioral disturbance charac-

terized by mood swings, mania, delusions, irritability, aggression, and combativeness, seen in athletes and others who have taken anabolic steroids. Also called *'roid mania*, *steroid rage*. "[The] young athlete should know that there are dozens of . . . steroid reactions, and that some, such as acne and uncontrollable *'roid rages* . . . might cause immediate difficulties" (*FDA Consumer*).

BACKGROUND: The term *'roid*, a clipped form like *'lude* from *Quaalude*, occurs in various other combinations such as *'roid slip* (the medical chart of a user) and *'roid boy* (a user of steroids). The derivative noun *'roider* also means "user." Our earliest citation for *'roid* is from a 1980 letter to *The New York Times Magazine* written by Barr H. Forman, M.D., then an associate clinical professor of medicine at the Yale University School of Medicine: "Please be advised that no one uses *'oids*,' but rather *'roids*,' instead of steroids. Who should know better than I—a 'gland man' (endocrinologist)?" Other words in this specialized lexicon include *juice* and *sauce* (steroids in general), *D-Ball* (*Dianabol*), *Bol* (*Bolosterone*), and *Test* (*testosterone*). *Joy rider* refers to a nonathlete who uses steroids solely for the purpose of improving his physique. To be *buffed* is to have achieved the desired bodybuilt look. To *stack* is to take a mixture of steroids all at once.

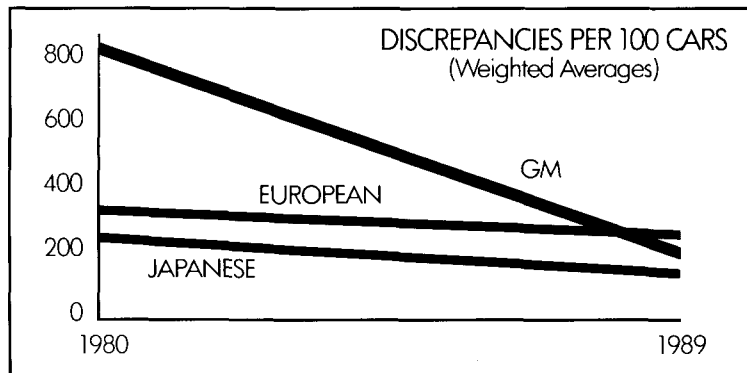


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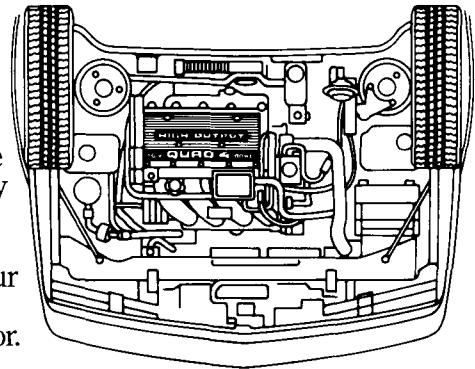
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